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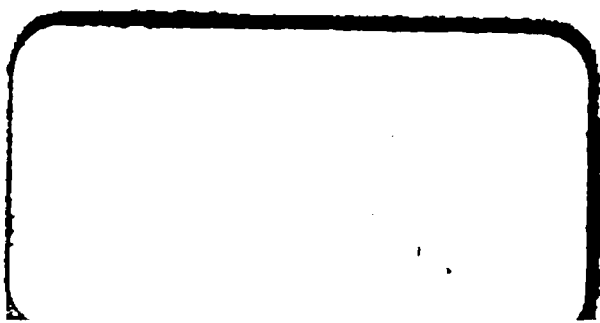
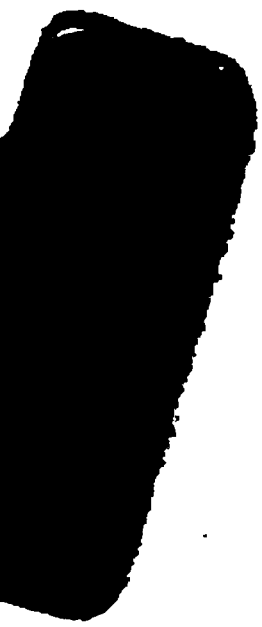
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HUNT'S YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY
YACHTING MAGAZINE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.



"The security of the Kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a Sailor."—CAPT. MARRYAT'S *Pirate and Three Cutters*.

LONDON:
HUNT AND CO, 6, NEW CHURCH STREET, N.W.,
EDGWARE ROAD;
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO., STATIONERS' HALL COURT, E.C.

—
1868.



NEW YORK
PUBLISHED
ADDRESS.

UPON the Seventeenth Annual occasion of addressing our kind patrons, we do so with the hope of having still further secured a continuance of their favour, and take the opportunity of expressing our gratitude for the generous support they have hitherto afforded our Magazine.

It is no easy task to please all tastes, even in a Magazine embracing the whole range of cosmopolitan subjects; how much more difficult then, with one wherein but a single theme constitutes its entire stock in trade. We endeavour however to render this solitary theme not only amusing and instructive upon all matters connected with yachting, but we keep in view the fact of establishing a permanent record, which future generations of yachtsmen will turn to with pride, and point out, whilst they emulate the deeds of their sires.

How far we have been successful may be inferred from the fact of our literary bantling having safely reached the promising age of seventeen years, so that we may hopefully look forward to a healthy and prosperous manhood.

Our kind friends and contributors deserve and have our most hearty thanks; and we beg to assure them that with their future co-operation we have little fear of the *Yachting Magazine* not fulfilling its duty; and as the organ of the yachting world, proving somewhat of service to the state, too, in fostering and promoting that noble maritime spirit which has made England what she is.

December, 1868.

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RODGERS ANCHOR.
Full Rings.

RODGERS ANCHOR.

The Fluke fitted with the Fall Rings.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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<i>The Shank, or Stem</i>	<i>a b.</i>	<i>The Point, Peak, vulgo Pic, or Beak</i> <i>h i.</i>
<i>The Nut</i>	<i>b.</i>	<i>The Blade</i>
<i>The Square</i>	<i>b c.</i>	<i>The Crown, or Diamond</i>
<i>The Small</i>	<i>c' c'.</i>	<i>M.Y.</i>
<i>The Arm</i>	<i>d e.</i>	<i>The Ring, or Shackle</i>
<i>The Throat</i>	<i>d d'.</i>	<i>The Trend</i>
<i>The Fluke, vulgo Flue, or Palm</i>	<i>f g.</i>	<i>The Stock</i>
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From Cotsell's Book, Pages 14 & 16.

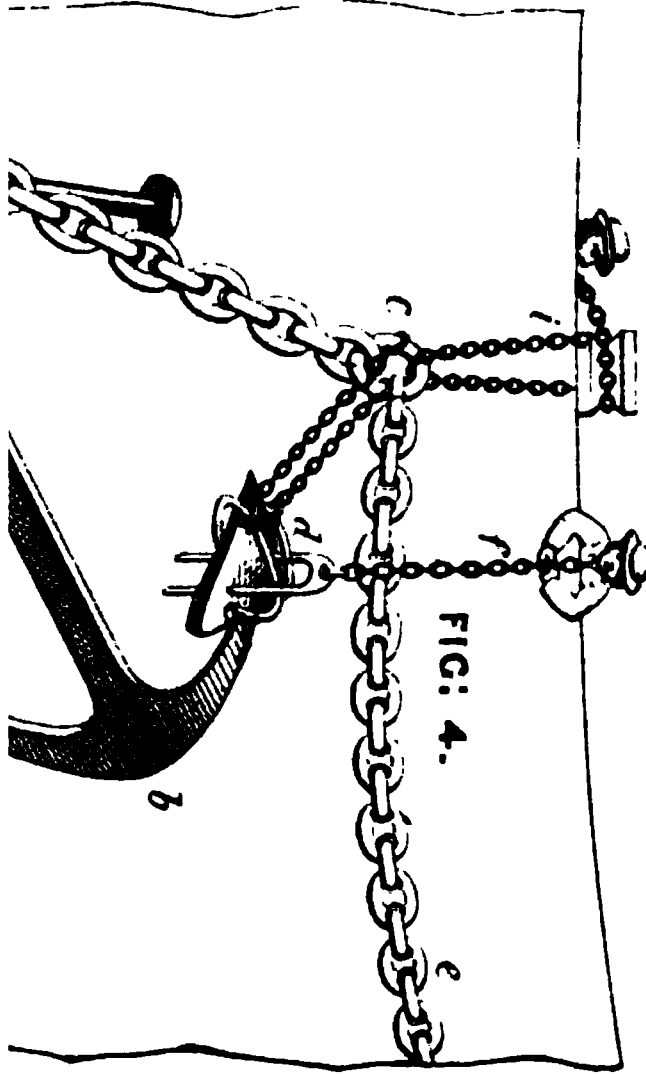
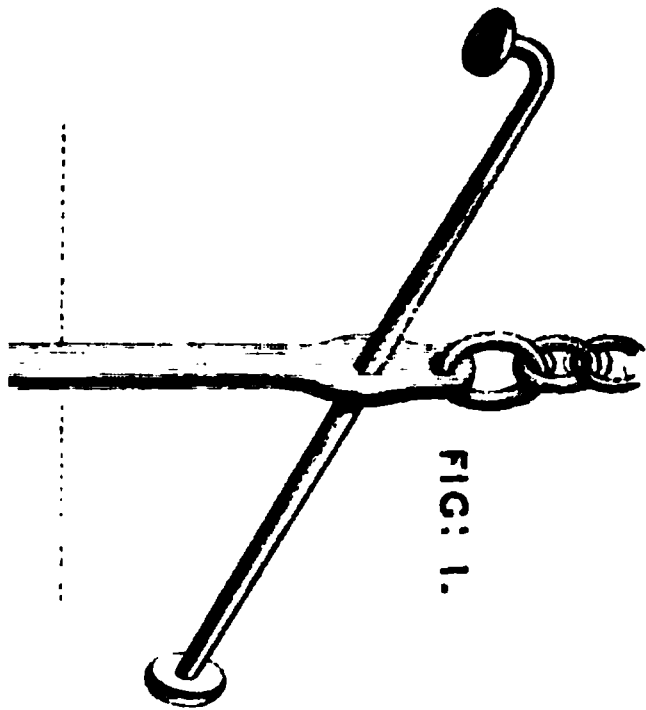
s r t q. Fluke Shackles... s t, Indents in the Heel of the Fluke.

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT,
GLOVER'S SAFETY CONTROLLING ANCHOR-FALLS.

IMPROVING,

AS HERETOFORE,
Figures 1.2.3.

WITH THE ANCHOR FALLS.
Figures 4.5.6.



HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1st, 1868.

YACHTING IN NORTHERN WATERS OF SCOTLAND.

It is generally the case that we set too high a value on what is "far fetched, and dear bought," and are apt to seek pleasures at a distance, which are procurable near home. There are Lochs, and scenery, as well worth visiting, on this side Ardnamurchan, as beyond it, therefore, previous to continuing our account of "Yachting in Northern Waters of Scotland"—for some time unwillingly interrupted,—we decided to cruise in places not yet visited by us, or not described in preceding chapters, and which we have frequently passed by unheeded. After leaving the Clyde, our first anchorage was in Kyles of Bute—concerning which we have nothing new to record.

Having heard that herring fishing was in full force on Loch Fyne, and feeling desirous to witness what was going on, as well as to make observations thereon, we directed our course to East Loch Tarbert, the principal rendezvous of boats engaged in that branch of industry. The bay is difficult to enter, except with leading winds, the entrance being narrow and intricate.

A lively scene presented itself as we entered the Loch,—on a fine summer's morning at the height of the season,—being crowded with boats, laden with the produce of the night's fishing, in course of being transferred to receiving boats—or landed on shore. Those fishermen who had already discharged cargo were over-hauling, drying, and preparing nets. It was a pleasant thing to see them, after a toilsome

night's occupation, so cheerfully engaged in preparing for another ; or, contentedly partaking of their humble fare, so hardly earned during the preceding.

The crews of the fishing boats, near to the yacht, being principally Highlanders, the Gaelic language was in full force amongst them, and, judging from their merry faces, and occasional bursts of laughter—jokes, and fun were the order of the day, which being overheard, and understood, by some of the yacht's crew seemed to amuse them considerably.

We were informed that the fishings were yielding very scantily; that the fish were, however, very fine, and readily disposed of to agents, employed to purchase, on account of dealers in Glasgow, and other places, and, that unusually high prices were being obtained.

We remained at anchor during the day. Fortunately weather was good, and wind fair, and towards evening a considerable number of boats left the Loch to resume their labors.

It was an interesting sight to witness so many boats—probably two hundred—sailing past the yachts, which they necessarily did, very near to, thereby giving us an opportunity to observe the crews and their fishing gear. The boats were of various capacities, some having on board six or eight hands—some only two or three. Many of them were picturesque objects, and some of the groupings accidentally formed, were as artistically disposed, as an artist might have pre-arranged—or conceived. The colours of their sails, with patches of varied hues and forms, and the characteristic costumes of the crews, produced effects as interesting as the most fastidious could desire, backed, as the scene was by the ruined castle, and other accessories ashore.

Had we been gifted with a vivid imagination, we might have fancied ourselves great personages, reviewing a naval squadron from the deck of the yacht, as the fleet passed it. It was pleasing to observe that not one of their crews appeared to be elated with whiskey, and their general appearance did not indicate that their sobriety was momentary or accidental—they appeared healthy and cheerful.

The fishermen of Loch Tarbert, have long been notorious for intemperance and disorderly conduct, happily, a favorable change appears to have taken place, which is said to have been brought about principally, through the influence of temperance societies; a considerable number of fishermen having become members of them.

Promonitory symptoms of a change of weather were remarked soon after the departure of the fleet, and early in the night a whole gale from south-west set in suddenly ; and before dark, the greater part were driven back, nearly under bare poles.

Weather continuing boisterous and unsettled, we remained at anchor during the following day. Fortunately the evening became settled and calm—and they again went out, and had good weather of it—their fishings, however, were not successful as regards quantity,—the quality was excellent, as our experience at breakfast the following morning enables us to testify. In consequence of their scarcity, herrings were bought up by Glasgow and other buyers, or through their agents, at sixteen shillings per hundred of six score, taken as they came,—and, if selected, as much as twenty shillings was obtained for the same number.

In the same locality during the preceding autumn, herrings were frequently sold at the rate of two shillings and sixpence per hundred, of six score, and in some instances, when superabundant, as little as one shilling and sixpence, only was obtained—in consequence of a scarcity of hands to perform the operation of evisceration.

It was a curious sight to witness a crowd of “gutters” upon a receiving vessel, or ‘buss as they are sometime called, and which was anchored near to the yacht, performing their operations. The variety of colour, and character of their habiliments, gave an extraordinary effect to the scene—it was hideously picturesque. The process of evisceration was being performed principally by women, young and old, who, having changed their costumes for others more suitable to the occasion—would scarcely be recognisable by their most intimate friends. Tidy-looking elderly women, gaily dressed girls, or, respectable steady-going widows, are transmogrified for the time being—into fiendlike weirds,—everything about them fore and aft,—hands, arms, necks, and even faces being besmeared with blood, gills and guts.

It is surprising to watch the operators, as they seize upon herring after herring—with such extraordinary rapidity: the knife is inserted, the viscera withdrawn—and another on hand with such celerity, that the looker-on can scarcely follow the operation—thirty or forty being dispatched in about a minute by expert hands. One would wonder how any decent women could be hired to perform such a task. The elderly woman has, probably, no other or better means of raising a little ready cash to meet some pressing necessity; or, to help a daughter who may be engaged to be married at the end of the season, if her affianced be successful in his fishings—and return safe; it may be that the daughter is one amongst the operators, her earnings being required for the purchase of a marriage outfit. The widow may be urged to engage in it, by the necessity of providing for her family—to which she may have been reduced by the loss of her husband; drowned, it may be, whilst pursuing his avocation at sea. In seasons when herrings are abundant,

the payment for "gutting" is temptingly remunerative, and persons are readily found who are willing to engage in it—adopting the old saying, "dirty work makes clean money."

Since the law forbidding the use of the trawl-net when fishing for herrings has been abrogated, the drift-net has been almost discarded by Loch Fyne fishermen. We examined fish which had been taken by the trawl, and found them considerably damaged and crushed, but pretty uniform in size,—in fact, in better and more saleable condition than we were led to expect trawled herrings usually were. We were informed however, that damaged and small fish to a very large amount are put away, or thrown overboard at every haul, and that great numbers are killed or crushed by the beam of the net—and are never lifted to the surface ; in fact that the waste is enormous.

Many disinterested persons with whom we have conversed, and who are fully competent to form a correct opinion as regards trawling, firmly believe it will ultimately prove fatal to herring fishing, by the destruction of spawn, and millions upon millions of fish, in every stage of growth, of which incontrovertible evidence follows in the wake ; spawn in large quantities, and damaged herrings being frequently seen cast up and left on shore to rot, in places where that mode of fishing has been employed,—in fact, they do not hesitate to say, that a few years hence, in places where trawling has been extensively used no herrings will be found, at least in sufficient quantity to remunerate the fisherman, and, that every description of fish will share a similar fate from the same cause. Already its bad effects are apparent,—in localities where formerly whittings, haddocks, and every other description of white fish were abundant, they are now only occasionally taken. It may be said, that these observations relating to herring fishing are not sufficiently interesting to yachtsmen ; the subject, however, is most important, and when cruising for pleasure it cannot be out of place to profit by and take notes of what relates to it, and to record them, with permission, in *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*.

The first object which attracts observation after leaving Loch Tarbert is Barmore House, the residence of Colin Campbell, Esq., having considerable architectural excellence, most charmingly adapted to the situation ; and placed amidst scenery, which renders the *tout-ensemble* delightfully picturesque, and often as we have passed it when cruising, we have found it, "ever charming, ever new." In front of the mansion is a peninsula, behind which, on the north side is a small bay, in which yachts of moderate tonnage frequently find anchorage during the season.

Proceeding onwards, far as Loch Gilp the scenery is of similar character, and is interspersed with residences of various proprietors and of various pretensions. The opposite shore is less striking, but by no means uninteresting. Leaving Loch Gilp to our left, we entered upon Upper Loch Fyne, and a short sail brought us to Otter Spit, and having tide with us and wind moderately fair, it was passed at a rapid speed, scenery still interesting. On making Loch Gair, wind being ahead we had to beat into it. The entrance is not difficult and the anchorage is good in three or four fathoms, and being nearly land-locked no heavy seas enter it, with any wind whatever. It might however be impracticable, or unsafe to beat into it with a stiff northerly breeze, or out of it when blowing hard from the east.

On the western bank of the Loch—not larger than many ornamental waters in inland parks, is a good looking mansion owned by — Campbell, Esq., proprietor of the surrounding estate ; the only other habitations consisting of a few huts occupied by fishermen ; near to which is a square Norman looking tower or observatory, which may have been used in former times as a beacon for fishermen when coming into the Loch, it is evidently of ancient origin. As a fishing station it must have existed since a remote period, when almost a *terra-incognita*, there being a burial place near to the margin of the Loch, on the easterly side, in which may be seen grave headstones recording the death and interment of inhabitants, who “lived, moved, and had their being” a century ago, since which time there has not apparently been any progress as regards position and condition of the inhabitants, possibly, because other more convenient fishing stations may have superseded it.

How is it that Highland proprietors having property with natural advantages for oyster culture, and pisciculture, do not avail themselves of the knowledge on that subject, which is patent to everybody, who can and will read, and which might enable them to establish those branches of industry in places now, all but profitless to themselves ? The shores of many places in the Highlands are specially suited for oyster and fish culture, having at hand every material necessary for converting them into breeding and feeding grounds ; and labor being cheap, the adaptation might be accomplished at moderate cost, where the population is now unemployed, or partially so, the occupation which oyster and fish-culture might bring into existence, would be a great boon, and would greatly enhance the value of property. There are places familiar to yachtsmen who visit the Northern Lochs of Scotland, where oysters propagate themselves without any care whatever, such being the case, what might not be done if the present known means and appliances

were brought to bear upon their culture ! In a few years properties now of little value, might be made to realize extraordinary revenues, and spread comfort amongst families now in comparative indigence.

Bertram, in his "Harvest of the Sea," referring to the rapid growth of oysters in the Isle of Ré on the coast of France says "it was began as recently as 1858, and there are now 4000 *parcs* (for raising them) and *claires* (for feeding grounds) upon the shores, and people may be seen as busy in their fish parks, as market gardeners of Kent in their strawberry beds." He further states that "the work of oyster-culture still goes bravely forward, and it is calculated that in spite of bad spatting for two or three years, there was a stock of oyster in the beds of the Island of Ré, accumulated in six years, of the value of £100,000!" All this was the result of a shrewd and enterprising mason, having enclosed a small portion of the foreshore, by building a rough dyke, about eighteen inches high, in which enclosure amongst large stones he placed a few bushels of growing oysters, gathered out of the surrounding mud. It was calculated recently that the total crops of oysters in the Isle of Ré, amounted to 378,000,000. The famed Newhaven and Pandore oysters are said to have become very scarce, and the price greatly enhanced in consequence, which holds out a high premium for the cultivation of oysters in Scotland. Whilst at anchor recently in Loch Gair no less than two stones of various white fish were taken in a few hours, with the deep lines, which fact clearly indicates that Loch as adapted to, and favorable for, an experiment in oyster or pisciculture.

Leaving Loch Gair, and having passed Caorich Point, Minard Castle comes into view—situated on a point projecting into the Loch, surrounded by woods of luxuriant growth, and backed by verdant hills, which contribute greatly to the beauty of the scenes. The mansion is modern and in the castellated style of architecture, than which, nothing could be better adapted. It is the property of John Pender, Esq., of Manchester. A little beyond the Castle is Minard Bay, which is however very small, and being some fathoms deep makes it difficult in certain conditions of wind and tide to clear out of, and is only suited to small craft and moderate weather. Betwixt Minard Bay, and Castle Lachlan on the opposite coast, are a number of rocks, to avoid which under certain circumstances requires care. The old castle is in a fair state of preservation, and the view from the bay very interesting. There is no reliable anchorage in the bay or near to it, as betwixt Paddy Rock and the castle there are twenty-one fathoms from which it rapidly shoals up. Upwards, a little way, is Newton Bay, village and fishing station—which offers fair anchorage in six to eight fathoms, but the

depth becomes greater as it approaches the middle of the Loch, where it is betwixt forty and fifty fathoms, therefore is not to be trusted in a strong wind off shore. From Newton Bay on the same side, far as St. Catherine's the scenery becomes less interesting, but on the opposite side as far as Inverary, there is presented to the eye scenery which would pass for pretty anywhere but in the Highlands, where there is so much to be admired.

We cannot agree with the late Miss Sinclair's observation that Loch Fyne is only fine by name, and think she suppressed a fair expression of her judgment and feelings, in order to indulge in a pleasant *jeu-de-mot*, than which no writer could more agreeably. The anchorage off Inverary is not recommendable, so far as our experience has taught us, and we make it a rule not to pass a night there, if possible to avoid it, and have a fair chance of making Loch Gair. We have always found that in a strong breeze up or down the Loch, a disagreeable rolling sea or jabble gets up, which may be attributed probably, to the stream of the Aray meeting the tidal current near to the usual anchorage. The depth too is a great objection, being 37 fathoms at a short distance from the pier, deepening to betwixt 50 and 60 fathoms a short distance outwards—and there is no real shelter. Inverary is the great mart for herrings, and during the height of many former seasons, has been the scene of extraordinary activity. Hundreds of fishing boats congregate there, and at times the take has been so enormous that it has been difficult to dispose of them, or even to find room for them on the pier or elsewhere ashore. Will there be a similar abundance a few years hence, when the trawling system has done it's work? Never having cruised beyond Inverary, our notice of Loch Fyne must terminate—and Inverary itself is too well known to require description.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW THAMES YACHT CLUB.

ASSENTS to the formation of a New Society for encouraging Yacht Building and Sailing on the Thames have now been received from above 120 gentlemen, including owners of forty yachts, of an aggregate exceeding 2,200 tons.

The first meeting of the club will be held at the Freemason's Tavern, at 8 o'clock, on Tuesday evening, the 7th of January, 1868.

Applications may be made to J. D. Lee, Esq., Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen Street, London.

ROUEN.*

THAT nice red sand the carts bring in, they dig up some distance outside the city. What queer cubes the paving stones are; and how nicely they repair the roads here by patches, instead of stopping all the traffic. Did you notice how elegant the lamp posts are, and how admirably they imitate bronze; by being first painted yellow and then being daubed over with the proper shade of light green? Our Ediles might learn a thing or two even at Rouen! That is a nice way of taking sheep to market too. The shepherd marches in front, and the sheep all follow him, whilst another man brings up the rear: with us, a wretched hoarse-tongued mongrel rushes hither and thither, scatters the panting, palpitating, and scared flock, and yelps us into distraction.

We have heard that sound before! There he is, as like what we have seen down any London or Provincial slum, as two peas. Helmet, bells, drums, cymbals, triangles, and pandean pipes! "*Partant pour la Syrie*" for ever, but never going there! Bang, bang, crash, tinkle, twiddle, diddle dum—*ad infinitum*. Bless his old black moustaches, bull neck, curly hair, and we won't say ugly mug!

Ring-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding-a, &c., &c. That's the *Elbeuf* steamer's bell. Shall we take a run some fifteen miles up the river, wind among the islands, see the towering rocks, pierced here and there with the windows—of the several storied habitations quarried in the cliffs; pass the funny little cutter rigged duck boats, with their snug cabins, wherein, in the season, the fowlers snugly ensconce themselves, and blaze away through the windows? We can admire the lovely scenery, and the crops, and harvests, on the rich flats on either side. Some other day! You are hungry. Well let us step into the *Table-d'Hôte* over the way: country people put up there, and we shall see a variety. Ah, it is Friday. The old curé you see is dining off fish, eggs, and fruit; his nose and chin all but meeting, as his toothless gums mumble the not over tough morsels; and his small grey eyes twinkle restlessly from side to side. He tosses down his last glass of wine, passes his napkin across lips apparently accustomed to better cheer, and grasping his sleek shovel hat takes his leave. Thank goodness! For though we owe him no grudge, yet the presence of a priest seems invariably to cast a sort of wet blanket over the company; whose tongues now shake off their hitherto subdued tone, and rattle away as Frenchmen's only can. That dark man with the Roman nose, large black eyes and long lashes, and who expresses himself with such logical precision, is one of the *rédac-*

* Concluded from p. 551, vol. xvi.

teurs of the Figaro; he considers that Louis Philippe's government tided over an interval between radical changes of feeling in France, that it was a kind of sedative in fact, administered by providence to the French people. The conversation turns on St. Ouen, and the demolitions made in it by the revolutionists. "*Tu aussi fais des démolitions, ma fille,*" says her mother smilingly to a large eyed, oval faced, pretty child, whose graceful manners we had been admiring, and who has just unfortunately broken her glass, and spilt the ruby wine over the cloth. The mother puts her own glass to the child's lips with one hand, and smooths and parts her hair with the other, while uttering this *bon-mot*:—one can see a thrill of grateful love in the child's suffused eyes, and half sidling motion towards its mother; whose good breeding sets all at ease, without once interrupting the discussion. What a variety of races seem congregated here! There is Pollione now from Marseille, looking for all the world like a descendant of some Roman legionary; how his *r's* gurgle, and what a merry laugh he has, with his half closed bead like eyes, and his well formed face wrinkled into a mass of curves! He wants the landlord to try a cask or two of his Marsala. Polidor comes from Toulouse; his crisp locks, smokey eyes, and big sensual figure, tell us his ancestors came through Spain from the Indies. The accents of the brown faced merry little coachman from Alsace, smack of the Vaterland, a table's breadth off. "*Quelle différence y-a-t-il entre un gail-lard et un paillard?*" asked Henri IV. of a village wit, whom he had invited to dine with him in order to test his reputation:—"Ma foi, Sire," was the reply, "*Je ne vois que la largeur de cette table!*" pointing to the one between them.

The man who was all through the Crimean campaign tells us, St. Arnaud was the perfection of a soldier! that he was a great strategist, full of resources, with a glance like lightning, and a voice which with a few short words could electrify a battalion; that Marshall Niel is the great tactician of the day; and Marshall MacMahon, the man for a coup, a dash, or for manœuvres. He says that the *Bretons*, the *Normands*, and *countrymen* generally, make the best, and Parisians the most unruly, and worst soldiers. This speaker's features might pass for those of one of *Rollo's* Norsemen; whilst the red faced, grey headed, bluff old party at the end of the table, from his gruff English manners, might be proclaimed "genuine Saxon, by the soul of *Hengist!*"—The lanky washed out people on our left, whose nationality we have hitherto been unable to discover, turn out to be Yankees fresh from New York. One of the dowdy girls, with a face terribly blotched in the night's attacks, drawlingly asks, with scarcely intelligible nasality—whether there are any

mus-keetoos in Ing-land? Musquitoes it may be observed swarm along the river side, and their shrill trumpeting is the first thing you hear on *dousing the glim*.

Well! when you are ready, we'll go through the fine old gate of Guillaume Lion and stroll through the slums.—Look at the old country-women yonder: see how intently they listen to the little child, standing on tip-toes and reading them the legends under the gaudily coloured *sou* prints, giving the history of “*le petit chaperon rouge*,” the feats of the Chevalier Bayard, of Du Guesclin of late Dinan notoriety, of Gaston de Foix, or other French worthies of high renown! On we go past cotton factories; and through streets, on the left of which the filthy Aubette, spanned by broad bridges to their doors, laves the house fronts; wherein old furniture, books, vegetables, and the dyers' signs, (long red cloth strips hanging from shining brass balls,) in turn meet our view. We hurry by the old clothes market; and the *guin-gettes*, where soldiers sit carousing; pass the building and gardens in the *Boulevard Martainville* on our left, the *Hospice General*, (which gives shelter to 2,000 poor people, who by paying about 200 francs, secure an honorable asylum for life, and also to 500 foundlings)—and crossing the *Champ de Mars*, make for the Côte Sainte Catherine. The ascent is rather a tough one: but then you see, we are fully repaid for our toil. When we reach the site of the old castle, still traceable; and that solitary, crumbling pillar of masonry, all left of the Abbey once standing there; we shall have a glorious view of the city. Here we are at last. That elegant spire and church on the hill up the river, is *Nôtre Dame de Bonsecours*, one of the glories of Rouen. The interior,—a mass of gold, carmine, and ultramarine, skirted with white marble votive tablets, and having a rich altar blazing with gold, silver, and enamel, and a highly carved pulpit, and organ—is rivalled only by the *Sainte Chapelle* at Paris.

There is a splendid view from the churchyard there, which beetles o'er the river, flowing hundreds of feet beneath: the Seine studded with dozens of long, poplar grown aits, stretching straight as an arrow for miles westward under the railway, stone, and suspension bridges, through the city. It is well worth while going to Bonsecours by the omnibus, and returning over the fields and hills at the back, by the valley on our right. When last there, we were struck with a foul, yet symmetrically shaped pond, of about half an acre in extent, in rear of the church: “where the deuce can the water come from at this towering height,” said we? “*Elle vient des ruisseaux*,” replied a toothless old gentleman, hobbling along by the rails, who instantly begged “*Un petit*

sous pour le pauvre vieil homme de quatre vingts ans!" In the distance we saw a poor old paralyzed priest, many such it may be observed, are seen about ; and we thought how blank must be such a one's existence. While looking at the pond and commenting on its filthy condition, precluding the possibility of any fish being there, we noticed one red speck, then another, and at length discovered that *l'étang* literally swarmed with fish, as varied in colour as those told of in the "*Arabian Nights*." Should you return by the way we speak of you will notice the long straight roads bordered by trees, to show where they lie in snow time—here, apple trees of course. You will perhaps see wheat "*stooks*," as the Scotch call them, (Saxon "*stuken*,") with the sheaves so disposed, that the straw protects the ear from wet, till the corn can be carried. The hill sides will be purple with heather bells, and the chances are that you will not only enjoy yourself amazingly, but acquire a ravenous appetite.

As we are on *this* particular hill however, and not on *that*, let us look about us. The river, you see, flows east and west. Southward from it the plains of Sotteville extend to a horizon of hills and forest in the distance—those of Rouvray, where William was hunting when he heard the news of Edward the Confessor's death : the *Bonne Nouvelle* barracks, among the trees to the right of that fine church yonder, is where his wife Matilda heard "*the good news*" of the battle of Hastings !

The eastern side of the plain is a series of smiling pastures and yellow corn fields ; but from among the trees and houses that extend over the western *à perte de vue*, a hundred tall chimneys pierce the cloudless sky, and tell of thriving industry going on below. The Garden of Plants there, is well worth visiting; at this very moment we'll be bound, the green Palissy-ware looking frogs, hearing the Batracophagi's foot fall on the well sanded paths, are plumping from the lily leaves they whilom squatted on, into the waters of the fish ponds and fountains.

In mid river swims Ile Lacroix, the Jardins-Baubet at the upper end ; where the other night we saw young ladies dancing the *cancan*; and one, a really modest looking girl, rivalling the heroine of the Chateau des Fleurs, who in *three motions* could "support" her left leg, and in a fourth "order" it again, all in the twinkling of an eye; and at the lower end the stone bridge, which, with the showy suspension bridge, spanning the entire river lower down, connects the city and the Quartier St. Sever, with its quays, barracks, and storehouses. The *Ile* is a little town in itself, with factory chimneys, gasometers, building yards, &c., &c., and last, not least ! its *écoles de natation*. From where we are even, we can see specks ever and anon darting into the water ; or running to

and fro in white winding sheets on the pontoon. Whilst were we nearer, we might see from their shapes, that those figures stealing down the steps in coloured clothes, with a rope fastened to their waists behind, and afterwards kicking their feet by jerks in the air, as the *maître baigneur* tracks them along in the river, are of the fair sex; and those leaping from the boat yonder, are so too. The Elbeuf steamer *Cygne*, with her white bottom and gilt head, comes paddling down the river under the railway bridge, across which a train this moment rumbles; and *remorqueurs* with paddle wheels abaft are splashing upwards in an opposite direction—the Seine you see is no Lethean stream.

The little church of St. Paul, at our feet, stands on the site of an ancient temple of Adonis. That is the Amiens railway station, up the valley on our right: the line winds round through Darnétal, a few of whose factory chimneys are peeping from the entrance of the cross valley.

Those are the Martainville barracks over the way, at the back of the Champ de Mars, the dirty Aubette, you see, wallows in the fosse in front of them. Behind, and far on each side of these, extends the plain of the city; with St. Maclou, St. Ouen, and many a church tower and spire, and above all the cathedral rearing its lofty shaft, in the clear, transparent air to the left of them.

The hills form a perfect amphitheatre round Rouen and its suburbs. If you mount the Côte des Sapins left of Darnétal, you can stroll in the Rouen Père la chaise, see the tomb of "*Le premier Grenadier de France's Colonel*," the hero of many a pitched battle; that of Bdiel Dieu's heart; and the sailor tomb of Vice Admiral le Comte Cecille, who still superintends its completion, leaving the final date to be inserted when he's "piped below." Bois Guillaume, with its trees, church, villas, and dancing gardens, is succeeded by Saint Aignan, and this by Mont aux Malades, where our Henrys I. and II. established leper houses, and so on by hills, villas, and woods, till the view to the river is closed by the village and Chateau of Canteleu, embosomed in trees, at the top of a steep hill, sloping to the there winding river. Hark! Borne on the evening air comes the *Too-too-too-tootle-tum-tum, too-tootle-tum-tum, &c.*, of *Orphee aux Enfers*, which we have heard ground in every street by that huge organ on wheels. The setting sun is now purpling cliff and cave so let us descend the hill, and mount our balcony.

See how the swallows skim about us. Here comes another.—It all but brushed our ear. Off again! "*Mort aux moustiques*," their cry, twitter though it be! What a lovely pink mantles the hills! How sharply defined against the deepening blue, are the hundred tall

chimneys opposite. The gas lights, in long double rows, begin to twinkle along the quays, and stream in the placid river. See what huge bats, perfect vampires, flying, not fluttering, and squeaking as they go. The troops are beating the *tatoo*. Look at the little drummers, paddling along in gaiters and baggy red breeches, in the front rank; the trumpeters follow in rear, three of each playing together alternately, and being succeeded, without a note of the air being lost by the six others. This infernal, and to us somewhat childish din, is prolonged from the barracks over the river, all the way to those in the Champ de Mars.

The Théâtre des Arts is closed, so we can't see a house full of fashionables, and generals and colonels, in full fig, looking as only French generals and colonels can; and can't perhaps hear *Robert le Diable*. The Français is closed too. The Variétés, a kind of Rouen *Vie* is open, and you can see "*Le Cretin de la Montagne*" there; and hear the "*lire et conter*," of the yellow toothed idiot "bring down the house." The sole orchestra being a jingling piano, which strums "*Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu, qu'il est beau, le chapeau de Marguerite!*" between every act. Or, you can go to Le Cirque Imperial, where a similar transpontine audience assists at the representation of "*La jeunesse du Roi Henri*." We would however, recommend you not to correct your French accent by anything you may hear there. You think it too hot! very well. We'll go to the Eldorado, the Café Chantant over the river: it is Madame Malvina's *rentrée*, and we shall be *al fresco* there. It is a large space surrounded with trellice-work, having two rows of trees, and being filled with chairs and tables, usually occupied by people. The little Dutch oven like stage at the end glittering with mirrors, gas jets, and foot lights, and graced of course, with beauty galore.

We have seen quiet looking mothers with their children there, and they seemed to thoroughly enjoy the *double entendre* of many of the songs. We were however terribly bored there one night. A man with sandy hair and complexion, grey, hard and expressionless eyes; and features generally shady and neutral, such as are never fixed on one's memory, though yet never forgotten; pushed himself regardlessly along through the people, and without a word, drew away the chair our feet were resting on, seated himself on it, and took another for his own. He was followed by a snipe like, hollow cheeked, thread paper wife, with hair twisted tight at the back of her head,—perhaps to keep her grey eyes open, who dandled a scabby faced, ill looking child, that seemed to unite their joint peculiarities. The father drew forth a tobacco pouch and paper, and using the latter at cross purposes, made a short fat cigarette: the child

began to play. It pushed about its father's, its mother's, and our glasses. It scrunched the sugar, scraped up the pebbles and dust with the salver, and then hurling them in showers around. It capsized other people's cups and saucers, shook their chairs, and grasped their knees and pantaloons with its foul sticky fingers: "*Regarde mais ne me touche pas,*" quoth the mother sententiously to her husband, on seeing we did not appreciate her brat's attentions—and they both smiled; their offspring the while, scowling blotchedly in our face. Then it cried to be taken up, next it howled to be put down; and when in the midst of a *duo* from "*Il Trovère,*" it began to hammer the glasses with a spoon, and shriek at the performers; and we saw the bearded little proprietor, a cross between Falstaff and the Dey of Algiers, *a man of an unbounded stomach*, approaching; and the mother snatching up the darling, planting her hand under its clothes against its extremity, and taking it outside for an airing,—we, and all around, felt quite relieved!

This is "Mons. Gilland, *premier tenor, ex-pensionnaire du Théâtre Lyrique,*" his large eyes, high nose, figure, features, and long hair, give him quite the look of an Italian; he has all their finish too. How sweetly he sings those charming little songs, "*Sous les Toits,*" "*Les trois petits Enfants et le grand St. Nicolas,*" &c. Monsieur Gastineau & Co, give us "*Biribi le grand Duc de Besançon.*" The frizzy haired, confident, middle aged damsel, delights us with her

J'ai des roses,

Demi closes

Du muguet, et du jacinthe

Je les file,

Si gentilles,

Pour vous charmer en chemin!

And the audience ironically applauds the "*Je suis le rossignol;*" and vociferously shouts "*bis !*" "*bis !*" that they may laugh at the other poor little girl whom they thus treat every night. The French are very cruel in this way, the more so that there is nothing coarse in their satire. "*On la fera plier bagage,*" says one. "*Oui ! Elle aura à faire son paquet,*" says another! But here comes Madame Malvina the star of the evening—Gheghhh! (This is the nearest written approach we can make to the gurgling sound with which, and upturned eyes, she brings down the house in some of her *chansons libres.*) What elasticity in her bounding figure! What a voluptuous "*débardeuse !*" See how her hips spring from under her sky blue jacket; or rather from the crimson cashmere circling her supple waist, and short wide silk pantaloons. What a bust! What a mass of rich black hair, and how her

flashing oriental eyes change in expression from fire to dreams. The well rounded pink tights shimmer in the light, as her high heeled azure silk boots, her neat ankle, and fine arched instep are gracefully kicking in air, to the tune of soft music.

No wonder the little French Captains, and others, send up those huge bouquets, in concentric rings of white, blue, and delicate pink, such as Covent Garden can scarcely produce.

That female drummer and acrobat is a nuisance, so we'll be off. See how the stars shine like a twin firmament in the river; and how gay the lighted Cafés across the water are. We shan't be able to sleep in this heat, so may as well sit down at one. The quays are quite a promenade. How the dominoes rattle on the marble topped tables within: a harp and violin however drown the noise. The billiard players take their last turn round the table, and the pretty marker, has closed the window of the *entresol* opposite, and here come our garçons too to turn out the gas. Excepting the long rows of lights reflected in the river, the quays are now quite dark. Hush! what's that droning noise? Ha! ha! a troupe of young workmen, three sheets in the wind! there they go down one of the side lanes arm and arm, and humming in concert the old song of "Saint Antoine."

Here a lantern, with a number rudely painted on it, comes swinging towards us. A real *chiffonier* by Jupiter. How he slouches along, with his fetid basket swinging across his bent back. See, he digs his three pronged fork into the garbage in the gutter, shakes it asunder with an artistic flourish, sees at a glance what's worth his while, lifts it with his prong, taps it off against the rim of the receptacle behind him, and wasting never a moment, trudges on sadly as before. Was that a sigh we heard above the clatter of his *sabots*? Alf, you renegade, why don't you answer, you should be there, for, "*Im osten erhob sich der mond, und schwamm, wie ein leichter Nachen,—über die St. Catherinen Gebirge.*" Linger a moment to admire her silvery brightness shining pre-eminently among the stars, that yet positively glitter in the pure night air, we ring at our *porte cochère*, after a while hear *sabots* stumping along the yard, and being at length admitted, take our candle from the table, light it at the fly steeped saucer and wend our way bedward: to dream of *Madame Malvina* perhaps, or of our approaching voyage down the *Seine*.

H. N. P. W.

THE PAST YACHTING SEASON.

ON SATURDAY, June 29th, the great aquatic event of St. George's Channel, which is annually looked forward to by all yachtsmen as affording a rare treat of skill and seamanship, the Royal Mersey Regatta came off: that is it came off with a feeling of no inconsiderable disappointment to the numerous blue jackets assembled, for will it be believed that for the first time in a long series of years, there was but a single entry for the first class prize, *the* race for which Liverpool is so famous as even to bring yachtsmen across the Atlantic to witness this contest alone in Liverpool Bay. With the failure of this great match departed much of the interest of the regatta, and we trust the ever active and experienced officers of this renowned club will not suffer a second relapse in '68; it would be too hard to see the glorious Old Mersey shorn of her aquatic splendour, her unequalled yacht match, the pride of the western yachtsmen, and the ambition of all to win. In two minor matches the *Amber Witch* carried off a prize of fifty sovereigns.

The eastern coast yachtsmen seem animated by the determination that never again shall the glorious sport suffer from a blank year in their waters, and accordingly on Saturday the 29th of June, the good folk of Edinburgh, Leith, and Granton, on "briny pleasure bent," had their fill of it, although, as we were astonished to learn, the two former places enjoyed it with a "frugal" mind, and Granton alone found the sinews of war. This is not what we should have expected from such cities of renown, or their citizens either; Greenock noble supplements Glasgow when yachting contests draw the lovers of aquatic sport to the Clyde, and hence the liberal prizes that distinguished the plucky Royal Northerns: why should not Granton be supported by her elder sisters in her worthy and spirited efforts to raise herself to fame as a yachting station?

The Royal Eastern prize of fifty sovereigns brought three of "Wull Fife's" clippers to the fore, the *Kilmeny*, *Ellida*, and *Crusader*; of the latter vessel we need hardly remind our readers that at this day Fife has out-built her; and of the *Kilmeny*, she writes her name in snowy furrows whatever waters she essays; so of the *Ellida*, the sister ship, it may be said she will turn out a second edition of *Kilmeny*, as in this match she showed a speed worthy of the stocks she came from, and gave the *Kilmeny* such a hurrying over the forty-two miles of Forth water, that she will not soon forget it; to be sure the Clyde lassie spent a topsail in the fight, and gave the *Ellida* an advantage, but still the

close of the match showed that the East coast has secured a champion canvas-back ready and able to meet all comers. The Kilmeny won this battle by but fifty-one seconds, with a beam-and-beam rush at the finish.

A prize of thirty sovereigns on the same day brought out the small craft under 25 tons; the Amina, Water Witch schooner, Ivy and Carina; the two former vessels carried away their bowsprits early in the struggle, which was thus reduced to a "who shall," between the Ivy of Irish extraction, being one of poor George Marshall's build, and the Carina, another "Fife," which terminated in the Fairlie maiden plucking another laurel for that prolific garden adjacent to the "twa Cumbræes."

On the same Saturday the Royal Thames Club finished their season on the River with their third and fourth class vessels, when but a very poor entry resulted, eventuating in a match between the Vampire and Satanella, third class; and Buccaneer and Octoroon, fourth class: what was wanting in quantity was made up however in quality, for four more celebrated little clippers never laid "boom in rest"; so that were but the elements propitious, a splendid bit of yachtsmanship would have been witnessed; but alas, such a day as it turned out! not the slashing breeze they had in the Forth; no such luck, but a regular tiding affair with paltry and uncertain puffs of wind; the result however, although there were many thought otherwise, was much in the fashion predicted by a few of the "elder brethren;" the Vampire and Buccaneer finding out the shortest route to the flag-ship.

On Thursday, July 4th, early dawn saw an assemblage of "canvas-backs" in the vicinity of the Nore, the inquisitive "boy" in which remote waters speedily discovered they were bent upon a right away Ocean Match to Havre, for the Royal Thames Yacht Club's prize of a hundred sovereigns to the first, and fifty sovereigns to the second vessel. With a wild overcast sky and a strong Nor'-wester the following started in grand order. The Alarm, Zoraida, Condor, Julia, Columbine, Minstrel and Marina. The Alarm we need hardly say was the favorite, with a terribly dangerous rival in the "single sticker" from the Clyde, whose power and speed rendered her as awkward an antagonist as the old Alarm ever encountered, particularly when it came to narrowing the wind; true to the whisperings of experience, the struggle between schooner and cutter throughout the day was magnificent, and as long as daylight enabled their performances to be seen, it was a treat which few sailors that witnessed will ever forget: when the evening gloaming fell, the Condor was mistress of the situation; but then came those mystic hours of darkness, those hours during which strange

voices, and weird whispers are heard upon the dusky-shadowed billows; who knows what allies that young Will Nicholls had made amongst the wise-women of the Pear Tree Green, and what strange forms circled their broom-stick steeds around that fighting banner fluttering from the lofty main-truck of the saucy old Alarm; they must have been there during the hours when wickedness is woven on earth and in air; at least so said the look-outs in the morning when far away ahead a mountain of canvas was discovered careening to a roaring westerly breeze, and the knowing winks and self-satisfied ejaculations about "somebody's children having somebody's luck," would lead one to think that Jack Nicholls himself had some unholy compact with the powers of air and water, and had carefully handed the document to his worthy son; but the way to Havre the Alarm struck on that dark Friday night—just at the hour when—well no matter, nothing about churchyards afloat, you know, but she got the tow-line and kept it, and found the hundred sovereigns not so difficult a cargo after all. The Julia yawl, was next in point of midnight craft, and took the fifty, and the Condor, although she came from the land of "second sight," found that eastern haze more puzzling than the veriest Scottish mist that ever circled the lofty comb of the "Cook of Arran."

That game little club, the Norfolk and Suffolk, to shew that although the vessels composing its fleet have been built for the calmer waters of their inland broads, the members are not afraid to encounter the turbulent roll of the Northern Sea in their butterfly clippers, organized an ocean match from Harwich to Lowestoft on Saturday the 29th of June, and the Waveney Queen, Red Rover and Water Lily cutters, and the Ariel schooner accordingly assembled off the Bell Buoy at Harwich, where the spirited commodore of this genuine little sailing club, Major Leathes got the four hardy racers beam and beam; they had a very fair sample of sea on to test their powers in blue water sailing, but their crews amply proved themselves as much at home on the briny billows, as at Wroxham or Cantley; the Red Rover took the lead from start to finish, and cleverly won the fifteen sovereigns, displaying such excellent handling and judgment as must preclude the notion of the Norfolk and Suffolk yachtsmen ever being considered mere fresh-water sailors. The wee schooner Ariel, fought the other two cutters triumphantly and came in a good second; the Waveney Queen sprung her gaff and after a close struggle with the Water Lily gained third honors, or the honor of being third without any "gain."

On the 10th of July, Kingstown was the scene of action, and Dublin Bay was for the nonce taken possession of by racing canvas-backs, but

unfortunately the principal item towards a successful regatta was wanting, and only one race could be decided on the first day, when the *Ripple* and *Luna* severely discussed the right of ownership to twenty sovereigns: a very exciting and knotty argument was pertinaciously maintained by the *Ripple*, amidst alternations of wind and calm, quite sufficient to try the temper of the most amiable set of bipeds in the world; and which the *Luna* met in a calm and dignified way, that showed an amount of self reliance not always to be found exhibited under tantalizing circumstances. Now whether the crew of the *Ripple* in some momentary excitement considered flag-boats as impediments to be run down out-of-hand when in the way, or whether one of these necessary adjuncts to a regatta had a spite against the wee twelve tonner, there is no evidence, further than, that a collision was proved, and the prize was awarded to the discreetly and well sailed *Luna*.—Ware flag-boats O *Ripple*!

On Thursday another Hibernian hurricane reigned with placid severity, and Eblana's bay was undisturbed by rifting stem or bellying canvas, save, when the *Glance* succeeded in establishing a *formula*, by which the difficulties of reaching a flag-ship in the shortest time and with the greatest economy of wind, can be satisfactorily obviated; the *Kilmeny* tried her most "owdacious," but the "formula" was not strictly adhered to, and she had to rest satisfied with a creditable second, whilst the *Torpid* and *Secret* took a little hydrographic recreation, establishing the exact position of the Kish Light-ship, and obtaining reliable notes of the strength and direction of the Nor'-east flood tide.

The event of the meeting was the hundred sovereign contest, in which three renowned clippers of widely different tonnage and powers, undertook to solve a problem as to rig and build that has long distracted the busy brains of ocean roving racers. To wit, one schooner of 161 tons, well known as the *Egeria*; to wit, a remarkable cutter of 78 tons, sailing as and generally called the *Fiona*; to wit, a wicked little 44 ton flyer, enjoying the distinguished appellation of *Dione*. If ever there was a "briny nut" of the very toughest coating presented to nautical Solomons it was upon this occasion, for notwithstanding that rig and tonnage, and the state of the weather, might afford some clue to the result, there was an amount of "talent" afloat in these three ships, of that dangerously advanced talent, which natural powers improved to almost a feather edge by long experience, renders so uncommonly perplexing to would-be water prophets of the nineteenth century. There was the usual fluctuations of hope and fear during the struggle: at one time *Dione* carrying the ball breast-high; then the *Egeria* looked wicked for a kick, next the *Fiona* would come

with one of her determined rushes, until it looked all over but a little mild huzzahing; again the Egeria's screw revolving vigorously, and the Dione's merry dance along the edge of a puff succeeding this, would set the two elder sisters "all abroad," in sober earnest at last the Fiona boldly challenged, and the Egeria as gallantly took it up, sailing her every inch of water, and both evidently satisfied they had nothing to fear, they had satisfactorily sampled the powers of the dangerous light-weight; so away they launched for the harbour, the flag-ship, the final triumph, and the agreeable finish of "I beg to express my gratification Mr. Commodore, Ladies and Gentlemen, &c.!" And all that sort of thing "a fella has to do you know!" The knots and furlongs flew past at first pretty quick, and at length the Fiona apparently established a "fact," which, however, to the Egeria appeared far from conclusive; what matter if the wind did fall continually, the flag-ship was at hand, it was a nice bit of handling between two masters of their art, and nobody to interfere with its display; so the gallant crews of the gallant barkies set themselves to admire and criticise each other's efforts; "Now Fiona—well done Egeria—bravely done both, but Fiona best—hurrah for the pride of Fairlie!"—Then there was an ominous silence, and nothing could be heard but the half suppressed breathings of the anxious crews, and the hissing ripple of the pair of stems cleaving the water fathom by fathom, stately but slow towards the flag-ship; what occasions that sudden murmur amongst the excited spectators? What is that ripping noise, that dull roar—just at their very counters!—Too late brave mariners—the wary timoneer had you in his toils, and like a phantom ship the good little Dione shot between her giant rivals on the very edge of a thunder squall, and before Jack could ask his mate what craft that was, she was round the flag-ship, and had a round-turn on the sovereigns, proving very satisfactorily that, there is no knowing where that old and favourite class the "flying fifties," will break out at any time, particularly with a "knowledgeable" sort of man at the "twiddling stick."

The meeting was concluded by the Ripple defeating seven clippers, including the Luna, for a purse of twenty-five sovereigns, and thus consoling herself for the flag-boat misadventure.

On Friday, the 5th of July, the Royal Northern flag-boats could be distinguished within binocular flight of Greenock new esplanade, and for the memorable inauguration of the said respectable footway, the decent "bodies," of that ancient port did present the very handsome prize of 120 sovereigns to such fortunate member of the pleasure navy, as should with mariner's prowess and notable might prove his right to possess the same, which right was satisfactorily demonstrated after a

fashion that few ever saw before and may seldom see again: when a 165 ton cutter makes mere play-things of such vessels as the Fiona, Menai, and Phosphorus, but especially the Fiona, it is time to "wake up and look sudden," for in yachting as in everything else, somebody has cap-sized the carpenter's shop, and everything appears with a new handle and a fresh edge; all the old tools we were used to, usually made of "opinion" tempered with "experience," must go to the smithy and be re-hammered and tempered, and newly handled altogether. The Oimara showed those fortunate enough to witness that day's sailing in the Clyde, that there never was a truer saying than "there's no knowing what salt water likes best!"

However we shall get to know something about yachting in another century or two; like steam you know—"wonderful thing, but merely in its infancy!"

The next prize contended for was a purse of 30 sovereigns, when the Denburn showed the advantage of a comfortable crop of spars and canvas amidst the mountain squalls that occasionally doth much disturb the Clyde; and whilst the Glance, Kilmeny, and Luna, each required a little tenderness to be shown to their racing sticks and profuse wardrobes, the Denburn launched away through fierce wind bursts from the highlands, and it was only at the close of the match that the Glance could make an effort,—but a vain one; the Denburn had it all her own way.

Following this there took place a smart little affair between the Ellen, Torch, Venture, and Carina for 20 sovereigns: the Torch and Carina made a match of it, the latter remarkably well handled until disabled by a heavy squall, after which the Torch made fair weather and an easy win.

Saturday the second day, brought much more enjoyable weather, with just a strong regatta breeze. A very nice fleet of schooners went for the first race, when the Albertine scored a victory, but by no means an easy one, when it is considered that against her were pitted such vessels as the Egeria, Fiery Cross, Persis, and Aglaia. The Aglaia particularly distinguished herself in this match, proving her title to honours most creditably: the Egeria maintained all her fame, but somehow the handsome Fiery Cross did not move up to her old form.

Succeeding the schooners came the Fiona, Phosphorus, and Menai; the Fiona had it her own fashion this time, albeit the Phosphorus came with a burst of sailing at times that looked well for her allowance of time, finally defeating the Menai for second prize.

A gallant struggle took place between the Glance and Kilmeny for the 30 sovereigns, eventuating in the Kilmeny defeating the renowned

"Itchenor"—on time, and both running away from the Denburn, Secret, and Luna.

The wind-up was a remarkably clever one, between all the light-weights of the 15 ton class that have obtained celebrity in the northern waters. The Torch however, after receiving attentions worthy of the most serious future consideration from the Carina and Glide, won handsomely, also defeating Ripple, Venture and Ripple (9 tons).

The Prince of Wales Club vessels sailed a nice little match on Saturday, July 6th, from Gravesend to Ramsgate, when the Vampire and Satanella proved the winners of first and second prizes, defeating the Eva, Gipsy, Ærolite, and Dagmar.

The 8th July, witnessed the meeting of two veterans of the wave at Southampton Amateur Club regatta—namely Phantom and Thought; and great was the interest aroused amongst the "blue jackets" in whose "log books" these well known names occupy many pages of story. The match, which proved a tedious one owing to light winds and calms and adverse tides, was eventually won by the brave old Phantom, her determined rival within a biscuit cast of her taffrail. As if to render the day still more remarkable, the Southampton Folly and the Quiver, likewise veterans of sundry flagships, tried conclusions, and after encountering similar difficulties to their elder sisters, the Folly improved the occasion, a triumph reversed on Wednesday the 10th, when at West Quay the Quiver defeated her as handsomely.

The Prince Alfred Club was again at work on the 13th July, with its first and second class vessels, upon which occasion the Dione defeated the Enid, Kilmeny, Amber Witch and Torpid; and the little Ripple achieved a grand victory over the Luna, Wave Crest, Torch, Siren, and Alexandra; bravo 12 against 25 tons!

On the 16th July, at Great Grimsby the Vindex scored a victory against the Ellida and Surf, though not without a determined struggle with the Ellida, and there is little doubt but for the number of mishaps the latter good little ship encountered, she would have been first at the flag-ship. In the second class on the same day the Mabella, although with her bowsprit sprung, won, beating the Active, Ivy, and Sapphire.

The Royal Yorkshire followed sharp on the 17th July, catching the Grimsby fleet; the Vindex here repeated her triumph of the previous day, defeating amidst wild weather and heavy sea, the Avoset and Ellida; the Avoset taking second prize.

On Thursday, the second day, the Corinthian match brought out the Ellida, Ivy, and Nettie—manned by amateur crews on the principle of the Prince Alfred Club, when a very well sailed and creditable race,

amidst strong winds and wild seas, was won by the *Ellida*, the *Ivy* second.

On Thursday, July 18th, the Royal Cork Club held their meeting, when for their principal event of seventy-five sovereigns, with twenty-five to the second vessel, the *Fiona* and *Leah* had it all to themselves, their only competitor being the little *Dione*, which latter was overpowered and out-sailed in the strong breeze and lumpy sea, otherwise she would have proved a very host in herself.

On the following Saturday, July 20th, an entry was obtained by the Royal Western Club of Queenstown, for the cup presented to its members by Her Majesty, when the *Albertine*, *Fiona*, and *Dione*, displayed their fighting flags to do worthy battle for the much-prized gift of royalty. The *Fiona* however soon set all doubt at rest, although the *Dione* held her to wicked strife up to the Sovereigns Islands, when she bore up; the *Albertine* sailed gamely to the last, but everything stood with the *Fiona*, and not even a treacherous rope yarn gave the schooner a chance of getting within hail of the Scottish flyer.

The 27th of July saw the rapidly rising and spirited Clyde Yacht Club at work off Dunoon, when the *Kilmeny* found her day, and the heavy spars and unlimited canvas of the racer proved too much for the cruiser rigged *Denburn*, the *Kilmeny* taking her revenge for the drubbing the former gave her during the heavy weather prevailing at the Royal Northern Regatta.

A new fifteen tonner of Fife's, the *Rival*, belonging to R. Tennant, Esq., made a very successful *debut* amongst half a dozen clipping little craft of similar size, defeating the *Torch*, *Glide*, *Carina*, *Water Witch* and *Swallow*, and thus bravely encouraging a fresh racing yachtsman to future contests.

The Royal Southern Yacht Club opened their meeting on the same day as the Clydesmen, when Lord Cardigan's plate brought the *Fiona*, *Volante*, and *Vanguard* to the buoys, and the *Vanguard* showed powers of handiness and speed in the comparatively confined Southampton waters, that eventuated in cleverly placing the handsome prize of his lordship in her plate locker. This little surprise having subsided, was succeeded by another sensational victory, that of the veteran *Phantom* defeating the *Niobe*, *Sphinx*, and *Thought*; the *Phantom's* success gave rise to no small amount of argument amongst the learned in "lines," "centres of effort," and "centres of gravity," without however eliminating anything tending to dissipate the haze that usually enshrouds discussions of a similar nature, even at the "head quarter" debates in the Hall of Arts, Controller Robinson, Professor Woolley, and Constructor

Reed to the fore notwithstanding. Those inveterate little antagonists Folly and Quiver wound up the meeting by the former scoring on this occasion.

The Great Yarmouth meeting on Tuesday, July 30th was not productive of any contests particularly noteworthy. The *Satanella* defeating the *Eva* being the principal event, and the *Enchantress* winning the twelve ton prize, whilst a very interesting match between the two schooners *Ariel* and *Scandal* resulted in the former doing her duty by a few seconds.

(To be continued.)

· PROPOSED UNIFORM CODE OF BUOYAGE.

IN OUR July and September numbers of last year we had the pleasure of laying before our readers the details of a very important and admirable system for the uniform buoyage of our coasts, harbours, and rivers. This excellent code, of which, through the kindness of its inventor, Captain E. J. Bedford, R.N., we gave a coloured explanatory plate at page 424 of September, 1867, is just what is so badly wanted to complete the great service that so far has been rendered to those whose business lies upon the great highway of nations, the ocean; we allude to the *Commercial Code of Signals*, adopted as a universal language by all the great maritime nations, and which we maintain will never be complete until a Universal Code of Buoyage supplements it.

We do not specially advocate any man's plan, if a better can be found, but that is a question more easily asked than answered; we have carefully examined Captain Bedford's plan, and tried to discover faults in it that would admit of improvement; in order to do so effectively it became necessary to enter into details of cost, alterations of form, and substitution of more effective figures: but after all our investigations we found ourselves compelled to confess that the Bedford system reduces the first to a minimum, totally simplifies the second, and renders the last unnecessary by the masterly arrangement of the three simple colors—Black, Red, and White: in fact, to speak plainly, the cost and changes involved is summed up in the matter of fact commercial value of three "pots of paint." Were this system the result of the lucubrations of some visionary theorist, it might certainly admit of some doubt at first sight, and perhaps the reputation of such parentage might deter sufficient investigation of its merits: but the fact of its arising from the labours and observations of a hard-wrought practical

seaman, who has spent the best part of his life in the hydrographic duties of the Admiralty, invites such an investigation, whilst the simplicity, comparative cheapness, and beauty of application, at once impresses the mind—that a master hand and clear intellect has grasped and matured a very difficult subject in such a manner as to leave only necessary the question, “how are we to set about its general adoption?”—Therefore the sooner we endeavour to solve this question, the sooner a very great benefit will be conferred, not only upon our maritime population, but upon commercial interests in general, and more especially on those involving freight and insurance. If the great and dangerous roads along which our costly men-of-war, our palaces of steam ships, and wealth laden barks of commerce travel, be marked and rendered so plain for safety that even the eye of a novice cannot mistake them, (*which at present they are not*); we are surely justified in calling this an Imperial Question; and are bound by every sense of duty to suffer no delay of its adjustment. The “Signal Code” has been hailed with the denomination of a “substantial benefit” by the way-farers of the seas, it is a triumphant success: what an infinitely greater benefit and triumph it will be—when we shall have the ocean itself our book, and the buoys upon its surface our flags, to tell our storm-worn mariners at a glance, without referring to “print” or “bunting,” where the port of safety lies, every buoy like a living finger, pointing warningly to the hidden danger, or beckoning the weary toiler of the waters to a haven of safety.

In all great public questions of a similar nature to this, a moving spirit is required; when quickly the tide of popular opinion begins to move after its leader, and the quicker that leader puts his forces in motion, the sooner the desirable object will be achieved. We are very proud to see that Cardiff, Bristol, and Newcastle have taken the initiative, and have sent up memorials in favor of a Universal Code of Buoyage; in corroboration of the excellence of that proposed by Captain Bedford, it is shown that a similar system was on his recommendation adopted by the Commissioners of Northern Lights, and is now, and has been since 1857, in operation on the coast of Scotland: the United States of America have it in operation along their entire seaboard; France on her northern coasts, and also Holland. Brave old Bristol—that ancient sea-port with whose traditions much of England’s maritime fame is bound up; within whose tarry portals was begot the world renowned aphorism, “ship-shape and Bristol fashion!”, concludes her memorial to the Masters and Brethren of the Trinity with the words “not only in the British Channel, but wheresoever the jurisdiction of

your board extends." This is *to the point* and *Bristol fashion*. And good right have the Bristol owners and Captains to request the adoption of *a system*, for never surely was such a jumble of buoys, such a mangle of floating sign casks as at present distract the mariner's eye, as in that very Channel ; the only mystery to us is how one half the vessels get safely up or down, for verily even *habitués* of that watery way look upon them but as *doubtful circumstances*. Only fancy such a system as this:—"Since the buoys in the Bristol Channel have been altered in conformity with the system of the Corporation, (i.e. the Trinity Board) vessels entering must leave *upon the starboard-hand, black buoys, and red ones : upon the port-hand, black and white, and red and white : upon either hand, red, black and white, and red and white.*"

If the local pilots confess to a difficulty, what predicament must a stranger be in, who may not be fortunate enough to pick up a puzzled one.

And yet we are told, we think it is in the *Illustrated London News*, of somewhere about the 16th of November last, that this is a *Uniform Code*, and said to be adopted by the Board of the Trinity House. Surely not, our illustrious and illustrated contemporary has been misled by some idle effusion from a romancer of Tower Hill; the concentrated wisdom and experience of the elder brethren is proof against such a *farago* of nonsense, and will no doubt wisely appreciate the practical wisdom and avail themselves of the stern experience which prompted the memorials from Bristol, Cardiff, and Newcastle. We earnestly hope to see the authorities of the eastern and southern ports bearing their part and doing their duty in this good cause, a cause in which the future safety of life and property is intimately bound up. We have an example of what a Private Institution, cleverly managed, wisely counselled, and prompt to improve experience, can effect towards the guardianship of our sea-washed shores; the foreign mariner when cast by the storm within the path of the life-boat exclaims with frenzied joy "We are on the coast of England, we are saved!" Shall that modest house in John Street, Adelphi, be said to contain more sound sense and practical knowledge, than the imposing granite edifice in Trinity Square?—Shall the denizens of the latter be considered as evincing less consideration for the lives of our gallant seamen, and the vast properties committed to their charge?

There is a very simple answer and the sooner it is given the better. We shall closely watch this matter and recur to it again, for every-one, no matter who, that helps towards the accomplishment of such an end, does his duty as a subject of the realm should.

THE NEW AMERICAN CENTRE BOARD.

ALTHOUGH the many advantages obtained by the application of the Centre Board, has long been admitted by our yachtsmen, there have been four serious objections to the method of fitting it, as heretofore understood by us, which have hitherto proved fatal to its more general adoption in these seas.

That in its original form it would have ever come into use among our larger classes of schooners and cutters is extremely problematical, for their cruising ground being generally in deep water, the objections we have alluded to much more than counterbalance any advantage that might arise, and these but very occasionally, from its possession. But amongst our small class of yachts used in rivers and the open sea, upon lakes, in estuaries, and coasting, it has been long felt that but for the drawbacks existing in its construction, it would be an immense desideratum. These objections are :—

1st.—The tendency a Centre board has to weaken the frame of a yacht, just at the point where the greatest amount of strength was desirable.

2nd.—The difficulty of constructing a thoroughly water tight “trunk” or “well-frame.”

3rd.—The difficulty of getting the ballast concentrated and stowed low, just where the “well-frame” interferes with its arrangement.

And 4th.—The unsightly and inconvenient “trunk” or “well-frame” cutting up and curtailing the cabin accommodation.

Could these be in any way done away with, or even in a measure alleviated, there is no doubt the Centre Board arrangement would find much favor, and prove of very great service amongst our smaller yachts, and not unfrequently too amongst those of larger tonnage.

We have just been favoured by an esteemed American contributor with a description of the latest improvement in this method of adapting an artificial keel ; it is called “Davis’ improved Centre Board,” has been patented, and is the most perfect thing of the kind we have yet seen. It completely obviates all objections to the old style of fitting ; the “trunk” or “well” need not be higher than the top of the keelson internally, if so desired, and if it does project above that, which would render the fitting more perfect, it need not appear above the cabin platform : the mode of applying the “trunk” or “well-frame” in the body of the vessel, strengthens it considerably more than it would be normally constructed ; a leak or weep is impossible, and the materials used may be of the nature of ballast in themselves ; in our smaller

vessels the Centre Board and its well (according to Davis' plan) might constitute all the ballast required ; and would unquestionably ensure the greatest amount of stability that could be obtained in such a vessel ; much more indeed than could be obtained by ballast stowed in accordance with ordinary practice. There are so many points of advantage in this new method of fitting Centre Boards, and we consider it of such importance to our yachtsmen, that we have written for drawings and fuller particulars, which we hope shortly to lay before our readers, when we will enter more fully into this interesting subject. By a judicious application of this invention we foresee that the difficulty which has hitherto been our stumbling block in constructing a perfect racing craft, can be triumphed over, and that a vessel can be turned out which will beat to windward as fast as she will run off a wind.

The inventor and patentee is Mr. W. F. Davis, of Boston, Mass. We trust in a future number to be enabled to show our readers, that this summary notice has been justly deserved, and that the introduction of Davis' Centre Board may eventuate in a new era of yachting architecture.

GLOVER'S PATENT ANCHOR-FALLS.

THIS is a very clever invention of Mr. Glover, which has been duly patented, and excited considerable interest and attention in the Admiralty Department of the late *Exposition Imperiale de Paris*. We have been favoured by the inventor with descriptive engravings and manuscripts, which with much pleasure we lay before our yachtsmen readers, amongst whom we are aware there are many who have devoted considerable attention to this particular subject. There is no department of a ship's out-fit more important than that of her ground gear ; upon its capacity and efficient working depends her safety more or less at all times ; and finally it is her last resource under desperate circumstances, when shredding off her wings and limbs she trusts in her dire extremity to the good Anchor and the stout cable to preserve her from the terrible lee shore. The old saying of "what the eye don't see the heart don't grieve at" is peculiarly applicable in this instance, and the deep silent sea has oft-times concealed the true cause of many a bonny craft's loss ; which has been attributed to circumstances far otherwise than a half-canted Anchor. Any person then who by their invention can ensure an anchor reaching soundings in such a position as to be certain of its at once biting and holding vigorously, will confer a most

important and valuable benefit on both the naval and mercantile marine. It seems almost incomprehensible, that notwithstanding the vast improvements which have taken place during recent years in the architecture, equipment, and modes of propulsion of our ships the Anchor question is enshrouded in mystery great as ever. We had a grand trial between two celebrated Anchor inventors at the great Exhibition of 1851, which resulted in "no satisfactory conclusion being arrived at." This no doubt was the parent idea of the Anchor trial committee of 1852; but notwithstanding the composition of this committee was eminently practical, we are left still as much in the dark as ever, and our seamen to the happy-go-lucky maxim of the mud-hook—"let go and take our chance!" We therefore hail with no inconsiderable pleasure the advent of Mr. Glover's invention, which seems to open the way to a new branch of the mariner's art, namely—the method in which to handle an Anchor, so as to ensure its performing its duties when far from our sight: we have excellent *biting* and *holding* Anchors, but the *certainty* of their displaying these excellencies for our benefit when most wanted is *nil*; and they are as likely as not to play us slippery tricks when they touch bottom. Mr. Glover's plan appears to go straight to the vital point of *establishing* this *certainty*, and in a very simple manner; however as most things connected with improvements in nautical equipage are sure to look well on paper, the true test is to submit them to actual and hard work; for from our experience of the sea and its likings, nothing is more difficult to design and carry out than improvements that shall work and run as sweetly as an oiled sheeve, in the midst of a tumbling sea and roaring gale; and if Mr. Glover's invention works handily and truly under such circumstances it will turn out one of the most important of the century to our marine interests.

We subjoin for our readers study and information the explanatory matter, which together with the plates convey a very clear outline of Mr. Glover's principle; and we look forward anxiously to some of our yachtsmen giving the clever inventor a practical confirmation of his plans, and us the benefit of their experience. It appears that Mr. Glover has patented two plans; the first which he treats of presently, called, "the Anchor-Falls Simple;" which relates solely to letting the anchor go; the other called the "Anchor-Falls Compound," and which are applicable to weighing the anchor, we hope to describe in a future article, as we shall shortly again further consider this very interesting and important subject.

"*Glover's Patent Anchor-Falls, Simple*: Command A Method so to let fall the Anchor as to force it to enter the ground on its FIRST IMPACT; by

which, also, the Danger so often incurred by the FALSE ENTRY OF THE ANCHOR, is, by the actual HORIZONTAL POSITION of the STOCK, EFFECTUALLY PREVENTED."*

The object of the Anchor-Falls (simple) is, to drop the Anchor at the bottom of the Sea, on its fall from the Ship, in the posture best suited for the Entering of the Ground by one of its Flukes : *i.e.*, so that it may realise, at once, with unerring certainty the position, (at present known as that) of an Anchor Canted : and, to impart, at the same time, Power of Entrance to the Anchor, by so turning to account the Impetus of its Fall, as to compel the Fluke to penetrate the Ground.

This Condition of Things, has been concisely expressed in phrase nautical, by one, in every way competent to estimate the value of the same, as "A new mode of COCK-BILLING THE ANCHOR, [Fig. 4], so that it falls in the position represented, [Fig. 5], and *immediately BITES.*" [Fig. 6.]

1.—In order to arrive at a due appreciation of the value of the Anchor-Falls, it is necessary to understand what the Anchor will do and what it will not do, as it is at present handled, in anchoring the Ship. It will hold the ground admirably when it has entered *well*. But, it will not enter at all until it has gone through the operation called the Cant : nor will it always enter well when it has. To effect this Cant, there are, ordinarily, two stages ; the Half-Cant, and the Cant.

2.—The Anchor being let fall from the ship Crown-downwards, as is seen in Fig. 1, the Half-Cant, Fig. 2, is the position it assumes on having ceased to descend : when, the Shank and Stock falling over to this or that side of the Arms, the Shank is prevented from lying on the ground ; being held in a slanting position, by reason of one end of the Stock resting on it.

3.—The Cant is completed, by the Ship's motion, ordinarily, in stern-way ; or, by sheering the vessel by the helm : the Anchor being pulled at by the Cable from the Ring, the Stock is, *commonly*, made to turn over. It then lies on the ground horizontally : when the Arms being compelled, thus, to rise up into verticality, (as shewn in Fig. 5), the Cant of the Anchor is complete.† One Peak of the Anchor is thus, as will be seen, at *g*, brought to sustain the whole weight of the Crown and Arms.

4.—This Completion of the Cant, however, often fails : the Anchor not turning out of the Half-cant. For, if the Line of the Cable's Strain is in the direction in which the Shank chances to lie, and the End of the Stock should happen against nothing to check its progress, and, so, cause the

* This Notice was in The Admiralty Department of the Paris Exposition-Imperiale, where the Anchor-Falls were exhibited in action. The Anchor Falls, Compound, relate to Weighing the Anchor, and are not touched upon in this Paper.

† Fig. 5, shows an Anchor in the position of an Anchor Canted ; though it is intended to shew, that, by the operation of the Anchor-Falls, that most desired position of the Anchor has been realized in its fall. The full contrast between the action of the Two Systems, will be apparent, in comparing Fig. 2 and 5 ; for, before the Anchor has lain over into the Position, Fig 2, it has, as in Fig. 6, already entered itself, and, in full exercise of its function, securely anchored the Ship.

Arms to turn upwards from their prostrate to a vertical position—i.e. from the Half-Cant to the Cant—the Anchor must drag, and the Ship, in nautical phrase, “Shoulders her Anchor.” The Anchor can then “drag,” thus indefinitely. This is bad,—very bad! It is bad, (1,) when the Anchor in this position goes for any distance before the needful movement takes place to cause its being turned into the position for one of its Arms to bite. It is (2,) *very* bad when this *so* goes on, that it never turns at all. This condition of the Anchor is shewn in Fig. 2. But it may be still worse, (3,) when the Anchor, instead of being fixed by the Nether Arm in the ground—as shewn in Fig. 6,—never getting further than the Half-Cant, becomes fixed in the ground by the mere weight of the Arms lying prostrate, *and*, by the Stock of the Anchor sticking itself up in the soil like a Slanting Stake: the Stock, thus, hindering, absolutely, the Cant, which it is its business to promote. (Fig. 3 shews this Position of Things.) For, this false entry can become a considerable impediment to the Way of the Ship, and cause the Anchor to act as quickly as if it were rightly hooked. Ships have been known to lie for months, thus falsely anchored; those on board being unconscious of the fact. This false anchoring has been proved by the surface-condition of the Anchor, when brought into sight: the parts which had lain above the ground, have been covered with Sea-growth; while the parts lying under the ground, have been free from its presence. Fig. 3.

5.—One remarkable instance known, is, that of a Ship lying in harbour, in the West Indies, for months, whose Anchor, on being brought upon deck, shewed a Mass of Barnacle crowding one Arm of the Stock, and all the Square of the Anchor's Shank and its Ring, with the part of the other Arm of the Stock next to the Square of the Shank: the line of growth lying obliquely across the Stock and Shank, indicating the position in which the Anchor had lain, without Canting. Fig. 3.*

6.—Another instance is, that of the Concordia of Bremen, a Whaler of 800 Tons, lying at anchor for two months beside the Eva of Havre, anno 1842, in Martyr Bay, New Zealand. She was wrecked in a storm from dragging her Anchor: which Anchor being afterwards picked up shewed the same marking on the Stock and Shank as the Anchor already alluded to, had exhibited. Fig. 3.

7.—These cases, and that of H.M. Ship Gibraltar, 91 guns, mentioned later, proving clearly,—1st, That this sort of entry does take place; 2nd, That it is possible for a Ship to be held by it, and the crew to be *deceived*; also. 3rd, That it is *not* a sufficient mode of fixing a Ship, in that, when a

* It is to Captain Montagu Leeds, of the Royal West India Mail Service, that the Public is indebted, for this valuable information. He has also obligingly written, date Sept. 4, 1867, as follows. “I have carefully read your Paper on the Anchor-Falls, and am of opinion that there is much valuable matter in it; especially in the remarks on the Half-Cant, as in the case of the Concordia, H.M.S. Rodney and Gibraltar. I myself have often done the same thing as Capt. Hurst: especially at Barbadoes.” (Vide par. 8.) Anchors, also Capt. Leeds has “seen on several occasions,” he says, “as shewn in your drawing.” “Valuable,” indeed, may that well be deemed which has elicited the information here below recorded.

sudden gale arises, and discloses, too late, the false security, the Ship is drifted off to leeward and, perhaps to destruction ; 4thly, The *frequency* of the occurrence of this snare has to be considered.

8.—When Capt. Hurst,* who has traded backwards and forwards to the West Indies for upwards of forty years, an Exhibitor of a Life-Saving Raft in the Exposition, saw on the wall, the Picture, Fig. 2, which had been drawn to illustrate the supposed cause why H.M.S. Rodney dragged her Anchor in the month of March in Sheerness Roads, and in which the supposed condition of the Anchor had been depicted, he told the writer, that "That represented what had occurred to his Anchor, *scores of times*, in the West Indies." When asked—"Why in the West Indies only?" the reply was, that "It occurred, doubtless, *every where* ; but that it was only in the West Indies that he had seen the water so clear as to enable one to distinguish things lying at the bottom, from over the Ship's side. That being the case there, he had made it a point, the first thing, to see how the anchor was lying on its reaching ground, and *as often as not* he found it necessary to trip it and set it right."

9.—"They say it never comes *so*, Sir," ejaculated an indignant coasting Captain the other day, who was explaining that his craft was *all* but lost, from having drifted from the deep water off Herne Bay, where he had cast anchor at 10 p.m. He found himself all but touching ground at 2 a.m., having drifted miles towards Reculver in those hours without knowing it ; his Anchor, when hoven in, having shewn that it had lain and dragged under the condition of the False Entry. "It happens *every day* ; and why should they go and say, it don't, when it *does*, and we *know* it ? †

["All this is perfectly true ; every Coasting Seaman well knows it." So wrote an able Commander, on the margin opposite to paragraphs 8, 9, and 10, as he kindly overlooked this Prospectus for the press ; a man of great and varied experience ; an Expert in the French Admiralty Courts.]

10.—Nor is it only the frequency of the occurrence, but *the impossibility of providing against* this uncertainty of action in the Anchor, that is so perplexing. "Does that state of things happen often?" said a friend, to a French Skipper, who was looking-on at the man that was showing to the bystanders the action of "dragging with the Anchor at Half-Cant." "Seven times out of Ten, Sir. It's all chance. When we cast the Anchor we never know how it will come. It is entirely chance."

11.—So, The Marengo, French 2-decker, dragged with all *her four anchors* out, in the hurricane in the Black Sea in 1854. She drifted all but to her own destruction and that of the Britannia, bearing the Flag of the English Admiral, anchored in her lee. Both ships were saved, just at the critical moment, by a providential slant of wind. An Officer who was on board the

* "Than whose opinion," (*there is the best authority for saying,*) "no man's in the Maritime World of London is entitled to or receives, more respect." When this gentleman was informed that publicity would thus be given to his words, he said, "I am glad to hear it, Sir. It's what *ought* to be known by every one going to Sea. It can't be too much known."

† When this was shewn, in print, to the Captain quoted, he said, "Quite right, Sir. That's quite right."

Marengo attributed this dragging to the defective entering of one or more of her Anchors; stating that he felt the Anchor-Falls would have prevented the movement which placed them in such peril. Why did the Anchors of the Britannia hold, while those of the Marengo dragged? from that same, "Chance"!

12.—And if it is *not* "all chance," how came H.M.S. Gibraltar, 91 guns, to break the Stock of her Anchor, when driven away from her anchorage in Salamis Bay in the year 1864? She dragged all night—the Watch being entirely unconscious all the while—and was found, at daylight, still dragging, *and round the other side of the Cape?* "It was all a miracle like," said the informant, "as we wern't lost! Nobody knew how it was." However, there it was, the fact of the dragging; and the Stock of the Anchor, broken away, to account for it. The broken Stock shewed that the ship had been brought up by the False Entry, hooked by the Stock instead of by the Hook of the Anchor. The Stock, not having the strength of an Arm, when strained at by the power of the Storm, snapped at the Square of the Anchor, and the Iron Lump was dragging along all night with the Arms prostrate, just as they are when the Anchor is at Half-Cant and the Cable at Short Scope.* Again, how came H.M.S. Rodney to drift for hours, off Sheerness, and change her position half-a-mile, by dragging her Anchor? And further, from what arose the trouble of H.M.S. the Queen, off Spithead, in 1842? So, thus it is, then, with Vessels of all Sorts and Sizes and Nations: as with the humble Billy-Buy of the Thames, so with the haughty Monarch of the Sea; as with "the Queen" of the Old School in 1842, so with "the Rodney" of the New, in 1867; as with the English, so with the French. "It's all chance, Sir, with the Anchor! Nobody knows how it will come."

13.—Knowing, now, the prevalence of this insidious snare of the False Entry of the Anchor by its Stock, proved by these facts and confirmed by the experience of so many practical men, let us look to a sentence (p. 28) in a recent "Treatise on Anchors" which makes patent the final issue, while we bear in mind its sad confirmation in the Wreck Chart, published yearly by the Board of Trade: the average loss of ships having long since attained to upwards of 1000.† "After every storm, the papers record

* Remove the Stock from Figure 2, and the drawing may shew the condition of the Gibraltar's Anchor from when the Stock broke, to the time that she was brought-up by letting-go, *not* a second anchor, which was unavailing to stop her way, but her *third*, now aided by the power of her Steam. Where would the Gibraltar be *now*, had she not been able then to have recourse to steam, to stave off the ruin imminent on that occasion, from the defective mode of dropping the anchor on board H.M. Ships, as well as, hitherto, all other ships?

† In 1846. The *Nautical Magazine* declares—"The National Life Boat Society estimate, from authentic sources, that the number of British Vessels, yearly destroyed by Shipwreck is 600: the Value of property about £2,500,000 sterling, and the number of lives lost 1560. The average for 10 years, ending 1865, is, Totally lost, 505; Wrecks with loss, more or less, 889: Total, 1394: and "several hundred lives." Life Boat Report, p. 220. In 1865. Totally lost, 540; Wrecks with loss, more or less, 1116: Total 1656. But the total amount of Wrecks and Casualties, is 2012, Lives lost 698. In 1866, Wrecks 2219; Total Wrecks, 670; Wrecks with loss, more or less, 1619, Lives lost 896

in almost the same words, that some forty or fifty or more merchant-men dragged their Anchors, and went to pieces on the Rocks or Coast." And now let us ask, how many of these must have been victims to the False Entry of the Anchor? For it takes place, according to Captain Hurst, and others, "as often as not;" and "every day," as "every Coasting Seaman well knows." Of which the practical proof is, that a hundred ships will ride out the same storm in safety, in which some unfortunate "forty or fifty or more," without any difference of treatment or management, from "shouldering their Anchors," (mis-called "dragging,") become lost.

14.—This great insecurity in the action of the Anchor has long been felt, and the consciousness of it on the part of the maritime community has been practically expressed by the execution, within fifty years past of *upwards of one hundred and twenty patents* for alterations of every part of the Old Anchor, as well as in its general shape. New Sorts of Anchor, also, have been proposed.

15.—Public *practice*, however, still continues to favour the Old Anchor. The Maritime World is assured of one thing, viz., that *when* it takes hold *well*, it *will* hold. And the practical result is, that for one Anchor, made according to New Sorts, there are still made, and in use of the Old Form, in the proportion of ninety-nine to one in every hundred. There are not wanting, moreover, those who affirm, and their assertions are supported by the solid argument derivable from proof by actual experimental testings of relative merits, that, when the realities of the case are fairly stated, *and the averages properly adjusted*, the Admiralty Regulation Anchor, whatever its faults and shortcomings, *is, and still deserves to be*, still Master of the Field.—*Cotsett's Treatise on Anchors*, pp. 70, 85, and 73.

16.—This lingering sentiment in favour of the Old Anchor is justified by the fact, that, none of the patents or new plans have remedied the main short-coming of the Anchor, viz., that of not entering the ground at the First Impact. This, it will now be seen, with other evils, above alluded to—not inherent in the Anchor itself, but *generated by the defective mode of casting it*,—will disappear in the use of the Anchor-Falls. They, will not only bring into exercise all the fine physical elements of the Anchor-indescent, but, will secure that, should solid rock balk instant entrance on the First Impact, the Anchor shall still be in the position not to refuse to enter, wherever, as the Ship draws a-stern, entrance is possible: *the very utmost that can be expected from any anchor*. For, 1, By the method of fall secured by them, all that class of damage,—instanced from paragraph 4 to 13 inclusive—arising from the dangerous aid of the Stock, is for ever shut out; not being able, by reason that the Stock *must* fall horizontally, to come into existence at all: and, Because, 2, the process of the Cant not being needed to put the Anchor in the needful position to enter,—henceforth, and *mainly* the Anchor falling as the Labourer's Pick-axe does, *i.e.*, on its Beak, accompanied with, and aided by, all the favourable conditions for entering the ground that distinguish that useful implement, is compelled to enter itself, *at once*, into the ground, *if entrance be possible*, and bite. Fig. 5 and 6.

17.—To obtain this result, it is necessary so to Cock-bill the Anchor as to make the Arm $b g$, Fig. 4, hang *quasi* vertical: and the Shank, $a b$, so incline to the Horizon, as to cause a line $a g$, joining the Anchor Ring and the Peak of the nether-hanging Fluke, to lie fairly horizontal. In order to this, that the due Poise of the Anchor may be secured, the formation of a Triangle ($a b c$) is essential; of which the sides are, 1st, The Shank of the Anchor, $a b$, Fig. 4; 2nd, from 12 to 16 Links of the Cable (+ the Shackle,) $a c$; and 3rd, One Arm of the Anchor $b d$, (or any convenient substitute for it,) + the Detaching Apparatus, $c d$, hanging from a Ring, Link, or Swivel on the Cable at c , at such length of chain, $c d$, as shall controul the Poise of the Anchor, by securing that the line $a g$ shall be as nearly horizontal as may be. When the Anchor comes to the ground, the Cable,—the tension of which, due to the weight of the Anchor, has held the Fall-Irons in close contact with the Anchor's Fluke at the Heels of the Palm,—becoming immediately relaxed, the Fall-Irons (which have embraced the two Cheeks of the Fluke), at once drop off; and, in thus dissolving the Triangle $a b c$, allow the Cable to act as if it had fallen from the Ship in the usual manner: so that, hauling at the Anchor, already entered and prepared to make full bite of the ground, the Ship is brought up sharp. By the use of a *Swivel Link*, at the apex of the Triangle, $a c b$, "the Anchor can be slung either for bringing up when the Ship has head-way, or *vice versa*,"* and, the direction, in which it may be desired to let it fall, be regulated.

18.—At present, the elements and good conditions which go to make up the Anchor-in-its-fall, are, by us, as entirely thrown away—as *entirely unheeded*—as if they did not exist! While the same things in the Pick-axe, are, by intelligent handling, as entirely enlisted to aid in the doing of what is required of it to be done. The injustice of blaming the Anchor for not entering quicker than it now does, may be best understood by a concise comparison, between it and that useful implement of humble life; of which it may be said, by the way, that if it was treated no better by those who handle it than we do its magnificent likeness, we should have neither stone for houses, nor metals for use, nor coals to heat us, nor roads by which to convey them or to travel by; nor any of those things to enjoy, which, lying beneath the surface of the soil, are, by its means, brought to light.

19.—These Elements are in the Pickaxe: 1, WEIGHT; 2, FORM, perfect for the purpose it has to serve; 3, The ENERGY of the Man who wields the Instrument; and 4, INTELLIGENCE, which leads him to strike the earth with the Point of the Pick: *i.e.*, Peak downwards.

20.—In the Anchor, in its fall, Crown-downwards, we have the same Elements, *minus* the Intelligence. The Weight enormous; the Form almost identical with that of the Pickaxe; the Energy of the Man effectively com-

* The words, here between inverted commas, and pointing to the control of the *direction* in which the anchor may be laid, when the Swivel Link is used, are from the well appreciated Naval Architect of the Medina Dock at Cowes, I. W.

pensated by the Impetus of the Fall ; but, alaa, the Intelligence is lacking ; and, for want of it, the whole operation constantly is abortive ; too frequently worse. See Par. 6 and 12.

21.—In the case of the Bow Anchors of Men-of-War, an endeavour is made to prevent this falling of the Anchor on its Crown, by means of letting it fall from a state of suspension at both ends, by the simultaneous action due to Word of Command, or by Triggers. If they *sometimes* do succeed by this, in preventing the False Entry, they as commonly don't ;—as is proved by a 100 cases of Broken Stock, of which the case first cited, par. 12, is only one example, and those later alluded to, others. This attempt, then, to evade mischief is to be considered, properly, as the Voice of the Navy, attesting the prevalence of an evil for which their most-alive men have, laudably, endeavoured to find and to apply, a remedy :—the evidence, in truth, rather of a want that is felt, than any proof of the successful meeting, or abatement of the evil. *Indeed it rather aggravates it, by inducing a bold confidence in a fallacious hope.* Should any appeal to the fact of this double-action process by the Shank-Painter and the Cat-Stopper, as a proof of the non-necessity of the Anchor-Falls, they are those who are the most bound to recognize the great utility of effective means by which that, that they long have endeavoured after but in vain, is secured : viz., the *certain* peak-downwards-descent of the Anchor.

22.—But at best, anyhow, man-of-war-wise or otherwise, we throw down the Anchor now, so that it *can't* enter by its Peak ; or at any rate, if man-of-war-wise, it *can*, it doesn't.* The Labourer so drops his Pick, that it must enter, and it does so, *well*. *This* then is what we ought to do, viz., to afford the Anchor the possibility to enter as the Pick does. It is this that the Anchor-Falls have been designed to accomplish ; and, as they allow the Anchor such opportunity to do that work, it does it well, *and* unerringly. For they have so put in bonds, in dropping it at the Bottom of the Sea, point-downwards, with the full power of its Weight behind it, augmented, in effect, by the impetus of its fall, as to make that accumulation of power, instrumental to drive the Nether Arm well into the ground, as far as it can go, **AT THE FIRST IMPACT**. This was illustrated, every day, Sundays excepted, on the Side of the Seine in the Paris Exposition. To this Fact, and to the Power of these Falls, and, in that public position, the attention of the whole world is called. There, this invariable, effective, instantaneous Entry of the Arm, as in Fig. 6, is seen ; *and*, consequent on this Vertical Fall of the Arm, is also seen, *the horizontal fall of the Stock* ; and, so, the False Entry of the Anchor, by the Stock, is in that manner, shewn to be **IMPOSSIBLE**, (see Figs. 5 and 6) ; and, *therefore, also*, the miserable consequence of that untoward and often fatal contingency, “the shouldering of the Anchor.” Fig. 2.—“*which is mistaken nine times out of ten for dragging the Anchor,*”—is, by the use of the Anchor-Falls, that regulate and control

* *Ex gr.*, Her Majesty's Ships, The Queen, 1842 ; The Gibraltar, 1864, The Rodney, 1867 ; *ut supra*.

this position of the Anchor on leaving the Ship AND on touching the ground, *effectually prevented.** Q. E. D.

23.—Hence it is that no Ship in H.M.'s Navy, or in the Merchant Service, may be allowed to drag her Anchor, henceforth, to her ruin. For, should one Anchor, being well-entered, be over-charged by the increasing power or the storm or hurricane; as is, at times, to be reasonably expected, a *re-in-force* applied with the certainty of *instant* entrance, sharp and incisive, is a sure ally and a good hope. Not such aid as, *now*, ships have to depend upon, when a re-inforce of resisting Power is necessary, in an anchor cast out crown-downwards, trying to cant and take; the which, at best, can only be done by the ship moving, nearer and nearer, towards her *point* of destruction. And does the hurricane still rage? does the ship still drag? Even so, another, and still another, re-inforce. How then is it possible for a ship well-found and well-served, and supplied with apparatus that makes the taking of each Anchor sure, prompt, and effective, to come to danger by *dragging*? Therefore, it is affirmed with a confidence which the continued assurance of practical men in their certain success daily strengthens, that in the use of these Anchor Falls, no Ship whatever ought to come to grief by "dragging:" and consequently of those yearly wrecks recorded in the last page, of so many as would be due to the dragging of the Anchor, so called, no such List of Casualties ought ever again to occur. A Ship may break her gear, her ground tackle may be defective, she may drag her Anchor, but she need never again fear to be driven ashore by dragging her *Anchors*; nor should ever again be seen such a sight of devastation and woe, as Kingstown Harbour, in Ireland, six years since produced, when *all the seventeen ships which were sheltering in it were wrecked*, by Anchors starting, gear breaking: all, utterly gone, and aid impossible!

THE SALVORS OF PROPERTY ON THE ENGLISH COASTS.†

Is how far, then, is the legislature to blame for the presumed impositions on the owners of rescued vessels and property, as stated by the French writer? With reference to this question it must be acknowledged that the legislature has a very important and difficult task to fulfil. On the one hand it has to prevent imposition on owners of ships and property, as far as practicable: and on the other, to take care that it does not drive a valuable class of men from our coasts, and thus, indirectly, cause the loss of a large number of human lives and of a vast amount of property.

Again, the difficulty is increased from the nature of the work, which is

* This passage in Italics, between inverted commas, conveys the *imprissima verba* of Capt. Montagu Leeds, on this most important point; and he writes further, in confirmation of what next follows—"Your plan of letting-go the Anchor, would be of great value to Ships laying in a Roadstead or Harbour at single anchor, where it is liable to blow hard, and a second anchor is required. The certainty of its biting at once, would be of great consequence and comfort to those on board."

† Continued from page 579, vol. xvi.

ordinarily performed at sea at a greater or less distance from the land, with no witnesses but the parties immediately concerned, viz., the salvors and the masters and crews of the vessels saved, either or both of whom may take a partial view of the case, looking at it in the light of their own interests only, and may even be ready to make false or exaggerated statements, thus making it very difficult for any adjudicators to decide impartially on the merits of the case.

Then the work performed is of such varied character, so many elements having to be taken into consideration, as to make it very difficult to judge correctly regarding its value; and accordingly the English law, as laid down in the Merchant Shipping Act of 1854, after pronouncing that all parties saving, or assisting to save, property, &c., shall be entitled to a *reasonable* compensation, states that such services depend so much on the attendant circumstances, that it is impossible to do more than lay down certain general principles for the guidance of adjudicators, the amount of indemnity to depend—

1. On the extent of the danger incurred by the vessel and crew assisted.
2. On the value of the property saved.
3. On the danger incurred by the salvors.
4. On the value of the vessel effecting the salvage, and the risk it incurred.
5. On the skill evinced by the salvors.
6. On the time occupied in the salvage, and the labour bestowed in accomplishing it.

Nothing can be fairer than such a scale of remuneration, yet much must still depend on the judgment and impartiality of the arbitrators in each case.

In France the arbitration in cases of salvage rests with the Tribunals of Commerce. In England the receivers under the Board of Trade are the adjudicators, if mutually accepted both by the salvors and the owners of the property saved. Failing such mutual agreement, any two local magistrates have the power to arbitrate if the amount in dispute be under 200*l*. Above that sum, the decision in disputed cases must rest with the Court of Admiralty, with ultimate appeal, where demanded, to the Privy Council; and in cases below 200*l*., the decision of the magistrates may be appealed against in the higher courts up to the Privy Council, at the risk of the salvors and owners concerned.

It is open to question whether the local magistrates on our coasts are the most competent persons to arbitrate in such cases. They are oftentimes clergymen and country gentlemen unacquainted with maritime affairs, and perhaps, therefore, sometimes are too easily led by the opinions of others; and again, at some places, we have been told, they are themselves interested parties, holding shares in the steam-tugs or boats employed in salvage of property. We are inclined, therefore, to think that at least at all ports on our coasts there should be special Marine Boards, corresponding somewhat to the Tribunals of Commerce in France, appointed to decide in all disputed salvage claims, and that the expenses and delay occasioned by

appeal to the Court of Admiralty should, as far as practicable, be reduced. On account, however, of the large number of persons in such places who own property in vessels and in salvage boats, it might sometimes be difficult under any arrangement to secure the services of persons with altogether "clean hands" to adjudicate.

The French pamphlet gives numerous quotations from our own Merchant Shipping Act, and quotes many cases of exorbitant demands, which we have not space to copy *in extenso*. It also contains many sensible and fair remarks, some of which we will copy.

Referring to the quoted instances of exorbitancy, it states—

"The facts just related reveal three kinds of abuses. Sometimes we see pilots claiming salvage dues when they have only fulfilled the duties of their profession, or Coast-guards speculating upon shipwrecks, when both are under administrative discipline. At other times they are salvors by profession, who exaggerating the services rendered by them, claim an exorbitant indemnity. It appears, in short, that these same salvors, transforming themselves suddenly into veritable pirates, mount on the decks of vessels requiring no aid, and engage in a struggle with their crews, whom they overpower.

"We have spoken of salvors by profession. Some explanations on this subject may be useful.

"When a vessel is in distress, it suffices sometimes to have a reinforcement to the crew, an experienced pilot, or a steamer bringing a cable, or hawser, to save the ship and her cargo, independently of the crew.

"At some places the opportunities of rendering services of this nature are not very frequent. The salvage of property then becomes a thing somewhat exceptional, and partakes, like the saving of human lives, of the character of devotion and disinterestedness.

"In other places, on the contrary, there does not pass a week, especially in the bad season, without a number of mishaps more or less occurring. To be ready for such exigencies, there are required skilful and bold mariners, and an expensive material (boats and equipment, &c.) capable of conflicting with the tempest.

"That these men require payments equivalent to the dangers and fatigues they confront and that the owners of such material, exposed to injury, should claim a high rate of reward for risk, assuredly nothing can be more just."

In France, the writer proceeds to say, "The indemnities granted being very moderate, owners and underwriters never oppose payment, but, on the contrary, are always disposed to recognize the services of the courageous men who save their property.

"In England things go on differently. Salvage is an occupation (industry) of which the right is recognized by law.

"In the neighbourhood of the most dangerous passages, associations of boatmen are formed with the view of carrying help to ships in distress. Companies employing towing-vessels (steam-tugs) also interpose with the powerful means at their disposal.

"If we reflect that on the English coast occur each year, independently of vessels running aground, a minimum of 1,200 wrecks, which supposes a number, at least, double of vessels in danger, and that in 1865 alone, 1,337 persons were saved by steam, and other vessels belonging to private individuals, it is easy to comprehend the extent to which maritime commerce is interested in the existence and prosperity of this calling, so long as it is exercised honestly."

After quoting various clauses of the English Merchant Shipping Act, the writer observes:—"The whole of these regulations reveal in the English legislature a double pre-occupation. On one part it wishes to shelter wrecks from the unjust claims of salvors, for which object it addresses most precise instructions to "receivers," as well as to coastguard officers, to protect the former in all circumstances; and were not the facts which we have recited undeniable, it would assuredly be impossible to suppose the depredations committed in spite of such stringent directions.

"On the other hand, the clauses of The Merchant Shipping Act have in view, to create, by the desire of gain, an energetic stimulant to acts of salvage, and to encourage especially skilful salvors, knowing their trade.

"There is, then, as the basis of English legislation on this subject, a utilitarian object that we seek for in vain in our own; and we cannot equitably, without taking account of such divergence, establish a comparison between them."

After quoting an instance in illustration of French procedure in such cases, in which a pilot is awarded, by the "Tribunal of Commerce" of Cherbourg, 800 francs (32*l.*) for saving with his boat and crew, at the risk of their lives for two days, a vessel and cargo worth 20,000 francs (800*l.*), the former being one twenty-fifth part only of the latter, we find it stated:—

"In England, on the contrary, the indemnity sometimes exceeds the half of the value of ship and cargo, and one asks whether a rate of remuneration so high does not produce a very different result from the one in view. Whether, instead of procuring for vessels in distress help sought by themselves and really efficacious, there are not thus developed feelings of avidity which cause the help to be distrusted.

"It is notorious that vessels in danger prefer sometimes to risk being lost rather than put themselves in the hands of English salvors; and that, in any case, they only readily accept the services of the latter in the greatest extremity, when it has become more difficult, if not impossible, to avoid disaster.

"It appears that a more moderate remuneration would sufficiently encourage Salvage Acts, without taking from them the motives of devotion which ought always to inspire them, and which alone renders help completely efficacious."

After some comparison of the laws of France and England on the subject, and criticism of the latter, the pamphlet proceeds to remark on the bad working of the appeal to the High Court of Admiralty

(To be continued.)

Editor's Locker.

MEASUREMENT.

Torquay, December 20th, 1867.

DEAR MR. EDITOR —As you were good enough to give a place to my remarks on tonnage allowance, perhaps you will kindly permit me to express my convictions on a far wider and more important subject. The mode of determining the tonnage itself.

Of course we must allow that the Thames rules are a great improvement, inasmuch as they offer less temptation to builders, to distort their vessels into unnatural forms, than the system which previously obtained. Indeed this has now become so obvious that we cannot refer without astonishment to the discussions which took place in your columns, at the time when the change was in contemplation.

Such is the effect of fashion and habit, that many seem to have come to the conclusion that the form which they had adopted, merely to evade the laws, was the correct one, though, at the same time, with glaring inconsistency, they deprecated any change on the ground that it would be a great injustice, to the owners of vessels with raking stern-posts, to offer any facilities to their competitors to construct yachts without that peculiarity which they professed to consider to be so conducive to speed.

But not to refer to exploded theories, I fear we have still some prejudices to overcome, some further improvements to carry out. Why should we rest satisfied with taking one step in the right direction whilst we are still so far from perfection! The Thames rules offer certainly, *less* temptation to adopt a vicious system of construction, but why should *any* inducement be held out to depart from the laws of nature, and the dictates of common sense!! Undoubtedly the measurement regulations should be of a character to leave the art of Ship building open to every improvement, at the same time that it secured fairness in the competition between contending parties.

Now it is obvious that such is not the case. Witness the extravagant depth to which most constructors descend. The attempts that they make to gain size by extending their vessels in a direction not contemplated in the tonnage regulations, in order that by sheer weight, and misapplied brute force, they may overpower competitors who adopt a more symmetrical form. That such a system is not in itself desirable, is shewn by the fact that, notwithstanding the comparative loss of power, some still adhere with success to moderate proportions, and, as is remarkably exemplified in the case of the celebrated *Buccaneer*, gain their well earned laurels by the beauty of their lines, and the just disposition of their forces, rather than by the extravagant size and weight that they may have contrived to bring under a certain amount of nominal tonnage. But why is all this possible? Why should a vessel be allowed to extend itself in one direction more than another? Why, in short, do we not include depth as well as length and breadth in the sum total of the tonnage?

It is the fashion to give the Americans great credit for the results which follow on unrestricted laws, and undoubtedly, the shallow class of vessel, so much in fashion amongst them, could not be built here without manifest disadvantage ; at the same time it is quite possible, that their tonnage regulations, for they must have some, have influenced even American designers, and that a class of vessels with little or no accommodation has been generated by them.

Now as our professed object is to leave the builder quite free, I will, after having briefly referred to ideas already in vogue, offer some suggestions which I hope may meet the difficulty, and I shall not be deterred from doing so, by the fact that when I had written thus much, I was informed that a very able letter, on the same subject, has appeared in a contemporary : feeling sure that the writer and the public will be pleased to find that another person has undertaken to do what little he can, to set aside any rules or regulations which tend to hamper the genius of the naval designer, and make it better worth his while to discover means of exceeding the tonnage, than to build on the most approved principles within its natural limits.

The modes of calculating tonnage which have come under my notice are five in number, and we will consider them, not so much on their abstract merits, as with a reference to the effects which they may be calculated to produce on the form of vessels built under their influence, their abuse in fact rather than their use,—*First* length and width ; *Second*, length ; *Third*, internal capacity ; *Fourth*, weight ; *Fifth*, area of sails. Now, of all these methods, some of them coming from very high authority, there is not one, as it seems to me, which does not offer a premium for unfair dealing. One and all at least are calculated to generate a description of vessels which would never have been thought of, but for the restrictions imposed in one direction and the latitude allowed in another.

Let us take the first, the present system, which limits length and breadth but puts no restrictions on depth. As we have observed before the obvious result of such a rule is that the designer, well knowing that an inferior model, if of larger size, can be forced through the water, faster, under many circumstances, than one of less weight but of a more natural form, looks about for an opening by which he may escape the bounds allowed him. He finds, that, though you have closed the front door and the side door, you have left the cellar door wide open, and forthwith he takes advantage of our oversight and designs a vessel of excessive depth. But the builder has a postern, as well as our cellar door left open to him, which offers a temptation to still greater excess and leads to still greater deformity. He has nothing to do but to bring in his stern-post and he can reduce his vessel in nominal size, whilst she retains her original form for all practical purposes, or, *vice versa*, he can extend his counter, making it an integral part of the body of the vessel and thus increasing his water line to a very considerable amount, taking care to make up for any proportionate deficiency of dead wood and lateral resistance by a deep heel, a perpendicular stern-post, and

an enormous rudder. By these means combined, it is quite possible nearly to double the size of a craft, and it would be strange indeed if, in strong winds and troubled waters she could not command success, though all her peculiarities are in themselves opposed to the dictates of nature, taste, or science.

It may be said then that by this immense expenditure of money, timber, sails, and ballast, the architect has obtained two advantages, speed, and head room. The last perfectly, the first in a very doubtful degree, whilst on the other hand, he must submit to the great inconvenience of an excessive draft of water, and the danger and discomfort of a loaded vessel without freeboard enough to lift her over the seas. For be it observed, in the case of a very deep vessel, you would neutralize any advantage she may be supposed to possess, if you made her proportionally high out of the water, and a few inches added to the freeboard, *i.e.* to the space between the water and the deck* can never be sufficient to render such a submerged mass of flotation, sunk by a proportionate quantity of lead and iron, light and buoyant at sea. If, in addition to these objections, we remember that any success we may obtain is due to a species of deception, and that after all we have produced a monstrosity in the eyes of all practical men, we shall scarcely congratulate ourselves on the result, and must confess that the Thames rule of measurement is capable of being grossly abused.

We will now turn to the second on the list—measurement by length alone. The advocates of this system boast, and I must confess with great reason, of its *extreme difficulty* and the additional advantage of its leaving the builder free! undoubtedly it possesses both these advantages in the very highest degree. Here we have not only the cellar door and the back door but the side door left open. You may extend your vessel, laterally as well as vertically, as much as you like, nay, if you take care to keep the timber head, called a stern-post, in its place, you have the power of adding to your length too with impunity.

It would be quite possible that under such regulations, if they can be called by that name, vessels of the same nominal tonnage should vary in the ratio of 1 to 3 even without outraging common sense, except in the absurdity of bringing such inefficient vessels to compete together on equal terms. But this system will I think scarcely find many apologists, except in the case of small open boats, where it is too generally adopted, and has the disadvantageous effect of rendering it impossible to build model craft, since any 20 foot boat, best calculated to succeed on a large scale, would be undoubtedly beaten by little tubs as broad as they are long, it being found practically, that the power of carrying sail with little ballast, must tell, especially in smooth and narrow waters, provided you can secure it by indulging in excessive beam without limit or restriction.

We now come in the third place to the more reasonable and scientific suggestion, of ascertaining the internal capacity of a vessel and making it

* I have been purposely explicit in the matter of Freeboard, in order to satisfy the doubts of your correspondent "Sprit."

the measure of her tonnage. Nothing can seem at first sight to be so fair as this and yet nothing is more liable to abuse! The adoption of such a system would undoubtedly lead to the construction of a shallow class of vessels containing nothing. Their width and length would be almost unlimited, and, as the keel could not be taken into consideration, a deep one would doubtless be substituted to make up for the shallowness of the real vessel. The fourth suggestion, measurement by weight, would lead to the same results, and offer a still greater temptation to exaggerate the skimming dish form and build slightly, with little or no ballast. The last of the systems to which I have to allude (area of sail), though advocated by the late Mr. Marett, and other persons of the very highest authority, seems to me to be by no means free from similar objections, and apart from the startling fact that it sets out with the professed intention of limiting the very element of speed, would not assuredly effect the desired object, but must still offer a premium for constructing useless vessels, like those to which I have alluded, capable of being moved by a very small proportion of sail, but possessing a most unfair advantage over any constructed, with a view to safety, utility, or beauty. We should have vessels of fifty tons, of the present measurement, at least with a deck which would give that amount, with the masts and sails of a 20 tonner and demanding to be rated accordingly. It is of course very possible that the good sense of owners and builders might be opposed to such a consummation, and that many, nay the majority, might set their faces against it, but, if so, it would be only offering a greater inducement to the few with whom the sole object was speed, to carry out the idea to its possible, if not, its legitimate results; as doing so would be sure to secure them the prize in a contest with others who were more scrupulous. And now that I have referred to what I consider the disadvantages, and probable abuses of the five systems already in vogue, I will proceed to the more arduous task of endeavouring to suggest a plan which may meet the difficulty, and, whilst it *limits the builders as to size*, so as to ensure fairness in competition with his rivals, may leave him quite *free as to form*, or the proportions of length, breadth, and depth, which he may consider best suited for a perfect vessel.

It is but seldom that we have the satisfaction of inducing our friends to listen to any innovation on an existing system, especially if we attempt it without support. However rational, nay unanswerable, our arguments may be, they turn a deaf ear to them, and it is not until some corroboration of our opinions appears in other quarters that the tide begins to turn in our favour. Hitherto I have met with but one writer in your *Magazine*, Mr. McAdam, who, like myself, is desirous of including depth in the measurement of yachts, and as I well remember the pleasure I felt on first discovering this coincidence of views, illustrated in the same familiar manner, in which I had myself been in the habit of explaining them, perhaps I could not do better than quote a few passages from his very able letter. After having impressed upon his readers that "dimensions" in contradistinction to "tonnage" must be our aim, Mr. McAdam illustrates his views in this way.

He takes two pieces of wood of equal dimensions and hands over each to a constructor, desiring him to make a block model according to his own ideas, adhering strictly to the extreme measurement of the blocks, but, as it would not be possible that in the case of real vessels, we should be able to find a sufficient number of the same dimensions, he says further. "All that 'Racing Committees' have to ascertain, is the relative dimensions of the competing ships, and this I conceive will be properly done by taking the extreme length on the loadwater line—the extreme breadth and the extreme depth, from the covering board to the under side of the keel, and multiplying them into one, which result should be considered the 'size' or 'dimensions' of the yacht," and who can gainsay him when he adds? "I venture to think that my plan will tend to remove all those extreme forms, of which we have so many instances, and which owe their origin, not to any idea that they are good for sailing, but that it will enable a large ship to pass as one of small tonnage." Under a system found on these ideas the designer could not surely complain of being cramped,—If he thinks breadth to be the most desirable quality, he can indulge his taste, but at the expense of length and depth—if he advocates length he must sacrifice something in another direction. Should a shallow body and deep keel seem best to him, he can adopt that plan to any extent, provided he consents to be still measured by the parallelogram that circumscribe the entire fabric. Now this is surely all the freedom that a reasonable man can require—It is too much to expect to be permitted to add a keel or to increase the dimensions of your vessel in any direction without accounting for it, besides, it must lead to bad results—as under the present system the fashion has grown upon us of going deeper and deeper, not because excessive depth was desirable, but because it cost us nothing, because we get space and power without accounting for it in the tonnage.

If it is admitted to be desirable to ascertain the relative sizes of yachts, in order to class them fairly, it must follow that there should be *restrictions*, and if so, *the greatest freedom is secured by making them bear equally in every direction*. If an idea is worth anything, it is worth a sacrifice, and the only test that it is desirable to increase length, beam, or depth is that you are compelled, in doing so, to submit to be limited in another direction.

We should then never hear the remark "see what a draught of water you have! Your's is a ship to mine!" without being able to reply "in making her so you must observe that I was compelled to reduce my beam" or "you are nothing but a skimming dish with a keel," without being in a position to satisfy the complainant that our keel had counted in the same total of measurement, as much as if it had been co-extensive with the sides of the parallelogram on which that measurement was founded. In short that we had paid dearly for it in more ways than one!

If you give a boy a block and he pares away three parts of it in order to gain *speed* whilst another merely rounds off the angles, keeping it as nearly as possible to its original form in the hope of gaining *power*, they cannot complain of one another, or to use their own imagery "expect to have their

pudding and eat it too "I Again if one boy prefers a long narrow block, say $3 \times 3 \times 16$ inches, whilst another chooses a shorter, $4 \times 3 \times 12$, they cannot complain either, as the sum total of the contents of each would be the same viz., 144 inches.

It only now remains for me to say that almost any system founded on this basis would meet my views. I had not intended to adopt the waterline measurement, but the usual one from stem to stern, taking care that no portion of the vessel touched the water beyond either of the perpendiculars let fall from these points, but these matters of detail are of comparatively little importance, and if the principle I have advocated were abided by, and the tendency to evade the tonnage checked in every direction equally, I should feel satisfied that, whatever system I might be inclined to adopt, a fair opportunity would then be secured by testing its real merits.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

C. E. S.

TONNAGE ALLOWANCE.

December 21st, 1867.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—As the owner of one of the nasty great nine tonners referred to by your correspondent C. E. S., perhaps you will permit me to make some answer to his complaints on the score of tonnage allowance. In the first place, I contend, that a 4-tonner is not, and ought not to sail in the same class as 8 and 9 ton yachts, quite double her size: but I consider, and I think most yachtsmen will agree with me in this, that between 7 and 10 tons, a minute per ton is a fair liberal allowance.

Says C. E. S.: 4 is to 9, as 9 to 20 and a quarter, but he omits to state, that the usual allowance for yachts of 20 tons and over is half-a-minute, while that which he complains of in the 9 ton class, is one minute per ton.

Supposing that C. E. S's ideas were fully carried out; that class distinctions were abolished, and the time for tonnage so nicely adjusted that a 4 ton cockle-shell should be able to enter with Oimara and Fiona, taking two or three hours time from them; what would the result be? Why, that the issue of yacht-racing would depend far more on circumstances of wind and weather, than on any principles on which the competing yachts might be constructed.

The impossibility of giving a larger tonnage allowance is further increased by the present system of Thames measurement, which is so unequal that a deep, long, narrow, 8 tonner may be considerably larger, in cubic content; than her more beamy and shallow sister of 9 tons, yet the latter must allow the former time, though in reality the smaller of the two.

Why should we not take a yacht's draft into consideration in measuring her tonnage for racing purposes? Why not multiply her extreme length, breadth, and draft, together, and divide by some such number as 160 or 170 instead of 94, as at present?

I remain sir, yours obediently,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

TACK-TACKLE.

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—In our last we had not space to notice the dinner of this club which came off at the Freemason's Tavern, when the Commodore (C. Long, Esq.,) presided, supported by a numerous company. During the festivities the commodore in reply to the toast of "The Flag Officers" observed:—"That the kind welcome they accorded to him on every occasion of his health being proposed rendered it difficult for him to find words with which to express the thanks which he was from time to time called upon to make, while at the same time the friendship he had contracted, and the kind assistance all rendered him would make his duties light and pleasant, even if they were burdensome, which they were not. It was a great pleasure to him to preside over so united a body, and he felt it was that union which made and continued them a prosperous club. They had never been a rich one, for it had always been their boast that they would spend all their money in supporting yachting, but the friendship each member showed for the other assured him that 'blow high, blow low,' the Prince of Wales Yacht Club would never founder. He had said they were not rich; they were not in money, but they were in friends. When he looked round the table his eye rested upon the faces of more than one gentleman who had afforded them substantial aid, and he felt sure that were he now to say the club needed support, some one would instantly rise and say 'Here it is,' and that this bond of union would continue to exist long after he had ceased to be their commodore was his earnest wish."

These expressions were warmly applauded, and we may venture to assert that a more united club does not exist.

The worthy Treasurer, C. Turner, Esq., with the other officers of the club responded in much the same terms as their chief, and a most convivial meeting was the result.

Royal London Yacht Club.—The annual dinner of this Club, was held at Willis's Rooms, December 12th, which was attended by a great number of members and friends. The Commodore (A. Arcedeckne, Esq.) presided. Numerous toasts were given, and Major Brandram, owner of the Wolverine in returning thanks alluded to some differences that occurred in the yachting world, and said, "He thought it time that yachtsmen were more of one mind with regard to various points of difference which invariably arose during the yachting season, and suggested that the secretaries all over England should correspond with a view of calling some congress, at which one universal code of laws should be determined upon for the regulation of all matches and deciding of all disputes as to unfair sailing. There were also many evils of a various character which required remedying, the principal of which was the system of charging yachtsmen such heavy tonnage dues, even in England, at Ramsgate and other ports. Considering the vast number of yachtsmen there were in the kingdom, and that they were engaged year by year in training up men who had frequently been found of great service in Her Majesty's navy, he thought at least that they ought to be able to enter English ports free, and he thought if yachtsmen stirred in the matter it would not be difficult to get the grievance brought before Parliament. His remarks on this subject were not, however, confined to England. Since he was last among them he had steamed 2,000 miles, and had gone up the Seine to the walls of the Tuilleries. He had in the course of his voyage to lay up at Havre, where he thought the

charges were simply infamous. For a few days he had been charged 48f, one item of the bill being 3f. 75c. for sanitary arrangements! What that meant he had never been able to discover, for he felt sure that no one who visited Havre ever wanted to take any of its waters away in their pocket handkerchiefs. Others had been charged still more exorbitantly than himself, and gentlemen had written to *Bell's Life* about the matter, but nothing seemed to have come of it. He hoped, however, that some steps might be taken to look into the various matters which he had mentioned.

Ranelagh Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of this club was held on Wednesday evening, December 11th, at the Pier Hotel, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea; the Rear-Commodore, Mr. Lemann, in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, it was resolved that a ball should take place at the Vestry Hall, King's Road, Chelsea, on Wednesday, Feb. 19, and the following were invited to be stewards:—The officers, and Messrs. Bulmer, Boggett, Boyd, Brittain, Bonnin, Coates, Childs, Dormay, Denny, Dowdall, Dr. Diplock, Farmer, J. A. Farnfield, Keen, Lister, Milsted, Penny, Powell, Rowell, Thorn, and Tyler. A correspondence respecting filling up the so long vacant office of Commodore having been read and discussed, a committee was formed to wait upon Mr. Otway, M.P., requesting his formal acceptance of the office. After a full explanation of the history and present condition of the Club, this gentleman unreservedly placed himself at their disposal if they wished to elect him as their Commodore. His election is to take place at the next meeting, on January 8th.

DEATH OF MR. CHAS. WILLIAM DE ESPINGHAM ORPEN.

We deeply regret having to announce the untimely death of a gentleman well-known amongst the amateur yachtsmen of Ireland, Mr. Charles William de Espingham Orpen, who died at Montego Bay, in the Island of Jamaica, on the 10th of October last, from the effects of yellow fever, at the early age of thirty-four. Mr. Orpen was a member of the Irish bar, and most warmly loved and esteemed by all his brethren, but having been appointed to the post of District Judge in Jamaica, he sailed for the scene of his new duties only in April last. As an enthusiastic and skilful yachtsman, he was well known in the Irish Channel, and his help eagerly sought for whenever an amateur crew was to be formed, every owner being only too glad to secure the services of Charley Orpen, and a thoroughly efficient hand he always proved himself, while his cheery disposition made him a most welcome addition to a crew. He was also a proficient in all athletic sports and pastimes, especially swimming, to his courage and skill in which art, more than one person has owed his life. His early death has been a sad blow to his family, and to all who knew and loved him, amongst whom we may reckon every yachtsman hailing from the Irish ports, and in Dublin his memory will always be green, especially amongst the Prince Alfred Yacht Club, of which he was an old and zealous member; and of which he had with acclamation been elected an honorary member, on their last meeting night, at which time alas! poor fellow his powerful constitution had already succumbed to the fell scourge, and it will be long enough before they find a better sailor in their ranks, or a more warm hearted companion.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1st, 1868.

YACHTING IN NORTHERN WATERS OF SCOTLAND.*

AFTER taking leave of Loch Fyne, and previous to extending our cruise north, we made a short one to Loch Ryan, never having visited that place. On our way there, we put into Campbeltown, where we remained, weather bound, several days, which circumstance gave us opportunity to improve our acquaintance with it, which was not, however, particularly desired by our party, not being an enjoyable place for yachters. The town is situated in a bay, at the head of the Loch, and is nearly land-locked, affording safe and extensive anchorage, for some distance before nearing the pier; immediately beyond which it becomes too shoal. The only winds to which it is exposed are westerly, coming over a low stretch of land, in the direction of Machrihanish Bay.

Campbeltown has no prominent objects of attraction; it has however, during many years maintained its celebrity for whiskey, but the demand has of late years considerably diminished. There is said to be no falling off in quality, to account for the diminishing demand; be that as it may, the town is no longer the scene of commercial activity, which, at one time it was. Formerly herring fishing was carried on, much more extensively than it is at present, which may be one cause of the decreasing importance of the place.

In the absence of more lively amusement, our party visited the cemetery, which is visible, when sailing up the Loch, on the westerly side, adjacent to the fort established for artillery practice of volunteers. The

* Continued from page 7.

cemetery, about a mile distant from the suburbs of the town, is pleasantly situated, and has many first-class monuments within it, of which one of our party took two very successful views. No town, of the same extent, could boast of a cemetery superior to it. Weather continued very unfavourable, squally, and rainy, with very little intermission; meanwhile, we made ourselves tolerably comfortable, with the aid of a well stocked larder, agreeably augmented by Campbeltown produce, which our cook presented in unexceptionable style; our sheltered position being favourable to his culinary operations. The evenings were spent pleasantly, and we found it very consolatory, that we were so snugly at anchor, and not under the necessity to take our departure until better weather, and brighter prospects presented themselves.

With the third day, came the desired change of weather, and we got under sail, with a gentle north wind, which favoured our getting out of the Loch, and gave us a free course to Loch Ryan. The passage was unexceptionably pleasant, a beautiful sunny day, and just sufficient wind to fill the sails, which had not to be shifted from leaving Davar lighthouse, until dropping anchor at Stranraer. The lighthouse and surrounding scenery are very picturesque, and Ailsa Craig was never seen by us, to so much advantage. As we approached the entrance to Loch Ryan, the scenery was interesting, but, as we progressed it became very tame. We were surprised to see so little shipping at anchor in the Loch, only a few coasting vessels lying off Cairn Ryan, and very few in, or near, the harbour at Stranraer, outside of which we dropped anchor. The harbour is difficult to enter, and vessels are left aground at low water, although drawing only a very few feet. The deepest parts of the Loch do not exceed 14 feet. There is pretty good holding ground, but no real shelter in any part of it, and when strong northerly winds prevail, a heavy sea runs in, the force of which, is, however, greatly reduced, before reaching the head of the Loch, a distance of about ten miles from the entrance: the width varies from one to two miles. The wind continuing due north, and more than enough of it, we did not weigh anchor. The usual anchorages are opposite the village of Cairn at Portmore, at the bays of Wig, Soleburn, and Dalmenock.

There is a considerable sandy belt, left bare at low water, which extends to the head of the Loch, where it is the widest, and near to which is the harbour and town of Stranraer, a post, and market town, of considerable antiquity, and the capital of Wigtonshire. It contains few objects of interest to strangers or yachters, beyond the fact, that all necessary comestibles are procureable, and some luxuries. The town, and neighbourhood, is considered to be very salubrious, and is a place

of resort for persons in easy circumstances, who seek retirement from the bustle, and cares of active life. It must, however, be a very dull place, for any one capable of enjoying the ordinary amusements, and amenities of society. There is little or no trade carried on, save and except that of ordinary artificers; manufacturing industry does not, and is not likely to thrive, in the absence of water power, and of coals. Some little is done in fishing for white fish, with which the yacht was supplied abundantly, and at a cheap rate. Oysters are found during their season, of good quality, but they, as well as fish of all kinds, are becoming very scarce, probably the result of over-fishing. Herrings were formerly taken in great abundance, and, it is said, that, as many as one hundred and fifty to two hundred vessels, hailed from the Loch, and were successfully employed in fishing for them; few are now taken in the Loch, or conveniently near to it, in fact the source of production is well nigh exhausted, by over fishing, of which, too many instances are common to yachters when cruising, from loch to loch, the fact that they cannot both eat them, and have them, seems to be totally ignored by those engaged, in herring-fishing, the *present*, is the only tense, recognized.

Pour faire passer le temps,—our party visited Castle Kennedy, one of whom took a photographic view of the ruins, the subject, however, is not very picturesque, and we did not learn that there was any remarkable historical interest connected with it. A portion of a ruin was visible in the old part of the town from our anchorage, which, we were informed, was formerly owned and occupied by ancestors of the Kennedys. After being three days at anchor, weather appearing more favourable, we again set sail, wind still a-head for leaving the Loch, but moderate.

After beating-up, for more than two hours, we cleared the Loch, when looking to windward, a dark wall-like line was perceived in the horizon, and the yacht was kept up to the wind, until our suspicions that foul weather was indicated by it, were confirmed, or otherwise. As we continued our observations, breakers were perceived in advance of the black line, which became gradually more visible—we, therefore, decided to put about, and run back to Loch Ryan—our former anchorage, which was reached before the threatened change overtook the yacht in full force. A gale followed, as was expected, and we had good reason to congratulate ourselves that we were not exposed to its violence outside. We did not escape the effects as we lay at anchor, during the night, and following day; the heavy seas which rolled into the Loch, having kept the yacht in perpetual motion—fore and aft. It was not

without difficulty and risk, that the yacht's boat could be taken ashore for supplies. After two days, weather abated, and we had a satisfactory run out of Loch Ryan—of which we had had more than enough. Our next course was the Clyde, in order to give opportunity to the lady of our party, an invalid, who did not consider it prudent to risk a passage round the Mull of Cantyre, to take the steam-boat "Iona" for Crinan, where it was arranged she was to join the yacht. The passage of the yacht round the Mull, was however, an agreeable and quiet one, having left the Clyde at 1h. p.m., arriving at Crinan about 10h. a.m., the following morning, although becalmed nearly two hours off Islay. In the afternoon, after our arrival at Crinan, we proceeded up Loch Craignish, which was to us, a *terra incognita*. We had a fair wind and reached the head, after one hour of pleasant sailing. Loch Craignish is about five miles long, and there are no remarkable difficulties in navigating it, we found excellent holding ground, and perfect shelter, both from wind and sea, in a snug berth off the tail of Iscar Island. Rain fell in torrents during the night, with half a gale, but which did not disturb us. When going up the Loch, we took the wider Channel, passing Rabbit Island on the port side. During the whole course all was clear, and deep, until nearly at the head of the Loch, where is a low rock, known as Black-rock, visible at high water, and easily avoided.

The Loch is pretty, and some parts of it picturesque, both sides being verdant, and woody, but there are no remarkable objects. We passed several small islands, but that of Righ is the highest, being 182 feet above sea level, on which, is a farm of some little extent. The smaller Channel might have been the most picturesque, but, being narrow, we did not choose that course. On the mainland, when proceeding up the narrow Channel, "Poltalloch ruins" are visible, which we were informed, are the remains of a mansion or farm-stead, built by an ancestor of the present proprietor of the mansion known as "Poltalloch," and is seen from the canal boat when approaching Crinan: the history of which, as we heard it related, is that an ancestor of the present owner of the palatial mansion of "Poltalloch" so called, and of the enormous landed estates connected with it, was in early life,—proprietor of the small estate, and mansion, the ruins of which are those alluded to, but—becoming embarrassed—he skedaddled, using an expressive modern Yankeeism, leaving the estate to take care of itself. He emigrated to the West Indies, and, whilst there, was by some process of law dispossessed of it, and did not, subsequently regain possession. During his absence, he was very fortunate, having become an extensive planter, and owner of a large number of slaves. After the slave Emancipation act

was passed, under which slave owners received compensation, he became entitled to a large sum of money, with which, and his accumulations, amounting to a princely fortune, he purchased the estate on which "Poltalloch" is built; in the erection of which he is said to have expended an incredible sum of money. It is said that the present family of Malcolm regards the acquisition of the original "Poltalloch," as desirable, and important, but there is supposed to be an insuperable difficulty to the attainment of it, giving the owner, as it would do, the right, according to Highland custom, to be designated by the name of the estate, of which Highlanders are specially proud. How much of this history of Poltalloch may be true, might be difficult to determine. "I tell the tale, as told to me," there may be some foundation for it, but it is very probable, that it may, in course of time, have acquired legendary embellishments.

When walking on shore, the evening we reached the head of Loch Craignish, we met with an English gentleman, who, with his lady, occupy a shooting-box there, from whom we learned that a letter-carrier passed their residence daily, *en route* to and from Lochgilphead, by whom letters might be forwarded, and would for a reasonable consideration, execute commissions at that place, the nearest at which beef or mutton was obtainable. A bread cart, he informed us, passed weekly being almost the only comestible procurable without sending to Lochgilphead for it, distant several miles. During the winter season, we were informed, supplies are often still more limited, and sportsmen are reduced to the extremity of having to eat, day after day, game and salmon of their own killing. After a hard day's shooting, however, game and fish in varieties, may not be particularly distasteful, one may, if hungry, relish monotonous fare. The absence of society during long winter evenings, is a greater want than variety of dishes, and many of the "shootings" in the Highlands are too distant and secluded, to admit of social intercourse with neighbours.

He must be an enthusiastic sportsman who could forego the customary *agremens* of society, during the entire of the ordinary shooting season, and to pay so dearly for it, as is usually the case, for the privilege. Our kind friends ashore took an early opportunity to send on board, a supply of vegetables, also a bouquet for the lady, and we had the pleasure to receive a visit from them on the following day, also, an invitation to take a few days' shooting, which it was inconvenient to accept. Such like hospitable attention to yachters are not rare occurrences in the Highlands, and are very gratifying, to the giver and receiver.

It was nearly noon when we left Loch Craignish, bringing away

with us, a handsome present of vegetables. As the yacht went away from her anchorage, the kind lady ashore continued to wave cambric so long as the yacht was visible. Wind was moderate, and fair, when we started, and we made slow progress. When off Craignish point, there was scarcely a breath of air perceptible, and tide had already set in for Dorus Mor. We found it impossible to avoid passing through ; tide had gained the mastery, and there was nothing else for it. We had no control over the yacht, and she drifted onwards, her bow turning to and fro, as the eddies struck her. The yacht's boat was launched in hopes of steadying her, but was powerless to do so. She continued to drift away from the point of Craignish, in the direction of Corrievrecken and the eddies, or swirls, as the skipper designated them, became more formidable ; one of which, as she neared it struck her keel, and turned her bow, in the direction of the Gulf, and we were in the current drifting towards it. Tide was not, however, running strong, having only recently turned. We could not shut our eyes to the possibility that we might, if the dead calm continued, be drifted into a really dangerous position, in fact, that we might be carried into the Gulf ! not to say through it, as that might not have been the case. Under such circumstances, believing discretion the better part of valour, we hailed a cutter yacht, which had been driven back by the tide, when attempting to pass through Dorus Mor, bound for Crinan, and was anchored under Craignish Point in an eddy ; from which was sent promptly a boat with four oars, and a steersman : we had then, six oars tugging at the yacht, and their united power soon relieved us from all anxiety. The yacht from which assistance was sent, we were informed, was the "Mona" from Cornwall, to the owners of which, or the parties on board, we shall always feel grateful. If the question were asked, what was the actual amount of danger the yacht was in ; it would be easier asked than answered. Had there sprung up a little air, just sufficient to give her steerage way, the yacht would have been controllable, but there was not the slightest motion perceptible in the air, consequently the stream had the entire ascendancy, and if that condition of things had continued long enough, the yacht must have been carried along with it into, or through, the Gulf, if safely or not, would be very doubtful. More than one vessel are said to have passed through accidentally, and escaped, we were glad however, to have been spared the chance. There are persons, whose opinions are entitled to consideration, who believe it practicable to make the passage through Corrievrecken, a safe and pleasant steam-boat excursion, if attempted under favorable circumstances, and under the direction of a pilot, thoroughly acquainted

with the Gulf, and its peculiarities. If such a trip were ascertained to be practicable, without any extraordinary risk, no doubt passengers might be found to try it; and if successful, and a second trip were announced, the steam-boat would be crowded,—English tourists being ever ready for any extraordinary feat of daring, especially on the water. After having parted with our rescuers, our own boat tugged the yacht to the entrance of Little Craignish, sufficiently far up, to give us a view of the Castle, and we might have anchored there for the night, had not a light breeze sprung up, with which, and the tide, we made fair progress. Wind having increased we had a favorable, and pleasant sail to the head of Loch Melfort, to which we were perfect strangers, where we dropped anchor early in the evening; soon after which, a little swarm of natives came alongside to satisfy their curiosity, the place being rarely visited by yachts; but if better known would be more frequented by them. We ascertained that the anchorage we had chosen, was excellent holding ground, and was well sheltered. We have always found, that by following carefully, the information, and indications of the Admiralty Charts, we might advantageously dispense with a pilot, who are generally an incumbrance, and often a nuisance.

When passing Kilhoan Bay, on our way up the Loch, we hesitated whether to proceed to the head, or to drop anchor opposite Melfort Cottage, which the kind occupier of the shooting-box at Craignish, who formerly resided there, informed us was moderately good, but which appeared to us to be rather an exposed situation,—having still daylight to look forward to, we decided to proceed. The evening was fine and pleasant, but during the night a disagreeable change took place, weather becoming very cold and misty, accompanied with thunder. There is a gunpowder manufactory of considerable importance, about two miles ahead of the Loch, which appears to be the only occupation for the inhabitants; but the operations were then suspended in consequence of a recent explosion. We were informed that several lives had been lost and some injured, but that the proprietors had acted very liberally, having continued the services of able-bodied men in the works of restoration, and had extended support to others who were incapable. We found a well regulated provision store, in connection with the mills, where all ordinary necessities were procurable, of excellent quality, and at reasonable prices. Also an extensive dairy, where pure milk, and butter of the highest quality, were to be had. It was only occasionally—when a sheep was killed—that meat was obtainable. There is, we were told excellent fishing in the Loch, and its tributaries, but the proprietors of the mills who own the surrounding estate, reserve the right to take all

salmon : large quantities of which, in the season, are forwarded by steamers to Glasgow, calling at Black-mull Bay on the western side of the Island of Luing. There is no post from Loch Melfort, but the manager of the powder mills sends a messenger daily, to the post-office at Loch-na-kiel, distant three miles, the letter-bag of the Company, by which we were kindly permitted to forward letters.

The Pass of Melfort, a few miles from the head of the Loch is considered by many, to be more beautifully picturesque than may be met with in any part of the Highlands of Scotland, through which a coach passes during the season, *en route* from Ardrishaig to Oban. When leaving Loch Melfort we had delightful weather, with a very light wind, which, when near to Shuna Island fell off almost entirely ; we drifted however, far as Kilchattan bay, and dropped anchor in the small bay of Toberonochy, Island of Luing, where we found good holding ground ; but is too confined and too shoal, to be safe in a gale from the south, when the sea rolls heavily. The village comprises a few houses occupied chiefly by fishermen, betwixt which, and Black-mull Bay is an extensive range of buildings erected for the late Duke of Breadalbane, and intended for the stall-feeding of cattle : and a very large sum was expended in fitting it up with steam engine, boilers, and other appliances for that object. The experiment proved a failure, and is now abandoned and the establishment broken up.

Hearing that there was an ancient burying ground near to, containing an extraordinary memento of a native of the place, we visited it. The day was far advanced, and evening closing upon us, before we reached the place ; but we were enabled to take a general survey, and to copy a most extraordinary inscription which appeared over the place of interment of an eccentric individual ; who, it appears had conceived some queer notions, with regard to the disposal of his mortal remains, founded however, on scriptural and religious dogmas, in conformity with which, he caused quotations from the Bible to be cut upon the headstone of his grave, and on a slab, with which they are crammed. He superintended the cutting of them—and are cut uncommonly deep. He also dug his own grave, and directed the operations of the mason who constructed the vault. The following inscription appears upon it in prominent characters :—

"I protest that none be buried after me in this grave, which I dugged by myself as Jacob did."

The tablet, on which it was cut was mischievously removed, but he discovered, and replaced it, near which he placed another bearing the following inscription—which is also copied, *verbatim et literatim* :—

"TAKE NOTICE.—*If any person take authority to meddle with this stone again—see what judgment came upon Johiachim that burnt the roll, (Jeremiah 36, 29v.) for fear that God execute his judgment written, Psalm 149, 9v."*

The grave, during several years, was awaiting the tenant, so said the old man who did the mason work, but during the latter part of that time, it was ordered, by officers of excise to be closed, it having been discovered to have been used for the concealment of grain intended for illicit distillation, after being landed at Toberonochy, where it remained until convenient opportunity for removing it.

The reason assigned by the eccentric owner of the vault, for wishing to be buried as he had pre-arranged, was, that according to his notions, or religious views, the body ought to be buried in *puris naturalibus*, as it came into the world, and that as it became "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," his own dust should not commingle with that of any other mortal. When a man is overcharged with religious dogmas, what a strange influence it exercises over his reason, and what fantastic tricks he performs!

His female servant is buried in an adjacent grave, who it appears had, during life, become imbued with religious notions similar to those of the master; but of which there does not appear any record over the place of her interment. There are many other inscriptions over the master's grave, besides those quoted, which it would have been tedious to copy. They are said to have been selected, with reference to his own life, and to illustrate how he arrived at his strange religious convictions. His name was Campbell, a name which occurs very frequently on the adjacent grave stones, many of which record, that during life, they had served their king and country, and gained honourable distinction as soldiers. Would there be as many join the army at the present day, in case of a war, however popular? probably not. Highlanders have not to go far away to seek their fortunes, they can find them nearer home, and emigration has thinned the country of superfluous population. It is also the resting place of ancestors of many remarkable men of the present epoch, by whom some of the memorials have been renewed, in order to preserve a record of the spot in which are deposited the remains of their forefathers. The dates inscribed, point to a very early period; some of the tablets record that those whose remains lie beneath, became prosperous merchants in distant places, where they died, and their ashes were brought to their native place, to commingle with those of their forefathers; a desire inherent in the breast of every Highlander, to accomplish which, great sacrifices are often made by the survivors.

We left Toberonochy on the 22nd of August about five o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a heavy fall of rain, wind moderate from south-west. Had we delayed our departure until the afternoon tide we might have been overtaken by night, during our passage to Oban, which is intricate and disagreeable enough generally, and would have been specially so, had we been caught in a calm off Fladda light-house, tide against us; which might have been attended by much anxiety and no little danger. It is very desirable, if possible, to avoid having to pass the night in that locality.

We had to beat out of Toberonochy, but after having cleared the Point of Ard Luig wind was free, and tide with us; we then went away at steam-boat speed.

After passing Fladda Island we got into the swell of the Atlantic, and the rolling was far from agreeable: It however, subsided considerably on passing Easdale Island; and, on entering the Sound of Kerrera the water was smooth as a mill pond. We dropped anchor at Oban about eight o'clock, having made the entire run from Toberonochy within three hours, or two from Ard Luig, in excellent appetite for breakfast, when we found the rolls much more agreeable than those we met with off Fladda; when passing which, the displacement which occurred in the "bread-basket" of one of our party was the cause of a large displacement of the comestibles set before us, which our early sail, and exposure to the morning air, made very enjoyable to all the party.

(To be continued.)

YACHTING IN MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

As the shades of night descended after a glorious September day, a trim little schooner yacht was slipping silently, but with rapid motion through the waters of Boston harbour, bearing a jolly party, bent on a fishing excursion on the following day.

The yacht was a little beauty of 15 tons, low in the water, sharp, with long tapering spars, looking like a craft of thrice her size as she stole through the moonlit sea. Her crew consisted of five, all told, just the number the little craft was designed to accommodate, and very cosy they looked, when all hands turned in for the night, after anchoring in Hull.

This diminutive town bears no resemblance to its English prototype, except in name, and is chiefly remarkable for wreckers, and the evenly

divided political opinions of its voters. The old saying "as Hull goes, so goes the State," causes some wiseacres to look anxiously for the bulletin announcing to which side its handful of "sovereigns" have pinned their faith. Its prestige appears to be failing, as the hotel keepers, wreckers, and fishermen composing its population, have lately had the misfortune to find themselves on the wrong side of the political hedge.

To return to our craft. The wind was fair, about S.W., and we made our anchorage without a tack, so that with the exception of the Palinurus who guided our bark, all hands were spread lazily on deck, smoking, chatting, star gazing and singing stray snatches of songs, as suited their various tastes and inclinations.

About 10 p.m. our anchor was let go, sails furled, signal lamp lit, and all made ready for to-morrow's raid on the scaly tribe. Very shortly after O., who for some time had been wrapped in revery, doubtless anent some fair damsel in the "Hub," proposed to turn in, and in consideration of his length and a weakness he has for knocking his head against the top of the cabin, and then fiercely anathematising the unoffending carlines, was considerably permitted to retire first. His terrific yawns soon produced a soporific effect on the remainder, and one by one they descended, and, to use an entirely new and original phrase, were soon wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

About day-break, K. the excitable, burning with a desire to distinguish himself among the denizens of the deep, (albeit this was to be his first essay of the "briny,") insisted on a move, and in a few moments we were all on deck. Requesting the cook to start up a fire and make some coffee, we proceed to cast loose and hoist the sails, and getting the anchor on deck, we ran rapidly through the Gut with the receding tide, and soon found ourselves passing Boston Light. Following the example of H., the veteran slaughterer of countless unoffending piscines, everybody began to make ready their lines, varying this occupation by chaffing our Western friend on the sacrifice which he will shortly be called upon to render to Neptune. Our neophyte, confident in the strength of his diaphragm, and sundry experiences on the "father of waters," laughs the idea to scorn, and even goes so far as to deride Father Neptune and defy his power.

The skipper now proposes a cocktail, and O. dexterous compounder of the refreshing tippie, is called upon to display his skill. H. descants on the impropriety of talking on an empty stomach, but as like most people, he prefers precept to practice, he is immediately requested to "shut up."

Passing Minot's Ledge we haul down foresail and jib and heave to, without loss of time the lines are flung over, and in a few seconds a grunt of satisfaction from H., followed by a rapid hand over hand motion, betokened that some incautious fish had fallen a victim to a desire for an early breakfast, a sad warning to restless souls who will not remain in bed till a reasonable hour in a christian-like manner. The catch proved to be a fine codfish, as H. flung him on deck with a grin of triumph, spreading itself over his unwashed and sunburnt "mug." K. watching the captive with eager eyes, was brought to his senses by a smart tug at his line, and looked up just in time to see his tackle disappear under the water, as it followed rapidly in the wake of the enterprising thief, muttering an energetic objurgation he proceeded in search of another, but in the meantime, sundry fish of various sizes and kinds had been captured. Over went his line, and to avoid accidents the end was securely belayed to a cleat. Its length had barely run out, when it was drawn up again with frantic energy, and the joyous fisherman was greeted with shouts of laughter as a sculpin of portentous size and ugliness emerged from the water, his mouth wide open, eyes protruding, and horns sticking out on each side like a veritable imp. The capturer had no inclination to touch his prize, which the skipper very quickly knocked on the head, in accordance with the time-honoured custom.

Our Soyer now announces breakfast, and all hands tumble below with pleasing alacrity. The Westerner, whose excitement has prevented him from noticing the rising breeze and increasing swell, has scarcely seated himself before he turned yellow, and suddenly discovers that he has left his appetite on deck, and expresses a desire to institute a search for it. A suspicious sound informs us that the defiant tyro has succumbed, and is "casting up his accounts" with a perseverance worthy of Mr. Babbage, or the lightning calculator. He shudders at a pint of coffee, and groans audibly at a suggestion of cocktail. Our cook suggests fishing to occupy his mind and induce him to forget, but he informs us that he considers fishing a diabolical torturing of innocent creatures, and thinks no sane man will go to sea if he can obtain any other mode of conveyance.

Yielding to his entreaties, we hoist the jib and beat up against a smart breeze into the harbour of Cohasset. As the little craft tore through the sparkling water, occasionally throwing showers of shining spray over her bows, our sea-sick friend began to recover. A "rooster's continuation" completed the cure, and by the time that our anchor was down and the invalid landed on the beach, he felt no ill effects except

a slight tendency to step wildly, as he still fancied he felt the deck rising to meet his feet. Rambling up to the hotel we met a couple of friends, and invited them on board. On reaching the schooner they informed us that there were plenty of blue fish along shore, and K. agreeing, we got under way again. Getting up long lines with long shanked hooks covered with sparkling bits of tin, lead and bone, we sailed up and down the shore and soon had on deck a dozen big fish. As K. saw the first fish leap out of the water in his eagerness, he shouted with delight, and it was very exciting to see the savage, gamy fish as they darted through and out of the water, in rapid pursuit of our bits of metal, or the more satisfactory and digestible mackerel. In a couple of hours they all suddenly disappeared, probably following the flying mackerel, or chased away by some fish more savage and powerful than themselves. K. now announces that his lost appetite has returned, and we again made for the harbour to land passengers. While there, we conclude in deference to K's sensibilities, to have dinner. Early rising, the morning exercise, and our usual good appetites combined, made us quite ready to respond to the summons, and for some minutes no sound was heard but the clatter of knives, forks, and crockery. The meal despatched, K. expresses a fervent desire to catch a shark, and as those omnivorous gentry are occasionally hooked in the vicinity, we determined to try and catch one, so we again got under way and run outside. A heavy shark hook with about three feet of chain was baited and attached to a stout line, and after bobbing without success for more than an hour, we were about to abandon the attempt, when we suddenly descried the well known triangular fin. The bait was raised and dropped with a splash, and much to our delight we saw the ugly brute swimming deliberately towards it. He appeared to be in no hurry, but after rubbing his nose against it several times the capacious mouth opened and down went the morsel. H. waited coolly until the bait was fairly swallowed, and then gave a sharp, quick pull to get the hook fairly in. With a sweep of his powerful tail, our friend now tried to turn round, but his wary adversary kept a taut strain. Finding this dodge unsuccessful, he made a tremendous rush, but as H. had taken a turn with the line, he did not get away very rapidly. A small keg was now made fast to the bight of the line, and the fish allowed to move about, but as his movements were much impeded by the keg, he soon became tired. Gradually hauling him alongside we got a bowline around his tail, and after assaulting him vigorously with boat hooks, knives, and sundry other articles, K. put a couple of bullets in his head. This course of treatment soon exhausted the ugly rascal, so we now clapped the throat

halliards on to the bowline, and bowed him up into the rigging, where he was securely lashed.

The wind now fell light with every appearance of a calm, so we set our light canvas and head for Scituate. It was originally our intention to return to Boston this evening, but the fine weather tempted us to take another day. No incident worth mentioning occurred in the way down, but K. was fully occupied with his admiration of the bold rocky shore, with the background of hill and dale, interspersed with clumps of waving trees, and here and there a village with its tall, snow white spire, outlying farms, trim villas and mammoth hotel, while astern of us are the Minot reefs, over which the restless waters perpetually roll and dash. Surmounting these dangerous rocks is a splendid lighthouse, standing like a grim sentry to warn off all who approach too closely.

Ahead of us we descry the abandoned light tower, which marks the entrance to Scituate harbour, with the town itself half hidden in trees. By-and-by we came up with an old fisherman, who had been dropping his lobster pots, and as the old fellow looked "one of the right kind," we took him in tow and got him on board. A "nip" loosened his tongue and he became quite communicative, pointing out to us the best fishing places, ranges to enter, &c. About an hour before sunset we passed the buoys marking the narrow entrance, and keeping a big red stone in the middle of a large barn, as instructed by our ancient mariner, we came to anchor among a fleet of small fishing craft. After another "go at the grub," O. as usual, proposed to go ashore, but as we were all pretty well tired, the suggestion was vetoed. Not being able to indulge in his favourite weakness of running after a petticoat, O. now produced a tin horn half as big as himself, with the assistance of which he brought forth a succession of discordant noises, which roused the emulation of some of the neighbouring fishermen. Whether it was that they desired to diminish the effect by making a row of their own, or simply wished to get the best of our friend, we cannot tell, but certain it is, that after a terrific din made by their united efforts, O. came out triumphant, and the discomfitted fishermen relieved their disgust by threatening, with unnecessary violence of language, to smash in our "sanguinary optics." After this little episode we had a quiet smoke, and turned in for the night.

Early the following day, we were awoke by the bumping of a dory against the side of the schooner, and were informed by our friend of the previous day that if we desired to leave the harbour, we had no time to spare, as the tide was falling fast, and out we tumbled, and in "two shakes of a lamb's tail," we were under way and got outside with but

six inches of water under our keel. As we did not particularly care for more fishing, we agreed to run over to the north shore and take a peep at Marblehead, Swampscot, and Nahant. The wind was south, with a trifling inclination to east, and we ran along merrily wing and wing, our course being north. By-and-bye the wind came out south-east, and looking to seaward we saw the inevitable fog bank that this wind brings in. However, as the wind up towards Boston still appeared south, with a westerly inclination, we hoped the land breeze might prevail. Very shortly we could see the bold land near Gloucester, covered with groves of beautiful trees, farther to the eastward is Eastern Point; in the harbour we just see the lighthouse on Ten Pound Island, and looming up off the extreme point of Cape Ann we see the two granite columns on Thatcher's Island, apparently rising from the sea, as the land looks like a cloud on the horizon.

As we approach the land the wind hauls more westerly, and now we see distinctly the rugged clumps of rock, outlying pickets of the iron bound shore, Baker's Island, Half-way Rock, Misery and Cat Islands, Egg Rock, and scores of others lie on either hand and ahead of us, great masses of black frowning crags, which stand in bold relief against the sky, and the verdure which clothes the hills in the rear. Running along the shore, which is studded with tents; we round the buoy off Marblehead Neck and anchor near the town. We are soon surrounded by sundry of the inhabitants, big and little, and have to submit to some questioning and a good deal of criticism. Their opinions of ourselves, our craft and nautical skill, were freely expressed, and we may add, that they were not invariably of a complimentary character.

H. and O. wishing to show K. something of this town of belligerent tendencies, they betook themselves shoreward, while the skipper reclined lazily on deck. Happily for the adventurers, the liberal spirit of the age has to a trifling extent ameliorated the style and conduct of juvenile Marbleheaders, so that they returned on board without being saluted with the shower of stones with which in days of yore they greeted the way-farer.

Once more our mud-hook rose to the bows, and we ran down the harbour with a flowing sheet, hauling on the wind outside, we began to beat up to Swampscot. The wind now full and in half-an-hour it was dead calm. We soon saw that the south-easter had the best of it, and the fog rolled in rapidly, covering sea and sky, and land in thick shroud with a celerity absolutely marvellous to those who never beheld the phenomenon. K. looked on in silent astonishment, and as Egg Rock disappeared in the mist, leaving us to all appearance alone in the world,

his face fell, and with anxious looks he enquired how we were to find our way. To add to his discomfort the customary swell followed the fog, and his stomach began to show signs of rebellion. A cocktail was forthwith administered, and he was recommended to lie down as we should soon be in Swampscot. Hearing the swash of the sea, the cook was sent forward to look out, and we soon saw the red beacon sticking up on the ledge, and in five minutes more picked up a mooring.

K. and O. again visited *terra firma*, but H. and the skipper, having a lively recollection of the heat and dust, to say nothing of the "loud" smells of which the place is redolent, determined to remain. H. having a taste for fresh fish, hailed a boatman passing, and having obtained a supply of clams commenced his warfare on the finny tribe, and soon had some half-dozen beauties ready for the cook.

Desiring dinner to be got ready as quickly as possible, we took the boat and paid a visit to the Devil's Back, where the three had capital sport in catching lantog or blackfish. They stood on the rock, and by throwing the lines and hauling in rapidly, soon entrapped a considerable number. As there appeared to be no probability of the fog lifting, we determined to leave as soon as we had dined, so hurrying through our meal we again started, and with H. at the bow as look-out, we steered for Boston, *via* Broad Sound.

In vain we endeavoured to beat into K's head how we found our way by compass; by no means a fool, on that point he was impenetrably stupid. He more than once expressed an opinion that we did not know where we were going, and evidently felt very uncomfortable, enquiring if the dingy would carry us all. Finding that we only laughed at his distress, he came to the conclusion that there could not be much danger. His fears were scarcely allayed when a shout of "up with your helm, hard up!" from H. followed by the apparition of a large schooner, tearing through the water at a tremendous pace, nearly scared him out of his wits. The next thing we saw was Sound Point monument; rounding it, we slack our sheet and head for City Point, where we catch our moorings about 6 p.m. : K. much relieved, assures us that he had had "a real good time," but thinks on the whole, he doesn't like salt water, and still less does he like the idea of having to find the way by means of a "brass pot with a card in it."

H. B. J.

YACHTING BIOGRAPHIES.

THE vessels we have selected to form our text for this chapter (Wildfire, schooner, 59 tons, and Vampire, cutter, 20 tons,) have not been at all so closely connected during their racing career as those we have previously noticed, but they both come strictly within the category to which we intend confining our memoirs, viz:—racing yachts which have been for a considerable time before the public and with at least average success. Both these craft have sailed matches for many years, and, even now are fit to take a good place if properly fitted out and judiciously handled, indeed we should be much pleased to see the Wildfire, recently advertized for sale or hire, in good hands, and again brought to the starting buoys with her old skipper Robert Penny at her tiller, when we have not the least doubt, in contending against the new schooners of her own class, such as the Gertrude, Fiery Cross, and Madcap, or the yawls which are now admitted into their matches, Snipe, Lesbia, and Amber Witch, that she would be quite capable of holding her own, and pay her way right well. This vessel since her first launch has gone through even a more complete transmogrification than is usual with racing clippers, before they are pronounced to be in proper fettle, having been built in 1849, as a cutter of 42 tons by Mr. C. Hansen of Cowes for F. L. Thynne, Esq., and she appeared for the first time as a racer at Ryde in 1851 to contest the possession of the cup given to the Royal Victoria Yacht Club by Her Majesty, but had little chance against such heavy metal as the Alarm, Bacchante and Volante, the former winning by a long distance, and the two latter sailing a most interesting race for second place, ending in a dead heat. She also started along with the competitors in the memorable race at Cowes on the 23rd of August in the same year, and although not entered in the match led the crack America so far as to be mistaken for the winner and greeted with hearty cheers on coming in. She did not race in 1852, but having been lengthened and made 49 tons, accompanied the match between the America and the Sverige schooners on the 9th of October, and went the whole course with them, greatly distinguishing herself by beating both on every point of sailing.

In 1853 she was again lengthened and made 53 tons, at which figure she contended at Brighton with the Arrow and Aurora, making the running from the post ; but losing her gaff-topsail yard in the run home, was beaten by the then, as now, invincible Arrow.

With 1854 began what may be called her regular racing career as she visited Irish waters, and at Kingstown on the 18th of July, was pitted

against the veteran Cynthia, so well known in former days on the Thames, and the Cymba then just launched from Fife's yard for J. M. Rowan, Esq., the first of the splendid series of clipper cutters which have glided from the same stocks. The prize on the first day was the handsome kettle and stand presented by the Royal St. George's Yacht Club, and the betting was about equal between the Wildfire and Cymba, the appearance of the pair being most extraordinarily dissimilar, as the extreme length, scanty beam and low straight sides of the one made her look like a knife by the side of her rival whose comparative shortness and high Scotch sheer forward gave her a more serviceable and weatherly, but hardly so thoro'bred a look. Unluckily both the Wildfire and Cynthia, came early to grief, and the race on this day ended in an easy triumph of the Cymba over the little Bonita, a pretty Bristol boat, but no match for the Cock of the North. On the 19th however the prize of £100 given by the Royal Irish Yacht Club brought both to the post, ready for the fray, with the Bonita, Coralie, Norma, and Champion to fill up places, but having little chance against the three cracks representing England, Scotland and Ireland respectively. The start was splendid with a nice wholesail breeze and at first it seemed any odds on the Wildfire, as the Cymba got into an unlucky belt of calm which gave her opponents a tremendous lead, but in the second round, Dame Fortune equalized the chances by sending a heavy puff which burst the main-halyard bolt of the Wildfire, and the gaff not being lashed up came on deck, and before it could be repaired the Scottish heroine was alongside: the match between them was thence forward most interesting, but at last, chiefly owing to the splendid steering and management of the late lamented Rob. M'Kirdy, skipper of the Cymba, she managed to shove her bowsprit past the flag-vessel a few feet in advance of her rival, thus winning even without the small allowance of time which the system of deck measurement, then introduced into Kingstown, telling on the great length of the Wildfire gave her, she being some 70ft. long by 13ft. 8in. beam, and rating as 57 tons, to her opponents 58ft. by 15ft. 4in., = 54 tons. The Wildfire tried her fortune afterwards at Southampton and at Cowes, but again alas at both these places as before "*hæsit lateri letalis arundo.*"

1855 saw a complete change in her outward form, as she was purchased by Sir Percy Shelley, Bart., formerly owner of the Ginevra, and by him again lengthened and converted into a schooner; a change for which her great length, now 75 feet, peculiarly adapted her. She was now given two very taunt masts, rather close together, and nearly upright, light topmasts and no hamper aloft, her triatic stay

being fitted on a principle then new, but now largely adopted, a modification of the old jumper stays, of iron wire, but double, passing through a block on her foremast-head, and set up with a purchase, the lee one being slacked off when required and the tack and sheet of her foretopsail worked between them; she had a cutter's stem and bowsprit, then unique in a schooner, and bonnets on her foresail and staysail, and altogether anything more varmint or workmanlike than her appearance cannot be conceived, being perfection for lightness and handiness; and tho' sneered at, as no schooner but a double cutter, her success against the best of the racing vessels, and the general unwillingness of other schooners to meet her on at all equal terms, soon proved what a hit had been made, and the engravings of her published in this *Magazine*, vol. iii. page 113, and vol. viii. page 97, one as a cutter the other as a schooner, will quickly demonstrate this to the eye of every yachtsman who appreciates a true clipper. In her new guise and with John Herbert put in command, she boldly entered the schooner match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club on 26th June, as 59 tons, to contend against the Shark, a vessel nearly large enough to carry her in the davits, and the Mayfly, not however taking much by her pluck, as she was beaten from end to end of the race, and did not fare much better at Southampton and Cowes. In 1856 she again changed hands, becoming the property of J. Turner Turner, Esq., and with R. Penney as her skipper, began a round of successful matches, her first essay being the Royal Thames schooner match on 14th June, when she met the Lalla Rookh, Vestal, Sappho, and Aquiline, and in spite of various accidents to her rigging, which nearly caused her to part company with her foremast, gallantly saved her time with nearly 11 minutes to spare from the former vessel, following up her luck by wins at Southampton, Brighton, and Plymouth; at the latter port triumphing over the veteran Mosquito. We need not go through the record of her various matches, especially as they will be found in a tabular form at the end of this article; but the numerous cases in which she won, and the names of the vessels engaged, speak for themselves as to how good she was. Her next remarkable race was at Queenstown in 1860, when she led the Audax all day, and in the run in, when Bill Rayner had been for some time openly speculating on which side he should pass her, she set her balloon jib on one side and her mainsail on the other, and walked clean away like a flash of her own cognomen from Audax, Surge, Aura, and Zouave, finally winning by 54 minutes. This year closed her racing records but as we stated at the beginning of this chapter she is still in the market, and will we trust be 'ere long brought out to gather fresh laurels.

Not much space is left to comment on the doings of our other little friend, the Vampire, but as she and her races have been lately twice commented on in this *Magazine*, a few words will suffice. She was built in 1851, by Dan Hatcher at Southampton, for Mr. Charles Wheeler, who had previously owned the Sea Nymph, and was originally only 15 tons. This vessel was the first foundation of King Dan's fame as a builder, and the forerunner of that swift fleet which owe their origin to his genius. Vampire, Glance, Thought, Haidee, Phosphorus, Phryne, Niobe, Octoroon, Queen, Vindex, and Sphinx, form a band unmatched by that turned out by any other builder, and as he has now got a splendid cutter of 135 tons on the stocks, we shall be anxious to see how the new venture will turn out, and beg leave to prophecy her success.

The Vampire began her races at Plymouth in August of the same year in which she first kissed the briny wave, but was unfortunately dismasted, the cup going to the Exquisite, not a good omen for her future career; but one which the record of her winnings will show to have been grossly fallacious, as she has carried the red bat on a white ground up and down the Thames, and to the various ports on the south coast of England for many years, with immense success, owing no small share however of her glories to the handling of her excellent skipper Harry Truckle, who has stuck by her from first to last, and won more than 40 prizes in her. In early life she flew at high game and tackled the Secret and Phantom, but latterly has contented herself with a smaller class of antagonists, her chief rivals having been the Kitten, 13 tons, and Folly, 12 tons, and more lately the Dudu, Queen, and Satanella. She was lengthened 4 feet by the bow by Spencer and Barnes in 1856, and thus made 19 tons, and laid up from 1859 to 1861; but in 1862 was purchased by Captain Commerell, R.N., who tried her first at the Royal London Yacht Club match in May, when she beat the Oberon and Octoroon, the latter having been just constructed by her own builder. She did not do much more in that year, having caught a tartar in the little Folly built by Payne, who defeated her three times in succession. In the latter part of 1864, she passed into the possession of her present owner Mr. Thomas Cuthbert, and since then has had plenty of work to do and has done it well, although chiefly opposed to 15 and 12 tonners where her size gave her a great advantage. It is to be hoped that this year she will meet some worthier antagonists, and be able to measure herself against some of the fast 25 and 20 tonners, that we may know her real capabilities. She netted £161 in six races in 1866, and was never beaten, while in 1865 she carried off £140.

We have now gone through the histories of five pair of the most celebrated winners of the wave we have been able to select, and find our circle nearly at an end, there remaining but two more vessels whose deeds are truly worthy of recording, and I need hardly say they are the Arrow and Alarm, but from the extreme length of time during which these have been racing the difficulty of forming an accurate account of their doings is very great. May we ask our readers to assist, by forwarding any scraps of information which may be in their power to the Editor, in order that we may be enabled to lay before our readers, true records of the doings of the two most remarkable vessels which have ever appeared in the pleasure navy of Great Britain.

Wildfire.—Built 1849 by Charles Hansen at Cowes, as a 42 ton cutter ; lengthened 1852 by Hansen to 49 tons ; re-lengthened 1858 by him to 54 tons ; (length over all) 80ft. 6in., keel, 64ft. 2in., beam 13ft. 8in; again lengthened and rigged as a schooner, in 1855. Present length (forepart of stem to after part of stern-post) 75ft., beam, 13ft. 8in. 60½ tons ; mainmast (deck to hounds) 45 ft., foremast (do.) 42ft., main-boom 41ft., main-gaff 21ft. 6in., fore-gaff 21ft., bowsprit (out board) 24ft. 6in., draft (aft) 9ft. 6in., (forward) 6ft., ballast 23 tons.

The following gentlemen have been owners of this vessel:—1849 to 1854, F. L. Thynne, Esq.; 1855, Sir Percy Shelley, Bart.; 1856 to 1868 J. T. Turner, Esq,

Date.	Tonnage	Sailed at	Placed.	Value.	Positions of other Yachts.—Those in ITALICS received the prize.
1851. Aug. 25	42	Ryde	4		<i>Alarm</i> , Volante, Bacchante, Destiny, Surprise, Fanny
1852. 1853.					Did not race
July 24	54	Brighton	2		<i>Arrow</i> , Wildfire and Aurora disabled
1854. July 18	57	Kingstown	0		<i>Cymba</i> , Bonita, Cynthia, (Wildfire dis.)
19		...	2		<i>Cymba</i> , Bonita, Coralie, Champion, Norma
Aug. 8		Southampton	2		<i>Arrow</i> , Bonita
10		Ryde	0		<i>Arrow</i> , Ginevra, Eugenie
1855. June 26	59	Thames	3		<i>Shark</i> , Mayfly
Aug. 7	50	Southampton	2		<i>Thought</i>
8		...	4		Amazon, <i>Thought</i> , Phantom
15	52	Cowes	3		<i>Alarm</i> , Gloriana
1856. June 14	59	Thames	2	100 0	Lalla Rookh, Vestal, Sappho, Aquiline
Aug. 8		Southampton	1	40 0	Vestal, Wasp
26		Brighton	1	100 0	Georgiana, Vestal
28		Weymouth	3		<i>Thought</i> , Phantom
Sept. 2		Plymouth	2	70 0	Mosquito, Maraquita

Date.	St	Sailed at	Placed	Value.	Positions of other Yachts.—Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1857.					
June 19		Thames	2		<i>Vestal</i> , Aquiline
July 15	60	Queenstown	1	50 0	Mosquito, Tar, Vigilant
22	57	Plymouth	1	50 0	Glance, Vision, Vesper
Aug. 7		Southampton	2		Lulworth, <i>Vestal</i> , Mosquito, Extravaganza
					Cyclone, Emmet*
8		...	4		Arrow, <i>Mosquito</i> , Vestal
10		Ryde	5		<i>Lulworth</i> , Arrow, Mosquito, Zouave, Whirlwind, Phantom and five others
19	56	Milford	1	50 0	Le Reve, Cyclone
21		Tenby	1	50 0	Cyclone, Vigilant, Osprey (schooner)
Sept. 3		Weymouth	2		<i>Lulworth</i> , Alice
4		...	1	ch.cup	Thought, Phantom, Emmet
1858.					
June 30	59	Tenby	3		<i>Amazon</i> , Extravaganza
July 6		Swansea	4		<i>Amazon</i> , <i>Vigilant</i> , Glance
12	60	Queenstown	0		<i>Oithona</i> , Mosquito, (Wildfire disabled)
21		Kingstown	0		Mosquito, <i>Surge</i> , <i>Oithona</i> , Cymba, <i>Amazon</i> , Dream, Maraquita
22		...	0		<i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Surge</i> , <i>Amazon</i> , Cymba, Kelpie
Aug. 26	56	Plymouth	2		<i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Surge</i>
30		Weymouth	1		Ella, Extravaganza, Vesper, (race disputed and resailed)
31		...	0		<i>Phantom</i> , Vesper, Ella, (Wildfire disabled)
1859.					
June 25	59	Thames	0		<i>Osprey</i> , Mosquito, <i>Amazon</i> , Minx, Vestal
July 26		Plymouth	3	25 0	second prize— <i>Osprey</i> , <i>Secret</i> , Zouave
27		...	2	60 0	<i>Osprey</i> , Cymba, Maud
Aug. 5		Cowes	2	100 0	(R.Y.S. handicap) Alarm, <i>Osprey</i> , Arrow, Brunette, Gipsy Queen†
11		Ryde	0		Zouave, Vestal, Rackrent, (race undecided)
15		...	1	50 0	Zouave, Vestal, Rackrent
22		Folkestone	0		<i>Thought</i> , <i>Haidee</i> second prize, <i>Amazon</i> , Kitten, Trio, Waveney
29		Weymouth	1	50 0	Lancashire Witch, Fairy Queen
1860.					
July 11		Kingstown	0		<i>Sibyl</i> , <i>Surge</i> , <i>Secret</i> , Aura, Vigilant, Audax, Charm
12		...	3		(Handicap) Charm, Zouave, <i>Heroine</i> (sch.)
19		Queenstown	4		Amy, Imogen, Leonora
20		...	1	100 0	<i>Audax</i> , <i>Surge</i> , Aura, Zouave
Aug. 4	61	Cowes	3		<i>Audax</i> , <i>Surge</i> , Aura, <i>Secret</i> , Gertrude
					<i>Lulworth</i> , <i>Osprey</i> , <i>Audax</i> , Arrow, <i>Amazon</i> , Thought, Laura
13	59	Weymouth	2		<i>Audax</i> , Glance, Cyclone
17		Plymouth	2		Camilla (late America,) Galatea
1861 to 1867.					{ Not in Commission

Vampire, 20 tons, cutter.—Built 1851 by Dan Hatcher, as 15 tons, and was lengthened in 1856 by Spencer and Barnes to her present tonnage.

The following gentlemen have been owners of this vessel:—1851 to 1861, Charles Wheeler, Esq.; 1862 to 1864, Captain Commerell, R.N., 1864 to 1868 Thomas Cuthbert, Esq.

* Wildfire won on time but was disqualified because a man fell overboard.

† Alarm won but was disqualified for setting her jib-topsail.

Date	5 4	Sailed at	Pla- ced.	Value.	Positions of other Yachts — Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1851.					
Aug. 11	15	Plymouth	0		<i>Esquise</i> , Pixie, Annie, (Vampire dis- masted)
29		Torquay	0		<i>Fawn</i> , Phantom
Sept. 4		Lyme Regis	0		Surprise, <i>Esquise</i>
1852.					
June 12		Thames	1	30 0	Vesper, Kitten, Mouse
24		...	0		<i>Secret</i> , <i>Zuleika</i> second prize, Phantom, Mouse, Whisper, Diavolo
Aug. 13		Southampton	1	20 0	Mazeppa, Don Juan
14		...	8		<i>Phantom</i> , Wasp, Don Juan
25		Weymouth	0		<i>Secret</i> , Phantom, Sea Serpent
1853.					
June 16		London	1	30 0	Kitten, Pearl
30		Thames	1	30 0	Vesper
July 12		Lowestoft	1	20 0	Waveney, Kitten, Mischief, Quiz
Aug. 10		Babbicombe	1	20 0	Fleur-de-Marie, Fawn, Bluebell, Snake
Sept. 1		Exmouth	1	15 0	Swan
1854.					
May 22		Thames	1	30 0	Vesper
June 20		London	1	30 0	(Walked over)
July 18		Lowestoft	1	20 0	Waveney, Sea Nymph
Aug. 4		Torquay	1	30 0	Annie, Dolphin
28		Dawlish	1	12 0	Fairy, Rowena
1855.					
May 26		Thames	1	30 0	Cormorant
June 7		London	1	30 0	Kitten
July 24		Lowestoft	1	20 0	Waveney, Chamois, Fairy 1, Fairy 2,
Aug. 29		Poole	1	20 0	Firefly, Cormorant
1856.					
June 13	19	London	1		<i>Kitten</i> , (Vampire 1st, but disqualified)
Sept. 10		Poole	2		<i>Eva</i> , Mystery
1857.					
July 22		Plymouth	0		<i>Secret</i> , (Annie disabled)
Aug. 26		...	1	30 0	Midge, Alma
28		Torquay	1	20 0	Ethel, Fawn, Midge
1858.					
July 6		Thames	1	40 0	Midge
Aug. 25	18	Plymouth	1	21 0	Souvenir, Ida
26		...	1	30 0	Elfin, Annie
1859. } 1860. } 1861. }					Did not race
1862.					
May 22	20	London	1	30 0	Oberon, Octoroon
June 7	19	Thames	0		<i>Queen</i> , Phantom second prize, Emmet
Aug. 19	20	Plymouth	2		<i>Folly</i> , Quiver, Ellen, Firecloud
22		Torquay	3		<i>Folly</i> , Quiver, Moonbeam, Little Dorrit

Date.	Sailed at	Plac- ed.	Value.	Positions of other Yachts.—Those in ITALICS. received the prize.
1863.				
May 27	20 London	1		<i>Folly, Alexandra</i> second prize
Aug 24	20 Falmouth	0		Scud, Ida (race undecided)
27	18 Plymouth	1	25 0	<i>Folly, Lurline, Ida</i>
31	Falmouth	1	25 0	(Prince of Wales' Cup.) Scud
1864.				
May 31	20 Thames	1	40 0	<i>Dudu</i> second prize, Alexandra, Satanella, Zerlina
June 14	London	1	30 0	<i>Dudu</i> second prize, Alexandra, Octoroon, Folly, Dione
July 24	19 Havre	1	45 0	Octoroon, Algerine
Aug. 10	Portsmouth	3		<i>Thought, Moonbeam</i>
19	Torquay	1	25 0	Xanthe, Little Dorrit
Aug. 25	20 Plymouth	1	25 0	Emmet, Ida
1865.				
June 28	19 Harwich	2	5 0	Second prize, <i>Queen</i> , Dewdrop
July 3	London	2		<i>Octoroon, Dudu</i> , second prize, Satanella
4	Thames	1	40 0	(<i>Dudu</i> disabled)
5	...	1	50 0	<i>Dudu</i> (amateur crews)
Aug. 18	Portsmouth	1	25 0	<i>Dudu</i>
21	20 Torquay	1	20 0	Coral, Laura
23	19 Plymouth	2		<i>Laura, Ida, Folly, Stella</i>
1866.				
June 23	19 Thames	1	30 0	<i>Queen, Satanella</i>
July 7	20 London	1	30 0	Satanella, Octoroon
9	...	1	30 0	Satanella
Aug. 23	Torquay	1	20 0	Emma, Laura
24	Yarmouth	1	30 0	Satanella, Watersprite
28	Plymouth	1	21 0	(Prince of Wales cup,) Laura, Anita
1867.				
June 29	Thames	1	30 0	Satanella
July 6	To Ramsgate	1	20 0	Satanella, Aerolite, Dagmar, Gipsy
Aug. -7	Portsmouth	3		<i>Phantom, Thought</i>

SUMMARY.

WILDFIRE.							VAMPIRE.						
Date.	Start.	Lost.	Unde- cided	Won. 1st.	2nd.	Value £	Date.	Start	Lost.	Unde- cided	Won. 1st.	2nd.	Value £
1851	1	1					1851	3	3		0		
1853	1	1					1852	5	3		2		50
1854	4	4					1853	5	0		5		115
1855	4	4					1854	5	0		5		122
1856	5	1		4		310	1855	4	0		4		100
1857	10	5		5		200*	1856	2	2		0		
1858	8	7	1				1857	3	1		2		50
1859	8	2	1	4	1	285	1858	3	0		3		91
1860	7	6		1		100	1862	4	3		1		30
							1863	4	1	1	2		50
							1864	6	1		5		165
							1865	7	2		4	1	140
							1866	6	0		6		161
							1867	3	1		2		50
Total	48	31	2	14	1	895	Total	69	17	1	41	1	1,124

* And a Challenge Cup.

THE PAST YACHTING SEASON.*

On Tuesday the 6th August, the grand jubilee of the Solent Sea commenced, and certes the "great club" of all the clubs evidenced that the tide of aquatic favor is setting again Wight-wards: for reasons it may be difficult, or unnecessary, to assign, the last two seasons we have noticed rather a decline in the attendance of yachting men at regattas in the Channels and on the coasts, that were so much the rage some few years since; and in proportion to that decline the Cowes and Ryde waters have been resuming their *prestige*, and the regatta of the Squadron for '67 was indeed a success, that if taken as an omen of future meetings, bodes an all-absorbing attraction for yacht owners—to racing feats inclined—which will render the Squadron meetings of the future, the be-all and end-all of racing yachtsmen, insomuch so, that we should not be at all surprised at spring and autumn regattas being held in these charming waters, for now that the four clubs of the Solent are in such a prosperous condition, and apparently so bent upon making their waters more than ever the great attraction for the pleasure navy, some such division of their tempting programmes may present advantages calculated to effect a permanency of their success, that no out-port attractions of other stations will ever again avail to disturb.

The fleet of yachts of all classes and rigs assembled there last August was seldom if ever equalled on the coast of the Wight, and the efforts of the Squadron authorities to meet the wishes of their numerous visitors appear to have given universal pleasure: and that their sailing programme gave general satisfaction, the entries for the different classes of prizes seems fairly to attest. Her Majesty's cup brought out a splendid fleet of schooners; such a fleet as the members of the Squadron should always be able to see at their starting buoys; and which if the management of 1867 be perpetuated they no doubt will. These noble vessels were amply tried during their fifty-two miles struggle, for had the most fastidious stickler in weather selected that which prevailed from start to finish, he certainly could not have made out a variety more calculated to test effectually ships and gear, men and their tempers.

The Egeria immortalized herself by the style in which she tackled the renowned Aline, and looked so like the winner that many of those whose opinion should carry weight pronounced her at an advanced period of the struggle as impossible to beat, but the Aline got a turn of weather that brought out her superior power of tonnage by a test so severe, as nearly to smother her daring antagonist in a storm-flurry of wind and

* Continued from page 24.

water ; and whilst the Egeria was battling for life amidst the fierce hurtle of a mad nor'-wester, the Aline launched through it in a stately grandeur that to a sailor's eye was sublime, and in that squall she accomplished just the amount of sailing that enabled her to defeat the wickedly sailed and undoubtedly swift Egeria. The Gelert and Pantomime behaved gallantly during this eventful struggle, but could not get beyond third and fourth positions at the flag-ship. The Diadem and Intrepid were not out-sailed without a good deal of trouble, when the former bore up, and the latter was unable to secure the time-keeper's eye.

On Wednesday, August 7th, the grand cutter race of the Squadron took place for the first, second, and third prizes of seventy, twenty, and ten sovereigns, respectively. Amidst similar wild weather to that of the previous day, a fleet of "single stickers" came to the buoys, such as perhaps in point of individual celebrity, had never before been seen pitted against each other : the Phryne, Vanguard, Fiona, and Sphinx, singled out from the mass at the start, but the Vanguard, Fiona, and Hirondelle, very quickly gave indication as to whom danger was most to be apprehended from, the Menai at one time joining company, but eventually the Dione became the worthy participator in the fortunes of the first flight, the flag-ship fiat placing the Vanguard, Dione, and Hirondelle in respective possession of the three prizes, defeating such vessels as Fiona, Menai, Volante, Vindex, Sphinx, and Phryne.

Thursday, August 8th, opened with splendid racing weather, a grand south-west breeze, true and steady, and fine genial sunshine; 'twas truly a pleasure navy day. For the Marquis of Conyngham's prize of 100 guineas, there started four slashing schooners, when the Pantomime sailed a game and determined race with the redoubted Egeria; the latter at one period threatening to collar and dispose of her daring antagonist; the Ge'ert went and was handled uncommonly well; but the Egeria in attempting to run the gauntlet of Cowes Roads on a taut bow-line, got "manacled" with the crowd, and the Pantomime never after gave her or the Gelert the ghost of a chance, whilst the Cambria although gamely sailed had to yield to superior power ; this triumph of the Pantomime was no mean proof of her speed, or the skill and care bestowed upon her handling, for the Egeria is a craft that has nobly won fame by the honest merits of her crew; it is but fair to the latter to note that she made a bad start, and getting all in irons amongst the fleet off the Medina "clinched" a bad beginning ; there is one thing however certain, the Pantomime can go, and as long as she is in the hands of her present owner will prove as wicked an antagonist as ever flew silken fighting flag.

Friday the 9th of August brought out another magnificent fleet of eight cutters, for Earl Vane's three prizes, when the Phryne boldly tackled the Fiona at the start, but shortly after all had settled to their work honestly, and given up those little vagaries which staid and veteran racers are not even proof against, the Fiona, Vanguard, Menai and Dione evidenced that, barring accidents, they meant to lead the flight, the little Dione going along merry as a cricket and causing many an anxious glance to be cast astern from the decks of her more powerful rivals; eventually she succeeded in securing third prize, the Fiona and Vanguard taking first honours, and defeating the Menai, Hironnelle, Sphinx, Vindex and Phryne.

Saturday, the 10th of August saw a splendid fleet of eleven schooners, yawls and cutters start for the Cowes Tradesmen's handsome cup, value 100 sovereigns; but alas a ferociously hungry sun devoured whatever little wind had deluded them into starting, and after a weary bit of tide work, they were glad to answer the signal by picking up their moorings.

On Monday, the 12th of August, the Earl of Wilton's cup, value 100 guineas, supplemented by the Tradesmen's cup, strange to say brought out only five vessels, two schooners, two cutters, and a yawl; but it is possible the fact of the cutters being limited to their fore-and-aft canvas, whilst the "two stickers" revelled under permission of square sails, and the course being round the island, was at the bottom of this "polite declining." They started at three o'clock p.m., to make a night of it, the Volante going away with the lead, but eventually the Egeria, Lufra, and Pantomime proved too powerful, and bade adieu to the Hironnelle and Volante. Tuesday morning witnessed anxious eyes seeking the "gull's wing" to the eastward, when the Lufra made her number first, running before a fresh south-easter at grand speed, the Egeria flying along in her wake with an allowance of time, that notwithstanding the lead Lufra had secured, looked very like No. 1 at the flag-ship, and so it turned out, the Egeria taking the noble Commodore's prize, and the Lufra the Tradesmen's cup; the Pantomime arrived third, and Volante fourth, Hironnelle losing her topmast. This fine race made a fitting *finale* to the best meeting the Squadron have had for many a season.

We may here observe that a communication has reached us since the first part of our review was written, to the effect that previously to the departure of the American schooners they were challenged to sail a match for 500 sovereigns, by that veteran yachtsman and member of the Squadron, Delme Radcliffe, Esq., and the vessel he proposed to represent the English interests was the Lufra.

On the 6th of August the Royal Albert Yacht Club held their meeting, and it may not be out of place here to suggest to this spirited club the advantages that might accrue to their entries, by arranging their regatta to take place at a different time to that of the Squadron; doubtless this point was well considered, but we think we have read somewhere, or heard of, such an aphorism as "*Est modus in rebus*,"

The opening race was contested by the three gallant and well known little clippers, the Southampton Folly, Queen, and Quiver; after fortunes variable as the weather that prevailed, at one period the Queen leading, then the Folly, and eventually the Quiver, the latter challenged for the twenty guineas, and won a well sailed race, with Queen second, and Folly third. A second race took place for a twenty sovereign cup presented by Vice-commodore Conway Gordon, when the Gipseey, cutter, of 15 tons, defeated the Dewdrop, Dora, and Stormfinch.

On the second day, August the 7th, the event of the meeting came off, when the Oimara, Fiona, Volante, and Sphinx appeared at the starting buoys: the Fiona took them away at a rattling pace and with plenty of wind, but the Oimara speedily went to the front, and then ensued a struggle, that will long be remembered by those who witnessed it, between the two Clyde clippers; after the first round the Volante finding the pace telling on time, and the Sphinx ahead of her, bore up; whilst the Fiona was handled with a nicety and daring that promised a lively time of it to the crew of the Oimara; the latter displayed all that great speed which has been ascribed to her, and obtained a lead that it seemed impossible to defeat; but the Fiona had old "Chronos" near the helm, and notwithstanding such a terrible antagonist ahead, and the dangerous light-weight that was flitting like a phantom ever close in her wake, she collared the one and distanced the other in a style that caused no little sensation amongst the critical "salts" of Portsmouth, scoring another and not the least of her triumphs.

A very exciting race for a thirty sovereign cup took place at the same time between the Phantom, Thought, and Vampire; when another splendidly sailed struggle, in the midst of wild wind and tumbling sea, afforded a treat not often witnessed from Southsea; the veteran Phantom had all her work to do, and bravely she accomplished it, winning in glorious style, with Thought second—almost at her taffrail.

The Royal Alberts concluded their very pleasant meeting with a Corinthian match, on the Saturday, when the Gipsy manned by an amateur crew won her second prize of the week, defeating Dewdrop: the Algerine running ashore off Ryde, a mishap which deprived the race of much of its interest.

On Tuesday, 6th of August, the ever active Vice-commadore Turner

rallied around him a pretty considerable fleet of St. George's Channel rovers at the romantic and beautiful station of Carnarvon; and we *en parenthese* say to any of our yachting friends who have not visited those picturesque waters, decidedly do so! You will receive a warm and courteous welcome, and enjoy any amount of most delightful scenery afloat and ashore. The Royal Welsh Yacht Club Cup brought out a fleet of four cutters, when our old friend the Whim, under her modernized cognomen of Anemone, showed the "fine liners" a trick or two of the old fashioned way of going, the course and tide currents materially assisting her jocosity; per-adventure did not she rattle away to windward in a miraculous manner; however after rounding the bar-flag, the hardy Kittiwake would stand no more nonsense, and handled as her gallant owner well knows how, she boldly challenged the frolicsome old lady; like the old dog though there was life left "a-wee," and not until the second run home from the Bar to Belan was the "Bird of the Sea," recovered from her merriment sufficient to go at it in earnest, which at length she did, scoring a win as she invariably does in her own waters: the Alexandra carried away the jaws of her gaff in the fresh westerly breeze, and the Bijou bore up. Shortly after the little ones had started, the Glance and Kilmeny made their toilette of battle for a fifty guinea cup, and an aspiring little "skuner" named the Saraband, ambitioned their company, and more power to her, but tiring of the pace sat down by the wayside on a bank full of anything but wild thyme or dividends. The contest between the two famous cutters drew all binoculars on a "bee-line," but alas at the very outset the Kilmeny's throat block proved false to its trust, and the Glance launched ahead with a commanding lead, the Kilmeny sailing a waiting race on the chance of accident reducing the Glance to an equality; the Itchen Queen however proved iron in her constitution and belongings, and the Kilmeny furthermore carrying away the clew of her mainsail, threw up, not the sponge, but her helm.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON THE YACHTS AND YACHT RACING OF THE PAST SEASON.

MR. EDITOR.—As you have for some years back kindly allowed me the use of your valuable *Magazine*, for the purpose of making some scattered observations, on the doings of the various Yacht Clubs, and racing vessels, during the previous seasons, I am unwilling to lose the privilege, although I confess that so far as 1867 is concerned, business of various

kinds so interfered with my rambles that I was able to be an eye-witness of but few regattas, and am compelled to rely almost entirely on my gleanings from your own pages, and from the note books of friends who were more fortunate than myself, instead of on my own observations of the performances of the various vessels, and must therefore put forward my remarks with much diffidence, and a request for indulgence from your readers, if they appear either unfair or mere common place *rechauffés* of the accounts which have already appeared. I think my figures will however prove tolerably accurate, as much so at least as it is possible to get them, and they are much aided by the carefully compiled summary which appeared in your December number. The total amount of prizes sailed for I set down as in round numbers £5,100, a still greater falling off than I noticed in 1866, when they amounted to £5,607, against £5,718 in 1865, £5,360 in 1864, and £4,541 in 1863, the first year in which I began to note them. This total includes the three Queen's Cups value £315, into which her Majesty's annual patronage of yacht racing seems latterly to have settled down, one of which of course went to the Royal Yacht Squadron, and the others to the two matches of the Royal Western Yacht Clubs at Plymouth and Queenstown, and were won respectively by the Oimara and Fiona, tho' in both cases after a dispute. The reason of this considerable falling off in the amount of prizes may partly be attributed to the weather, which spoilt several regattas, and prevented races being sailed off, and partly to the general tightness in the commercial world, which prevented several ports from holding regattas, and several influential patrons of the sport from devoting the usual time or money to its encouragement. Even of the prizes which were sailed a rather more than usual percentage seems to have come out of the pockets of individuals, rather than from the funds of the Clubs, under whose management the regattas were held; and when we deduct Her Majesty's Cups, those given by the Prince of Wales, by the Commodores and by the Tradesmen of Glasgow, Cowes, and Ryde, a very miserable residue will remain, as furnished out of the Exchequer of the Royal Yacht Clubs, who seem to think that eating, drinking, and keeping up expensive establishments for the use of their landmen members, is much more their vocation than encouraging yachting, although most of the privileges they enjoy are granted to them from the supposed advantage they are in keeping up a taste for nautical pursuits. Yachtsmen are themselves however chiefly to blame, as they rarely pull together in any Club, and seem quite content to sail vessels costing £3,000 or £4,000 for wretched prizes, which even when won are not of sufficient value to cover the entrance fees and extra

hands! and so long as public money is the only thing sought for this will of course go on, and there will be neither legislation in yacht racing matters, or any real improvement in the mode of managing regattas. Contrast the amount sailed for with the amount of stakes run for on the turf, which amounted last year to the enormous sum of £347,562, and the difference will at once be seen. These grumblings are however only going over the old story again and again, and it really does not much concern those yachtsmen who are not the owners of racing craft of from 250 to 80 tons, the vessels which latterly have taken the place of the 25 tonners of former days, in which many of the best races were sailed. Then a man who possessed a 50 ton racing cutter was looked on as a millionaire, while at present such cutters as Oimara, Condor, Hatcher's new 125 tonner, Menai and Fiona are found at the starting buoys much diminishing competition, and preventing the sport both to lookers on and the racing men themselves, which a large entry used to cause *mais revenons, &c.* The matches sailed during last season were in number about 125 against 137 in 1866, 64 of which came off under the auspices of 17 of the Royal Yacht Clubs, 24 under those of Clubs not entitled to the royal title, and 37 at 18 of the principal out-ports as follows :—

Clubs	Number of Races	Value £	Names of Places.	Number of Races	Value £
R. Y. Squadron...	6	600*	Babbicombe Bay..	2	16
Albert.....	5	195	Beccles	2	16
Cork	2	115	Bray	3	55
Dee.....	1	20	Dartmouth.....	2	60
Eastern.....	2	80	Dawlish	2	25
Harwich.....	3	105	Falmouth	1	70
Irish.....	5	187	Great Grimsby...	2	90
London.....	3	180	Havre	1	100
Mersey	3	140	Hunstanton	1	10
Northern	8	325*	Humber	1	10
Southern.....	3	175*	Isle of Man	5	133
Thames	5	450	Lyme Regis	1	20
Victoria	6	540*	Malahide	2	25
Western, England	5	235*	Southampton... 1	2	120
Western, Ireland..	3	165*	" .. 2	1	20
Welsh	2	75	Stonehouse.....	2	25
Yorkshire	2	110	Teignmouth	1	10
Prince of Wales...	2	60	Torbay	3	73
Prince Alfred.....	3	198	Yarmouth	3	57
Clyde	5	97			
Ulster	3	30			
Ranelagh.....	1	15			
Temple.....	2	20			
Norfolk & Suffolk	3	85			
	88	4152		37	985

* Queen's or other cups included.

Besides these there were a few private matches, the principal of which were between Egeria and Albertine in the Thames, for £50 a-side, and Satellite and Prima Donna, the annual race between the barges on the Thames, with the usual complement of pilot vessels, fishing smacks, sailing boats; to which we may well add the gallant race of our Yankee cousins across the Atlantic, which tho' actually sailed in 1866, was so much out of the usual yachting season as to fall fairly amongst the annals of the year just departed, and was a well planned and boldly executed exploit of the pleasure navy. The principal winners stand as under :—

CUTTERS—First Class.

CUTTERS—Second and Third Class.

Name of Yacht	Tons	Won		Value £	Name of Yacht	Tons	Won		Value £
		1st	2nd				1st	2nd	
Fiona	78	6	1	437*	Phantom	27	5		295†
Vanguard.....	60	4	1	340	Kilmeny.....	30	6	1	225
Oimara	165	3		275†	Glance	35	3		135§
Dione	44	3	1	210	Torch	15	5		111
Vindex	45	2	2	150	Luna.....	25	2	1	65
Phryne	57	2		110	Vampire	20	2		50

* Including Queen's Cup at Queenstown. † Including Queen's Cup at Plymouth. ‡ Including Challenge Cup at Southampton. § Including Challenge Cup at Isle of Man. || Including Channel Match P.A.Y.C., Holyhead to Kingstown.

CUTTERS—Fourth Class.

SCHOONERS AND YAWLS.

Name of Yacht	Tons	Won		Value £	Name of Yacht	Rig	Tons	Won		Value £
		1st	2nd					1st	2nd	
Ripple	12	5		126	Egeria.....	sch	152	4	1	375*
Quiver	12	3	2	65	Aline	sch	216	2		225†
Buccaneer ...	12	4		60	Pantomime...	sch	132	1	1	150
					Lufra	ywl	193	1		100
					Amber Witch	ywl	51	2	1	95

* Including Channel Match Thames to Dover, and Commodores' Cups at Cowes and Ryde. † Including Queen's Cup at Cowes.

Out of these only one, the Oimara is absolutely new, while of the rest Fiona, Vindex, Phryne, Glance, Phantom, Buccaneer and Vampire, have been victors in many a well sailed contest. As has often been observed before, a yacht's second season is generally about her best, the Vanguard, Dione, and Kilmeny being examples of this. The first named made her appearance in the Royal Thames match, from the Nore to Dover, on 21st May, 1866, and certainly from her performance that day, and indeed for most of the season, no one could anticipate the forward position she has taken this season, as she was generally sup-

posed to be a second edition of Ratsey's former vessel the *Alerte*, which had greatly disappointed the hopes of her friends, and she sorely belied her rather ambitious cognomen, her only good performance in 1866 being the beating the *Niobe* at Southampton, and getting second to *Vindex* and before the *Sphinx* and *Christabel* at Torbay. During the winter however, she was hauled up at the yard of her clever builder and greatly improved, her forefoot rounded off and her stern-post more raked, and since these alterations were made she has the reputation amongst those who witnessed the regattas on the Solent of being the fastest cutter out ; this I myself scarcely yet believe, and must see her beat *Fiona* on a fair allowance of time for difference of tonnage, oftener than she has yet done, before I credit it ; but she is certainly a fine fast and nice looking craft, and especially fast in stays, going about and being full again in 20 seconds, a quality which will always stand her in good stead, particularly in the narrow waters which form the Regatta courses in the Thames, Mersey, and Solent, and at Southampton, where in short tacks she walked away from the Scotch lassie, hand over fist in the race for Lord Cardigan's cup, altho' from the way in which the old *Volante*, whose forte certainly never used to be a dead turn in close quarters, also led the *Fiona* that day—I must be excused for thinking there was a bit of a fluke in the performance.

The *Vanguard* was unlucky throughout the season, in being engaged in several disputes and protests both for and against her, and the results were pretty evenly balanced, as if she got the £100 cutter prize of the Royal Thames, on the second go with the *Phryne*, she lost the Queen's Cup at Plymouth to the *Oimara*, on an objection as to the course she sailed. I trust we shall see her in Irish waters where she has hitherto not tried her fortune, having in 1866 only got as far as the Mersey, when we may chance to see the question between her and the *Fiona* solved, either directly or by the aid of that well known trial horse the old *Mosquito* ; meanwhile I confess I pin my faith on the craft which for the second year in succession heads the list of winners, having been also second to the *Niobe* alone in 1865, and has credited her owners with no less than five Queen's Cups, more than either the old *Alarm* or *Arrow* scored in their lengthened careers, and with the advantage of one cup each year being strictly confined to their own Club. The man who builds a vessel at all of her own class, with which he can be pretty certain to beat the *Fiona*, will in my mind have plenty to do, as I don't call such giants as the *Oimara* fair antagonists for any racing cutter at present built, tho' we hear that Dan Hatcher has a craft of 185 tons in hand for Count Felix de Monceau, that is likely to turn out an

ugly customer to all comers in 1868. Capt. Houston, who has had charge of the *Fiona* since her advent, is good enough at steering and handling her, to pass muster with the first professors of the craft, and in three years she has netted £1,482, and but for an ugly trick of carrying away her spars, which this year cost her Capt. Drinkwater's match from Liverpool to Douglas, and the gross ill luck which lost her the £100 prize at the regatta of the Royal Irish, she would have been still further the top of the tree; her only slice of good fortune to counterbalance the bad, being at Ryde, where the "dear old woman" had the mishap to drop Mr. Broadwood's prize, by going the wrong side of a buoy when she had it fairly won. Through the kindness of Mr. Fife I was able in *Hunt's Magazine* for 1865; page 553, to give the principal dimensions of the hull and spars of *Fiona*, and now repeat them; in contrast with those of the *Vanguard*, kindly given me by Mr. Ratsey, and *Mosquito*, as the comparison is interesting.

The third on my list of winners is the *Oimara* 165 tons, so unusual a size for a cutter now-a-days, that when she entered Kingstown on her way south, the spectators could hardly believe their eyes, and her topmast towered completely over everything in the harbour. I much regret that her very short stay and the awful torrent of rain which fell while she was there prevented my making a more thorough inspection of her, and having a longer yarn with Captain Walker, who had her in charge; but from his description of what she had done in a few trials, and at the Royal Northern Regatta, I was quite prepared to hear that she carried all before her down south, tho' quite aware that even for such a clipper the attempt to give the *Fiona* 43½ minutes, as she was modestly asked to do at Gosport, or even 18m. 7s., to *Vanguard* at Plymouth, would be no easy task; as it was she beat the latter well in the breeze, but on the second day would have lost her greatest trophy, the Queen's Cup, if Capt. Hughes had not misinterpreted the sailing directions he had received. The *Oimara* is very handsomely fitted up, and all over a beauty in harbour or cruising in fine weather, but whether handy or comfortable at sea is another point, and I expect 'ere long to see her a yawl, when with the usual allowance for the rig from the crack cutters she would be very hard to beat, and to judge from the *Lufra*, another noble vessel, would make all the crack schooners hide their diminished heads in two-masted races.

The smallest of the class comes nestling under the lee of her big sister, and managed to pick up even a greater number of, altho' not such valuable prizes; and having been handled and steered entirely by her owner in person, her success in foreign parts and against crack

captains and crews is no small feather in the cap of amateur and Irish yachtsmen. The Dione's first match this season was the Channel race of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club, from Holyhead to Kingstown, on 25th May, and when fast going to the front the lamentable accident of the loss of one of her crew when shifting jibs occurred, which began the various mishaps that mark this as the most calamitous yachting season I remember. This disaster of course threw her out of the race, as the moment it was ascertained that the poor fellow was actually gone for ever her racing flag came down and she bore up for home, her owner being sadly shocked at the loss of an old and valued servant; and she did not sail again until the regatta of the Royal Western on 21st June, when she had an easy victory over the Secret, Avalanche, and Heroine for the second class prize, her third venture being the first class Cup of the Royal Irish, which by skilful handling and a glorious slice of good fortune she took from the Fiona, whose skipper jammed between the Egeria, and her little rival, who in the very light wind which prevailed when coming in, stood on opposite tacks, each looking for a breeze, did not know which to watch, and like the ass in the fable trying to hold both, contrived to slip between two stools. The little lady sailed wonderfully well the week after at Cork, when the weather was very difficult; but could not be expected to go with the Fiona, 78 tons, in a sea and wind which brought them all to double reefs, still less, as she was preposterously asked to do, give the Leah, 97 tons, time, instead of receiving it; but as it was she only lost the second prize to the huge yawl by 3m. and 7s., which should have been 30 when the weather was considered. The Dione was overmatched at the Squadron, where she was only second and third to Fiona and Vanguard, but was much admired; and to the great regret of his friends her owner determined on exchanging her for a schooner, so she remains in the south of England, where if in good hands she will be certain to show next season, as her sister the Niobe did in 1865, that it does not require a lean drawn out oversparred wet abortion of a vessel to win cups, but that if properly masted and her lines skilfully drawn, a handsome bold boat with plenty of head room and accommodation, can, even in smooth water, take her part in any contest.

The old antagonists Vindex and Phryne come last on my list, and are worthy representators of iron and wood, both being like the Dione from the designs, if not from the actual hands of King Dan, but they have been too often described and their doings commented on in your pages for me to waste much time over, suffice it to say, that no two craft from one man's lines can be more unlike to look at; or any two more

likely to win prizes. The Phryne in 1862 carried everything before her, while the Vindex headed the poll in 1863 and 1864, falling quite out in 1865, but in 1866 resuming her place as third on the list from which she has again retrograded, and would have been considerably higher if she had not been done out of the first class prize on the Thames, which she won the first day, and was deprived of it "because proper sailing instructions had not been given to the Vanguard;" and owing to the death of her owner's mother she could not again contend for it.

In the Irish waters we missed for the first time these many years the well known pale blue with silver fleur-de-lis amongst the racing burgees, and earnestly hope to welcome it back again when the Royal St. George's Yacht Club invites the racing world to its usual tournament in July. The Phryne, which closes the glorious six, is now in first-rate hands for developing her racing powers, so unless she has lost some of the speed which in former years made her be considered the best thing ever put together of wood and copper, bids fair to improve her position in the coming year, and I fully expect to see her high on the list, tho' certainly the advance in size as well as speed, &c., among the first class cutters makes it by no means so easy a task to carry off prizes as it used to be. Time and space now warn me to bear up, so with a few words on the less successful and absent vessels, I will have done for the present.

Amongst the former the Volante and Sphinx are the most conspicuous, and from what I hear of the way the Volante sailed, the very few races she was engaged in, my remark last year, "that Mr. Maudslay would have won more cups with her than his new favourite" was not far beside the mark. She has been greatly altered and improved since he sold the Sphinx, and is certain to be high on the prize list next year, if the gross ill luck, or it may perhaps be called by another name, which lost her Mr. Broadwood's prize, does not continue. She carried off the last prize of the large number contended for in the Solent, and from the vessels she beat even without time cannot be again far from first rate form, and I trust we shall see her pitted against her old opponent the Mosquito, before both retire from the watery arena. This latter well known racer as well as Astarte, Banshee, a vessel whose speed has never yet been fairly taken out of her, and Christabel, one of the prettiest of our flyers, were not fitted out last year, are all in the sale list where they should not long continue; while Osprey, Phosphorus, Surge, and Aura seem to have entirely disappeared, and are in fact out-built. Sphinx and Niobe both won some prizes, but neither appear quite fit to go with the first rates, tho' they would be most dangerous enemies at the out-ports, and amidst second

rates for which their size better adapts them ; in fact if the increase of tonnage goes on as it has done, and we see cutters of 165, 135, 80, and 78 tons sailing in matches, it will soon be necessary to adopt a new classification, as vessels of about 56 tons, which used to be about the maximum racing size, have a poor chance in any fairly sailed race, even with the new scale of time allowances adopted by the Squadron and Prince Alfred Clubs, which is considerably larger than any used, except the full Ackers' which has long been obsolete. To close my long yarn I will now venture a prophecy, which shall be at least as intelligible as those of many of the Derby seers who appear in the sporting journals, and say that the *Fiona*, *Vanguard*, and *Volante*, will be amongst the principal winners next season, even if we see Hatcher's new flyer of 135 tons, and the dark *Sinbad*, whose advent has been so long expected, contending with them,—the sooner the time for the trial comes the better pleased will be,—Yours truly,

RED, WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

+ * *Fiona*, 78 tons,—length on deck (fore part of stem to after part of stern-post) 76ft., beam 15ft. 8in., draft aft 11ft. 10in., mast (deck to hounds) 47ft., boom 57ft. 6in., gaff 38ft., bowsprit (outboard) 32ft., topmast 38ft.

Mosquito, 60 tons,—length on deck (fore part of stem to after part of stern-post) 64ft., beam 15ft. 3in., draft aft 11ft. 4in., mast (deck to hounds) 46ft., boom 52ft., gaff 33ft., bowsprit (outboard) 33ft., topmast 37ft. 6in.

* *Vanguard*, 60 tons,—length on deck (fore part of stem to after part of stern-post) 72ft. 6in., beam 14ft. 6in., draft aft 10ft. 8in., mast (deck to hounds) 40ft. 6in., boom 54ft., gaff 34ft. 6in., bowsprit (outboard) 31ft., topmast 37ft. 6in.

ROYAL SYDNEY YACHT CLUB OPENING TRIP.

In accordance with the practice of the yacht clubs of the Mother Isle, this club commenced the season of 1867-8, on Saturday, October 19th. The rendezvous was in Farm Cove, and at the appointed hour (10h. 30m. a.m.) the *Ella*, flying Commodore Dangar's pennant ; the *Xarifa*, Vice-Commodore Parbury ; the *Vivid*, Mr. Burt ; the *Pert*, Mr. Josephson ; the *Haidee*, Mr. Wiltshire ; the *Mischief*, Mr. Jackson ; the *Vivienne*, Mr. Gilchrist ; the *Nereid*, Messrs. Fairfax and Lassetter ; the *Why Not*, Mr. Want ; the *Ione*, Mr. Ross ; and the *Gitana*, were at their stations. About eleven o'clock the fleet got underway, and, headed by the Commodore, stood up

* Have heavy lead keels.

the harbour with a moderate breeze from the S.W., which soon after shifted round to N.W. Off Dawes Point the *Why Not* carried away her throat halliards, and was placed *hors de combat*. On nearing Goat Island the signal was made to form line abreast, the flagship being nearest the north shore, and in close order the squadron ran down, or rather drifted, to Kirribilli. Off Farm Cove orders were given to make more sail, the *Ella* sent up her gaff-topsail, the other vessels followed suit, and immediately after a breeze sprang up from the south-east, shifted to the east, and freshened. New life seemed imparted to all engaged in the day's sport, and right merrily the yachts heeled over to it, and danced along to Malcolm's Point, and then went about. After standing down to Shark Island, sheets were eased off, and soon after Double Bay saw the squadron coming to anchor.

A dinner followed, at which Commodore Dangar presided, having on his right his Excellency Sir John Young, and on his left Commodore Lambert, of H.M.S. *Challenger*. The toasts included "The Health of Sir John Young," which was given by the Commodore, who regretted that it probably was the last time the Club would be honoured by the presence of his Excellency, who, although not a yachtsman, had done much to further the interests of the R.S.Y.C. The toast was enthusiastically received, and his Excellency in responding expressed his thanks for the warm manner in which the toast had been honoured, and in eloquent terms referred to the love of out-door sports which, with other institutions peculiar to England, were fostered wherever Englishmen were found. His Excellency concluded by proposing "Success to the Royal Sydney Yacht Club," which having been drunk, the company retired, and in a few minutes the squadron was again under weigh. On leaving Double Bay they stood away for Dawes Point, there formed line and beat down the harbour, the larger vessels keeping their position admirably, but some of the others were throughout the whole day distinguished for their efforts to keep all behind. About five o'clock Bradley's was reached, and as the wind was dying out, and a squall seemed brewing in the west, the signal to part was given. One by one the vessels passed the flag-ship, paid the usual salute, and sought their moorings.

The only new boats out were the *Pert* and the *Ione*. The former was built by Gardiner, with his usual raking mast and long keel, a roomy craft, apparently very buoyant, and able to carry any amount of canvas. The *Ione*, launched from Langford's for Mr. Ross a few weeks ago, seems a regular little clipper, with beautiful lines, and though at present untried, we may hazard an opinion that any third-class yacht in the harbour will find something to do to prevent her carrying off a few prizes this season.—*Sydney Morning Herald*.

THE SAILOR'S WORD BOOK.*

WE have presented to us under the above simple title a work, which should more properly have borne that suggested by Major Shadwell Clerke—viz., "A Nautical Dictionary, and Cyclopædia of Naval Science and Nomenclature." Perhaps however 'tis better that such simplicity of title should distinguish it, as the practical exponent of the mysteries of that "brackish tongue," the principal beauty of which, and what, as the distinguished author truly remarks, renders it so eminently useful on duty, is, its pithy conciseness.

The title of this valuable work is therefore happily consonant, 'tis "pithily concise," and as "Jack" would say "reeves sweetly through the sheeve." The name of ADMIRAL WILLIAM HENRY SMYTH, is a sufficient guarantee that the "*Sailor's Word Book*" embraces all that an officer, a navigator, and a seaman may require authentic professional information upon, and no more fitting legacy could the gallant and lamented Admiral have bequeathed to his noble profession in particular, and the Maritime World in general, than this, which may with justice be termed, a triumph of Marine Lexicography.

As a nation that lives, and moves, and has its being by the sea, we have naturally arrived at the conclusion that it is our Empire; and truly it must be a remote creek on the very remotest edge of Creation where the irrepressible British keel has not penetrated, or the glorious Union Jack waved its world-famed folds. This aquatic empire of ours has a language of its own, handed down from father to son, it may be from the launching of Noah's Ark; but of the inchoation of which no human being can determine: other nations too that travel the highway of this watery Empire employ a phraseology peculiar to their ideas of coiling down sea-grammar, and which during long intercourse has become so interlaced with our own, as to form a Gordian tangle sufficient to drive poor landsmen crazy. Although there have been many other distinguished labourers, yet Falconer was the first pilot who successfully endeavoured to buoy these mysterious depths in a comprehensive manner, and to adjust a neutral exchange whereby the "lingo" of the sea and the rhetoric of the shore might be so nicely balanced as to evolve a common meaning easily understandable; for a season and seasona did this excellent work of the immortal author of the "*Shipwreck*" obtain, and render good service; but as we advanced in the sciences of Astronomy, Navigation, Naval Architecture, and finally Steam Propulsion, we left poor Falconer and others far behind, and were athirst in this nineteenth century—fairly "a famined" for a common book of reference to reconcile the apparent anomalies of "deep sea" and "long-shore" dialects. With the prodigious strides that Science and Art were making upon the waters, and amongst those that find their bread thereupon, the almost purely technical nature of Falconer's Dictionary, obsolete too as many of its details had become, together with those of a similar nature, rendered the want so strikingly apparent, that

* London :—BLACKIE AND SON, Paternoster Row.

although Admiral Smyth appears to have had the idea that he and Captain Hall were the only labourers alive to the literary want of their profession, we happen to know that there were others also "prospecting cargo" with a view to a similar venture. However the gallant Admiral's posthumous work sets all at rest now, as it supplies most worthily, the want it was written to meet; and we can truly say it will be found an indispensable volume, not only to the members of the Naval and Mercantile Marine, but to the Lawyer, the Merchant, the Engineer, the Mechanic, and though last not least, those aspirants to literary laurels who may wish to be "the correct thing" in their nautical lucubrations, more especially that branch which is devoted to the arduous duty of "Special Correspondence."

Admiral Smyth's "*Sailor's Word Book*" is an epitome of everything a Sailor should know, and such a correct interpreter of nautical mysteries as should render it a *vade mecum* to every landsman who has business with dwellers on the deep blue waters.

We need hardly say to our yachtsmen, for of course they will—"have it!"

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

New Thames Yacht Club.—After two or three preliminary meetings the first for real business was held on Tuesday, 7th January, at the Freemasons' Tavern, the particulars of which we gather from our old friend "*Bell*."

The owner of the Nettle, Mr. John Dunkin Lee, was called to the chair, supported on the right by Mr. R. S. Wilkinson, acting as hon. sec., with the assistance of the owner of the Night Thought, Mr. W. N. Rudge: and we noticed among the great number of others present the following:—Messrs. Barclay Greenhill, Dr. Bain, James Skinner, Joseph Mills, T. Groves, jun; G. D. Groom, J. C. Morice, R. A. Brooks, C. R. Tatham, Alex. Hogarth, Arthur Davey, W. L. Hooper, Nalder, Charles Stokes, Wire, Dames, Reid, Percival Turner, H. Sheffield, F. H. Lemann, S. Harwood, &c.

The Chairmam, in opening the proceedings of the evening, said he felt much honoured by the compliment they had paid him in placing him in that position. It would not be necessary for him to occupy their time by stating the object for which they had met, as it was perfectly well known to them through the circulars which had been addressed to them. He was proud to see that so large a number of gentlemen had put down their names to aid the committee in the project which had emanated from gentlemen who had the pure love of yachting at heart, and equally proud to say that they would be able to form a healthy and prosperous club without interfering with any other. They must now all consider that it was fairly launched, and they could entertain very little doubt that it would promote the views of all sailing men on the Thames.

Mr. R. S. Wilkinson, the hon. sec., then read the following circulars:—"At a meeting of gentlemen interested in the pursuit of yachting generally, held

at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on Monday, November 25th, John Dunkin Lee, Esq., in the chair, it was proposed by A. J. Otway, Esq., M.P., and seconded by Charles Maret, Esq., and resolved unanimously—"That having regard to the prospect of sport on the Thames, it is desirable that a new society be formed for the purpose of encouraging yacht building and sailing on the river Thames."

Moved by Mr. C. R. Tatham, seconded by Mr. J. H. Johnson, and resolved unanimously—"That the following gentlemen form a committee:—Messrs. J. D. Lee, (chairman) Nettle; E. Baldock, Dudd; G. W. Charlwood, Irene; Richard Dames, Violet; Thos. Groves, jun., Phryne; J. H. Johnson, Audax; E. Johnson, Sinbad; W. Lake, Darent; Charles Maret, Joseph Mills; J. C. Morice, Marina; A. J. Otway, M.P.; W. N. Rudge, Night Thought; Jas. Shoolbred, Coquette; H. F. Smith, Amazon; C. R. Tatham; R. S. Wilkinson. With power to add to their number, five to be a quorum, and that they be requested to take the necessary steps to carry out the object of the foregoing resolution, and obtain the concurrence and assistance of all gentlemen known to be interested in yachting."

Moved by Mr. W. Lake, seconded by Mr. Thomas Groves, jun., and resolved—"That an aggregate meeting be summoned at an early period to receive a report from said committee, and to determine on such further proceedings as may then be deemed necessary."

(Signed) "J. D. LEE, *Chairman.*"

"*Freemasons' Tavern, (Great Queen Street, W.C.)*
London, Dec. 16th, 1867.

"**SIR:**—Referring to my circular of Nov. 25th, as to the formation of a new society for encouraging yacht building and sailing on the Thames, I have the pleasure to inform you that assents have been received from above 130 gentlemen, including owners of 40 yachts, of an aggregate exceeding 2,200 tons. At a meeting of committee held this day, the following resolutions were passed unanimously:—

"1st.—That the society be designated "The New Thames Yacht Club."

"2nd.—That the chief object of the club being the promotion of yachting on the River Thames, and an *expensive establishment not being contemplated*, the entrance fee to the first 200 members be £3. 3s., and to subsequent members £5. 5s.

"3rd.—That the annual subscription be £2. 2s., payable on Jan. 1st, each year in advance.

"4th.—That a sub-committee be formed to frame a set of general rules and regulations for the Club, to be submitted to the members at the first meeting.

"5th.—That a sub-committee be appointed to ascertain what reasonable accommodation can be obtained for the use of the club, and to report thereon at the first meeting.

"The first meeting will be held here at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, Jan. 7th, 1868.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"J. D. LEE."

The names of 116 gentlemen were then read who had applied to be enrolled as members, amongst whom were the owners of 44 yachts, exceeding in the aggregate 2,300 tons, the last of which, as the secretary observes in concluding the list, 'last but not least,' was the owner of the *Phoenix*, with which name the associations of yachting on the Thames are so intimately connected, and on board of which so much genuine hospitality used to be dispensed. Space will not permit us to give the names of the members, but we were struck with the very large proportion of those who for the last 20 or 30, and in some cases 40 years and more, have been the leaders of yachting in the Thames.

After a few remarks from the chairman as to the high prospects of the club, it was proposed by him, and seconded by Mr. Rudge, "that the New Thames Yacht Club be now proclaimed established."

The resolution was carried with unequivocal approbation.

Mr. C. B. Tatham, one of the sub-committee, then read the laws and regulations which had been suggested by himself and colleagues, Messrs. T. Groves, jun., C. Marett, and J. Shoolbred. The meeting he said, could well understand how difficult it was to form rules for a club 'ere it was established. He and his colleagues had drawn those up which he was about to offer for their consideration, with a thorough feeling that they must of necessity be altered as the club progressed. If upon consideration, they were approved of, they could act upon them, and make such additions as the advancement of the club required. He then read the whole of the laws, bye-laws, and sailing regulations suggested, in the course of which it was set forth that club meetings should be held on the first Monday in every month but August, September, and October, and the entrance fee and subscription of members was fixed as per circular, bearing date 25th November.

A vote of thanks having been passed to the sub-committee for the pains they had devoted to the framing of the laws, the following members were appointed as committee, to be increased to 15 at future meetings:—Thos. Groves, jun., J. H. Johnson, J. D. Lee, C. Marett, Jos. Mills, A. J. Otway, M.P., W. N. Rudge, Jas. Shoolbred, C. B. Tatham, and R. S. Wilkinson. A conversation then followed, at the end of which it was resolved that the general scope of the rules as read by Mr. Tatham be adopted, that the sub-committee be requested to further consider them, and, after conferring with the rest of the committee now appointed, that they be printed and submitted to the next monthly meeting on Monday, Feb. 3rd, for confirmation.

It was resolved that the committee receive and lay before the February meeting, further application for enrolment as members, and on it being observed that subscriptions were flowing in freely, and that it was necessary to have some fit person to receive the same, Mr. R. S. Wilkinson was appointed treasurer, and he also consented to continue the duties of hon. secretary until next meeting.

The sub-committee appointed to look for quarters reported that they had made inquiries, and in one instance thought it probable an arrangement might be come to; but as they, until to night, were unable to make any absolute suggestion, it was not desirable now to go into details.

Mr. Wilkinson, in accepting the office of treasurer, observed that as he was not desirous to mix up the Club funds with his own, a banker should be appointed, and on his suggestion Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, and Co., were chosen, it being explained that they had consented to act.

Votes of thanks were then passed to the chairman, hon. secretary, and committee, and the former having responded, declared the meeting adjourned till Monday evening, Feb. 3rd, at eight o'clock, at the same place.

Ranelagh Yacht Club—The meeting on Wednesday, 8th January, was well attended, the business being rather more interesting than usual. For some time past the Club has been without a Commodore, and in consequence was not making that progress its most ardent well wishers desired. The remaining officers, Vice-Com. Pick, Rear Lemann, and Treasurer Lenthall, laboured anxiously to keep it on a proper course, but still felt that without a head their exertions did not produce that which they required. Their late Commodore (Col. Evelyn) knowing what the Club had to contend against kindly induced A. J. Otway, Esq., M.P., to accept the office of Commodore, and we hope that increasing prosperity will henceforth attend the Club.

The worthy treasurer brought forward the balance sheet, which showed £50 and three cups value £24 towards the forthcoming season.

A vote of thanks was passed to Col. Evelyn, for the interest he had taken in the welfare of the Club.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of the above Club was held on Monday evening, January 13th, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Mr. Cecil Long, the Commodore, presiding, faced by Mr. Lowe the Vice. After the annual ball committee had considered and completed their arrangements for that forthcoming event, the minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed, and Mr. P. Turner brought up his statement of accounts for the past half-year. He prefaced it by intimating that there were arrears of subscriptions from the last year, which he hoped would not longer be overlooked by members indebted to the Club, and then pointed out that the executive never sought to keep a heavy balance, but prided themselves on expending their money with a liberal hand in support of the view for which it was contributed—the advancement and encouragement of yachting and yacht sailing. He was happy to announce a fair balance in hand, and when subscriptions were paid the Club would be even in a better position than last year. While unity, friendship, and good feeling such as invariably distinguished that Club prevailed, no apprehension of failure could be entertained, as success was always the happy consequence of such harmony. It was then unanimously resolved that the report as read by the treasurer be received and adopted.

Prince Alfred Yacht Club Regatta.—The annual dinner of this Club took place on Saturday, the 18th ult., at the Royal Marine Hotel, Kingstown, and was well attended by the members and their friends, some thirty sitting down to an excellent dinner, under the presidency of the worthy Commo-

dore, Mr. Fielding Scovell, Mr. G. B. Thompson, Rear-commodore, occupying the vice-chair.

When the cloth was withdrawn the chairman gave the usual loyal toasts, after which the Rear-commodore gave the health of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, patron of the Club, and in so doing could congratulate so practical a Club in having so practical a seaman at their head. H. R. H. was no mere holiday sailor (he meant no disrespect to yachtsmen), but one who early took his regular turn of duty in different parts of the world, and was now entrusted with the command of one of the finest frigates in the navy, and to judge from the illustration published a few weeks ago, of H. M. S. *Galatea*, in a cyclone, he had already been placed in situations which demanded a cool and daring seaman, and one capable of performing the duty of a skilful commander. He also reminded the Club of the unsolicited kindness of H. R. H. in sending a prize to be sailed for on each of the years since he had accepted the office of its patron: and he called on them to drink the toast with the warmth due to Prince Alfred's royal birth as well as his truly sailor-like qualities—a request which, we need hardly say, was implicitly obeyed.

Mr. Isaac Williams, rose and said, that on the principle of a fair division of labour, he had undertaken to propose the next toast on the list, viz., "The Yacht Clubs of the United Kingdom." He said the P. A. Y. C. when started, or rather grown out of the Irish Model Yacht Club had been regarded with some jealousy by its two elder sisters, established on the Bay of Dublin; as likely to compete with them; but this feeling, he was happy to say, had subsided, and it was on the best of terms with them and all the rest of the happy family of brothers and sisters throughout both islands whenever they met them. All their flag officers were honorary members, and they would be only too glad to see any of them avail themselves of the privilege by entering and steering a yacht for and carrying off a prize. This toast was humourously acknowledged by Mr. H. Dudgeon, of the Royal Irish Yacht Club, who caused much laughter by some details of his experiences, and those of his amateur friends on board his vessel, in the Channel race from Holyhead to Kingstown last May.

"The strangers who have honoured the Club with their company to-night" was then given by the Rear-commodore, and coupled with the name of Sir Domenic Corrigan, Bart., who on rising to respond said he could hardly be fairly called a stranger, as he believed he knew nearly every man in the room, and had always taken the warmest interest in the welfare of the Club; and therefore, before sitting down, would, with the permission of the chairman, propose the health of the "P. A. Y. C., and its worthy Commodore." This having been duly honoured and responded to, numerous other toasts followed, amongst them "The prize winners of last season," "The Rear-commodore," and "The hon. Secretary and his deputy on that occasion, W. J. Corrigan, Esq.," who apologised for Mr. Lyle's absence, he having had a severe fall in the previous week, and been forbidden by his surgeon to venture out.

The Rear-commodore on rising said, that, before they separated he wished to lay before them a proposition which he thought would be of use to the Club. They had commenced last season's racing on the day kept as a holiday in honour of Her Most Gracious Majesty, by a novel sort of match, viz., the collecting of a fleet of vessels belonging to the members at Holyhead, and sailing back to Kingstown; a race in which ten vessels started, and he himself, although the smallest in point of tonnage had the good fortune to secure the handsome silver-gilt goblet presented by Mr. R. Batt. This race was an experiment, and out of the regular circle of the club matches; but he thought novelty a good thing, and had cast about for another sensation article to enable the Club to enjoy this year's anniversary of the same auspicious event in their favourite pastime; and he, therefore proposed to present a cup, open to all vessels belonging to members of the Club, under its rules and sailing regulations, with but two alterations: first, that the match should be a purely amateur one, and no person except those qualified under its rules, viz., "members of the club or a royal or recognised yachting club, the sons of such members, or officers on the full pay of Her Majesty's fleet," should be on board any contending vessel; secondly, that should even only one yacht enter, she should be entitled to sail over the course on the day prescribed and obtain the trophy. The proposition having been most warmly received, he went on to say that such a match, although it had taken place several times on the Thames, as far back as the days of the *Mystery* and *Blue Bell*, and latterly for prizes given by the Royal London Yacht Club, had never been attempted in these waters to his knowledge. The nearest approach having been '54 and '56, when the Royal Western of Ireland gave prizes for Corinthian matches—won by *Cymba*, *Syren*, and *Mosquito*; but in each vessel a skipper and pilot were allowed, no doubt as phrased by the loafers on the shore, and all the boatmen and sailors in the harbour to "look after the swells and bring 'em home." He thought that the time had now come when they might, with their several seasons' experience, under their present rules, which only allow a limited number of paid hands, try the expedient of a purely amateur match. There were many names on the Club list perfectly capable of handling a clipper, especially of the second or third classes; and their bay was second to none for its freedom from all dangers either above or below water, and he thought such a race would be great fun, and a good test of the owners' abilities, as well as their boats. All other details he left to the Sailing Committee, and could be promulgated with the prize sheet at their first general meeting, on the 4th day of May; but he hoped that the fact of such match being in contemplation would go out amongst the members at once, so that there should be no delay in fitting out, or forming crews; and that he should have the pleasure of seeing on the 24th May the *Enid*, *Snipe*, *Torpid*, *Kilmeny*, *Echo*, *Venture*, *Xema*, *Aquiline*, *Amber Witch*, *Secret*, *Syren*, *Wave-crest*, *Alexandra*, with many others contending for his gift. Great applause followed the Rear-commodore's speech, and all seemed to agree that the Corinthian match of 1868 in Dublin Bay would be quite a feature in the

yacht racing of the year. A vote of thanks was then moved to the chairman, and the meeting separated.

Royal London Yacht Club.—The annual meeting was held at the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi, 20th January, for the election of officers, and alteration of some of the rules,—Mr. T. Broadwood was appointed Chairman, who proposed the re-election of the Commodore (Mr. A. Arcedeckne), which being seconded by Mr. S. F. Oriel, was universally and enthusiastically carried. This was followed by the re-election of Mr. Charlwood as Rear-Commodore; Mr. Eagle, Treasurer; Mr. A. Crosley, Cup-bearer; Mr. Gregory, Secretary; Messrs. E. Crosley, O. D. Osborne, and S. F. Oriel, Auditors; Messrs. J. F. Delany, G. Haines, and G. Ridgway, Measurers. Sailing Committee elected in addition to flag-officers, treasurer and cup-bearer, were Messrs. C. Borras, E. S. Bulmer, J. F. Delany, T. Field, T. Groves, jun., G. Haines, E. Johnson, T. S. Talfourd, and C. Tatham.

Mr. Charlwood on behalf of the Sailing Committee brought forward in a very able and lucid speech several alterations in the laws—some of which were of a trifling tho' perhaps, of necessary character; but of one which more immediately concerned all yacht owners, he said that he now proceeded to that part of his subject upon which there might be very great discussion, and he ventured to repeat his hope that the alterations he was about to bring before them might be fairly entered into and fully discussed. It was the object of the committee that that should become law which would best serve their interests and those of yachting; and while, therefore, the committee believed that the suggestions they had made would benefit the Club, they were open to conviction from other yacht owners and influential men, and courted the fullest inquiry, hoping that no member present might sit silent in that room, and then when the measure to which he was opposed had become law suddenly discover many arguments against it, and burden the public press with useless letters upon the subject. The suggested alterations in the sailing regulations were as under :—

1-9.—That in all matches of this Club the following sails only shall be set :—*Cutters*—Mainsail, topsail (the yard of which shall not exceed in length the height of the cross-trees from the deck, nor be set with a jack-yard), jib, foresail and squaresail, and that the yard for the squaresail shall not exceed in length the height of the mast head from the deck, nor shall the sail be set above the cross-trees.—*Yaws*—Same as Cutters, with the addition of a mizen.—*Schooners*—Mainsail, foresail, one or two fore-staysails, jib, main and fore gaff topsail, square topsail, and squaresail, to which the same restrictions as to lengths of yards and hoist of sail, as in Cutters, shall apply.

New.—That every yacht above 30 tons engaged in a match shall carry a boat at least 12 feet in length.

Mr. T. Broadwood rose, and as the owner of a racing schooner said he took the earliest opportunity of objecting in the most decided manner to the whole of the suggested alteration in 1-9. In saying this he paid every deference to the wishes of Mr. Charlwood and the body he represented, and he

was sure that the suggested alterations had engaged much of their time and attention, and that they were dictated by the very best desire on the part of the committee to serve the interests of yachting; but although he for one would be glad to see no more of the enormous ballooners they had seen during 1867, so sweeping a reform as that contemplated by the Club would be most detrimental to the interests of yachting; for if they were going to stop a large schooner carrying balloon yards and spread yards, they might as well say she should not sail in the Thames at all. He did not know how the suggested alteration would affect cutters, but he was the owner of a racing schooner, and he spoke for schooners. Now the legislation contemplated limiting the length of the topsail yard by the height of the cross-trees from the deck. This would not give him more than nine feet at the outside for his spread yard, and on such terms where on earth, he would ask, was a sea-going schooner to get a chance of winning a match against river craft? He would put the matter in another way, which would give them a better idea of the injustice that would be wrought by such a measure. One of their matches took place, for instance in July. With a fresh breeze they would run down well enough to the Nore Light, which he would suppose they had to round. Then with a bit of tide against them they had to make up again with the wind failing them in the middle of a sultry summer day. With the high banks of the Thames shutting out the wind he was at a loss to know how he was to get up at all if his canvas was to be brought within the limits prescribed, and he was not to use a jack yard. What would be the use under such circumstances as he mentioned of his setting a 60-foot topsail yard where he wanted a 95-footer? The committee's motion, if he understood Mr. Charlwood rightly, was that if their plan was adopted they would bring in a number of sea-going craft. Now he had a complete answer to his argument, for the fact was, that sea-going vessels were the very craft which would be excluded. The greater the height of the mast the greater would be the length of the yard a vessel could carry, and so, in an inverse ratio, the Marina and other yachts which had their masts reduced would be placed completely in the power of river craft, because they, the very vessels which required greater height of canvas, were only allowed to set a yard as long as their mast up to the cross-trees. Such a regulation, he contended, if it brought in certain yachts, would shut out such as he had just mentioned, which under no circumstance could meet more crank vessels on an equality. It gave one a great advantage in the Thames to set the upper canvas as high as possible, so as to catch the first wind over the land in light airs, and the crank ship would now have a great advantage over the sea-going vessel. Apart also from the objection which there always was to putting a limitation on any kind of sport, he considered, as an old sailor, that it was utterly useless endeavouring to stop a man winning a prize when he had put his whole heart and soul into winning it. The only rule of the sort that could possibly meet the objections raised by the Sailing Committee was, "Let every man carry what he likes, and do his very best, and retribution must come some day in an ugly shape." The very abuse would work

its own remedy, but let them not attempt to tie a man down so that he had no chance, or they would produce a greater evil than the one they sought to remove.

A lengthened discussion ensued and the subject was adjourned until the February meeting.

Editor's Locker.

TONNAGE MEASUREMENT.

Colchester, Jan. 17th, 1868.

MR. EDITOR.—I have just read C. E. S's admirable letter in your January number. His arguments for taking a yacht's depth into the calculation of her tonnage seems to me most clear and unanswerable. Would it not however, be preferable to take a vessel's greatest draft for the purpose of measurement, instead of her greatest depth from covering-board to keel? Would not the loadwater-line, which must be straight and horizontal, make a better base to measure from, than the curve of the plank-sheer.

A yacht's greatest depth is not necessarily in the same straight line with her greatest draft; and if the greatest depth for measurement were taken from the covering-board, it would become a great object with racing yachtsmen to diminish the freeboard of their vessels (already too low) as much as possible, and might engender a faulty class of tonnage-cheaters, with decks arched to an extravagant extent, no freeboard, and any amount of sheer.

If, as I have ventured to suggest, a vessel's draft were taken to represent part of her tonnage; the yacht might be measured in *bona fide* racing trim by the club to which she belongs, and a certificate of her tonnage handed to her owner. In cases of protest she might be easily measured afloat, in smooth water, by means of a long angle-iron weighted at the apex and hung perpendicularly over the side, so that the lower arm should pass under the keel.

Hoping that some other of your many correspondents may think the subject worthy of their attention.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

TACK-TACKLE.

WIRE RIGGING.

January 12th, 1868.

DEAR SIR.—Will any of your correspondents or subscribers kindly give me the benefit of their experience of "wire rigging" for yachts of 100 tons and upwards, viz., in what respect, if in any, it is preferable to rope rigging, either on home or foreign stations.

Faithfully yours,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Notice to Correspondents.—"HARK AWAY," "ROCK SCORPION," "C. E. S.," "A FEW HOURS IN CORSICA" received.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1st, 1868.

YACHTING. IN NORTHERN WATERS OF SCOTLAND.*

OBAN is to the yachtsman, an Oasis—after having been buffeted about, when rounding the Mull of Cantyre, or during a cruise round Skye, or farther north. He may, there find a safe refuge, and procure supplies of the ordinary comforts of life. There he may receive and despatch letters, or in cases of urgency may communicate by telegram. Or, it may be a rendezvous for friends joining yachting parties. The importance of Oban as a yachting station is yearly increasing, and, even now it is not an unusual thing to see, during the season, the bay crowded with yachts from all parts, bound to, or returning from the north. A large increase may be expected, when the railway to Oban now in progress is completed, and yachtsmen may be able to reach there from London in a few hours.

To many yacht owners whose time is limited, but whose pecuniary means are ample, that rapid mode of travelling may be a great boon, and we may look forward to a day not far distant, when Oban may become a grand centre for yachting operations; and, probably for something of far greater importance in connection with commercial interests and shipping. Within twenty-four hours after leaving the south of England, the yachtsman might be enjoying the beautiful scenery, and inhaling the invigorating air of the north of Scotland—when the whole distance may be travelled by rail. Oban is rapidly extending, and, ere long, increased accommodation for visitors may probably be provided, adapted to the requirements of families of distinction, who may be

*Concluded from page 58.

induced to reside there, during the summer season, and partake of the pleasures of yachting, amidst scenery which has no equal for wild natural beauty in any part of Europe. During the season, families could make excursions by land, to inland scenes of extraordinary interest, or could visit Staffa, and Iona, and other places equally attractive, in steamers, and return to Oban the same day. Paterfamilias might leave his yacht and family at Oban, and take a run by rail up to London for a few days, distance being only a few hundred miles, which, in this age of travelling would be no more thought of, than a journey from London to Brighton was formerly. There are several comfortable hotels, at one of which, the Great Western, parties may live *à la Prince*; and few private residences of nobility could exceed the elegance of its furnishings, or, the comforts therein provided. Having visited Oban during ten successive yachting seasons, the writer is enabled to say, that yachtsmen would find Oban tradesmen civil, honest, and obliging.

We chose to anchor in Ardentrive Bay—Island of Kerrera, as on former occasions, still adhering to our opinion of its superior security, and other advantages; not that there are not some disadvantages, as compared with Oban Bay, to which we should give the preference, if only making a passing visit. There is certainly more to be seen in the bay; steamers and other vessels arriving and departing, give life and interest to the scene. On one occasion, when anchored near to the pier, we witnessed an amusing scene. A number of boys, and girls, were watching a smack, which was preparing to leave, and at the moment she cleared away from the pier they all commenced bah-ha-ing in imitation of goats, which appeared to rile the people in the smack greatly. On enquiry, we learned that whenever any of the inhabitants of the Island of Lismore, land or depart, a crowd of mischievous young Obanites, congregate upon the pier, and give them a grand salute—a sort of goats chorus. The reason assigned for which is, that the Lismore people have a remarkable quality of voice and accent, which, when conversing in Gaelic, is said to resemble the cry of goats, of which there are many on the island, from which circumstance, it is supposed they may have acquired that peculiarity. It is a well known fact, that shepherds, in the Highlands, who seldom hear human voices acquire a tone, and manner of speaking, which resembles the bah-ha-ing of sheep.

Lismore Island is considered to be very productive, and the natives bring butter, eggs, poultry, and vegetables to Oban for sale occasionally, by means of the smack, the passengers of which, were so rudely treated. The word "Lismore" signifies "Great Garden,"—derived no doubt, from the circumstance of its being very fertile.

Left Oban on 23rd August, weather beautifully bright, not a cloud to be seen—and wind very light, consequently our progress was very slow. When we reached the entrance to Sound of Mull, tide had turned, and was running fast, and wind having fallen off we commenced to drift. With each puff of air we advanced a little, but as they died away the yacht drifted back again, each retrogression taking us farther backwards.

Our movements reminded us of an arithmetical problem propounded at school, in our younger days, to test the wits of the boys;—supposing a snail to creep up a wall a stated height each night, and that it descended the following morning to the starting point, what number of days would the snail require to get to the top, the height of the wall being twenty feet? The “happy thought” struck one of the boys, who was smarter than the rest, that the snail might never accomplish the ascent—under such circumstances. We felt equally puzzled to know when we might arrive at Duart Bay. After many retrogressions we found ourselves at the entrance of Loch Don, night setting in fast, and a Scotch mist rolling from land—after which we could not see many yards before us. When tide commenced to flow, the yacht commenced to drift in the direction we desired, but seeing there was only a distant chance of reaching our destination, in any reasonable time, a boat was manned, and after some hard towing the yacht entered Duart Bay in pitchy darkness.

Without having any precise notions as to our position in the Loch, by constant soundings, we contrived to drop anchor in or about the best holding ground, on the north side, opposite to the boat-house—which fact we discovered when daylight appeared. A breeze sprang up during the night, and we lifted anchor about eight o'clock in the morning. Tide was with us, wind free, and enough of it, and we rattled away at steamboat speed. The steamer “Mountaineer” was only a few miles behind, when we left Duart Bay, and the yacht maintained her advanced position until near Aros Castle, nearly at the head of the Sound, when wind fell off considerably, and the steamer went ahead. The yacht however, was not much behind, as the steamer was only coming out of Tobermorey as she entered, having made the run in one hour and-a-half. There we engaged a pilot to accompany us up Loch Sunart, our skipper being unacquainted with it. The pilot informed us he had served under Captain Otter, when surveying the Loch; that the navigation of it was perfectly safe to any one acquainted with it, and that, no part was there more than five miles without a harbour, in which we might safely anchor.

During the night, wind increased to a gale, with a heavy down pour of rain, but the following morning was fine and bright. During the day, there was an accession of yachts in the bay, amounting to six. In the evening, we received an invitation from a clergyman of the Church of England, to attend Divine Service the following day, being Sabbath, on board the yawl *Wizard* hailing from Portsmouth. The messenger who brought the invitation, was a little facetious about the climate, and the weather they had experienced, during the voyage of the *Wizard*,—alluding to the quantity of rain which had fallen, he said—with a true cockney accent, that “Highlanders ought to come into the world provided with oiled-skins, to be able to endure such a climate.”

At the time appointed, a considerable party from the various yachts assembled on board the “*Wizard*,” when the services of the Church of England, were impressively read, and a suitable sermon was delivered by the clergyman in full canonicals.

None of the yachts lifted their anchor during the day. It is creditable to yachtsmen in general, that they—unless in exceptional cases—becomingly observe the sabbath, when at anchor during a cruise. In what more suitable place could the services of religion be performed than on deck, on a fine calm Sabbath day, amidst scenery which testifies so forcibly, to the Almighty Power which created it!—at what moment could we give utterance to the word—“The sea is his, and he made it—his hands prepared the dry land,” with equal sincerity, and religious feeling!—or be more ready to sing—“O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord, praise Him, and magnify Him—for ever.”

On Monday morning early, two of the yachts were away, and others followed shortly after, all bound for Loch Scavaig, and the north. During the day, we were amused with witnessing the shipment of cattle into open boats bound for the Islands of Tiree and Coll, some of which were purchases made at a recent fair at Tobermorey, others were being reconveyed to the Islands, purchasers not having been found for them. It was late in the day when they cleared out, weather dark and threatening, and it is probable some of the fair-folks who were returning, full of life and fun, might find the voyage one to try their nerves, and disturb their stomachs—the sea betwixt Ardnamurchan and Tiree being very wild, even in moderate weather, to which Boswell testifies, in his description of Dr. Johnson's visit to Coll, in an open boat.

All preparations being made we left Tobermorey, on the following day, bound for Loch Sunart, wind W.S.W. and although plenty of it, being free all the way, we had none too much of it. We reached Strontian, at the head of the Loch, after a delightful sail of three hours,

twenty-five miles from Tobermorey. The scenery presented to the eye *en route* was beautiful, and our admiration was greatly enhanced by its novelty, not having been previously visited by any of the party—but will reserve further particulars of it, until describing our return voyage.

The head of the Loch, as is generally the case in others is very tame. We found good anchorage, but it appeared to us rather exposed and squally. We tried the fishings but were unsuccessful, there having been heavy falls of rain recently, and a spate which had caused the waters to be very muddy, only a few herrings and mackerel were taken. Several native boats were equally unfortunate—they however, informed us good fishing was to be met with in favorable weather. Weather being very unsettled, and wind ahead, we remained at anchor two days. Strontian is situated in Ardnamurchan parish, is fourteen miles from Corran-ferry, and twenty-two from Fort William, by the road—so says a milestone on shore.

We weighed anchor on 29th August at 8 a.m., wind light, and a sort of Scotch mist. About one hour after starting we reached the narrows, betwixt the Landles and Island Mor, where the tide runs with exceeding rapidity, the whole force of it being contracted into a Channel not exceeding one-tenth of a mile, or about 170 yards—and is, consequently unnavigable, except when going through with a stiff and fair breeze, or wind and tide be favorable. The scenery at the Landle narrows, is probably, the most beautiful to be seen in Loch Sunart, and would have been better appreciated by us had not the Scotch mist turned to a thick drizzling rain, accompanied with a strong head wind, to which it had by that time changed. About one mile beyond the narrows, we passed a small island on the port side, where good anchorage is marked on the Admiralty chart. There are many others also very good, so we were informed by our pilot, which are not marked in the charts. As we proceeded, weather became very dirty, and as our object in visiting the Loch was to see it, we put into Salen Bay, eight miles from Strontian; very little tide runs at Salen, and the bay is perfectly sheltered, and very picturesque. At the head is a comfortable inn, at which our pilot passed the night—having met with friends with whom he had a carouse. He being a repertory of gælic songs, and anecdotes, they saturated him with toddy; and kept up the amusement “till daylight in the morning,” of which, however, he was oblivious, and when required on board, was *non est inventus*. A search was made for him by a party sent ashore for that purpose, and in about one hour he was seen to approach, betwixt the two scouts—who carefully steadied his movements, and kept him in a direct course, or, from the frequent short tacks he

would otherwise have had to make, we might have been detained longer than agreeable. He was helped on board, and placed forward in a snug position—where he could sit steadily and see well before him. It was soon observed that he recognized every object, and knew exactly the position of the yacht from sheer habit. When the skipper required instructions, he hesitated, and then enquired “are we going up or down the Loch?” When on being informed, he at once gave him a perfectly correct reply—which we were able to test by the Admiralty chart, which during the time we were sailing lay open on the cabin table, of which the pilot was unaware. It is only justice to him to say, that his knowledge of the Loch was perfect, and his pilotage in every way satisfactory, the *faux pas* at Salen excepted, in which he was however, more sinned against than sinning,—the parties who plied him so freely with whiskey, having done so regardless of everything but their own amusement. We found him very civil, respectable and respectful. We cleared out of Salen about ten next morning, wind W.S.W. cloudy, and signs of rain. Wind being ahead we had to beat up, and after seven tacks, during three hours we made Dun Gillean, eleven miles from the head of the Loch, where remains of an ancient castle of the Clan Cameron are visible, and near to it are rocks covered three feet at high water. Passing Larga Bay, and proceeding inwards one mile, is Island of Charna—on the starboard side of which is a passage into a bay of some extent, and an arm of the Loch, which it is not practicable to enter with a yacht.

Betwixt Salen Bay, and Strontian, there is on the shore a huge affair resembling a Noah's Ark, which it appears, was formerly anchored about one hundred yards from shore, but was driven to where it now is, by a very high tide, and a great gale of wind, where it may probably remain until time reduces it to decay, or it becomes unserviceable for the purposes of religion. To get it afloat again would be attended with considerable expense. It is fitted up with pews, and the usual accommodations for worshipping; and has a gallery. It was built at Port Glasgow, and is constructed with iron, at a cost to the Free Church of £1500. The former landed proprietor of the locality, refused to grant a site for erecting a place of worship for that sect, to overcome which difficulty, the floating “Ark” was built, and moored on the water. The tide left it considerably out of perpendicularity, and when inside, it would be easy to imagine that the Church was afloat, and leaning over on the starboard tack. The “Free Church,” everywhere in the Highlands, greatly predominates. The present proprietor does not object to a Free Church, and probably 'ere long one may be erected. A manse is

already secured for the minister. There are many sheep raised in the locality, and we learned that sheep farmers have suffered greatly from the depreciation in their market value. One who entered upon a farm a few miles from the head of the Loch, a year previously, and took a large stock of sheep at a valuation, being under the necessity to sell off a considerable number, to enable him to meet his engagements, they did not when sold, realize more than half the valuation, and he was minus about £1000, and nearly ruined—sheep which had been valued to him at at £1. 17s. 6d. having brought in the market to which he sent them, under £1. each. At same time in England, the same high prices ruled, as when the farmer obtained nearly double that sum. Well might *Paterfamilias* rush into print in the "*Times*!"

Sportsmen and anglers staying at Salen Inn, have permission to fish in Loch Shiel, about three miles from it, on which are boats for their accommodation, so the pilot told us, and he seemed to be well informed concerning the various places on Loch Sunart.

After passing Charna Island, we approached Risga Island; opposite on the port side, is a bay in which is safe anchorage. On our passage upwards, the yacht's course was betwixt Island of Risga and another small Island—the Channel being not more than half-a-mile wide, wind was then fair, but being now adverse, it was decided by our pilot to take the outside of Risga, although there are several sunken rocks in the course, and the pilot, who was by that time in a less muzzy state, was quite equal to direct the yacht and keep her clear of them. Risga Island is thirteen miles from the head of the Loch, passing which is Glen Borodale, in the locality of which is a small modern residence, This, we were informed, was a few years ago, occupied by a noble Duke, during a shooting season, for which, he is said to have paid as many hundreds of pounds sterling, as he had killed units of grouse, which may, probably, be only one of the *canards* usually told to amuse travellers. The Duke's case might possibly have suggested, the sportsman described in "*Punch*," recently—it is, at least parallel to it—who after an unsuccessful day's sport, or what may be more correctly said, after a day's toil in seeking it, when sat on the heather, ruminating upon his disappointment, and the cost of it, said to his Gillie, who was near to him, "every grouse I kill costs me at least a pound note," which assertion took the Gillie aback, whereupon he said—"I wonder ye hae kilt sae many then!"

Proceeding onwards we passed Glenmore Bay, where there is very good anchorage, sheltered by Eilean Mor. On the opposite side of the Loch is Isle Oransay; and, behind it is Loch Drunmanbeg, which is

entered at west end of it, where there is also good anchorage. Off the west end of the Island are sunken rocks, about a cable's length from shore. Passed Camas Ban, or white bay a mile onward. A little further are two small islands, near to each of which, are several small sunken rocks, to which our pilot gave a wide berth ; in doing so, we neared the opposite shore, where there is an eddy, which required attention.

Looking up the Loch from this point, the grandest view of any in the Loch is presented to the eye. Two miles ahead, we approached "red rocks," and the Big and Little Stirk, which we passed on the star-board side, near enough to make observations upon them, and we concluded they might prove ugly customers in bad weather, and especially so in a dark night. They are in the direct course from Tobermorey Bay to Loch Sunart. We dropped anchor about noon, in Tobermorey Bay well pleased with our visit to Loch Sunart, with which we hope to improve our acquaintance at a future day. Tobermorey has been much improved during the past two years—a new pier having been erected, at which steamboats, and vessels of considerable tonnage can be accommodated. Several villas are now prominent objects on the higher parts, and the whole town appears to be in a thriving condition. Lobsters are taken in the locality in considerable quantities, and may be procured direct from the cages, at reasonable prices ; we can speak to their superior quality from experience.

We left Tobermorey on the morning of the 30th August, with a head wind and very light, weather very dull. Rain came on soon after leaving and continued during the whole day. We arrived off Dog Castle about seven p.m., having drifted there. We would not have proceeded further, if the anchorage had been safe, which we doubted, tide being with us we decided to try for Fishnish Bay on the Mull shore, which after about two hours of hard towing was reached about nine p.m. Fishnish Bay being strange to us, we had to work or rather grope our way in by chart, and made it successfully.

A cutter yacht which left Tobermorey a few hours before our departure, was already anchored there, but was invisible to us until about a cable's length from it, when, having heard our soundings she put up a light, which was a great relief to us, and we dropped anchor near to her.

Fishnish Bay is the best anchorage we have met with on the Sound of Mull, excepting Tobermorey. There is plenty of room to get in and out, in all practicable weather. It is only exposed to the north and north-east, and with those winds no heavy sea could rise or drive into it.

Ground is good, and where we anchored, about one hundred and fifty yards from shore, we had ten fathoms, shoaling gradually up shorewards, therefore, in case of dragging with northerly gales, it would be uphill work for the anchor. When entering Fishnish Bay, we found by keeping the Tobermorey Light covered by Dog Castle, the yacht kept well away from shore. When the anchor was let go, and the required length of cable had run out, the light became visible, which was noted down in the log, as a sure guide, under similar circumstances, and a proof of the correctness of the chart. Left Fishnish Bay at the top of the tide, wind light, but free. On nearing Duart Castle, our progress had been so slow it was only one hour from turn of tide, and were becalmed, with every prospect of having to pass a night, once more in Duart Bay. Suddenly a smart breeze sprang up, and we went along merrily; and shortly after the yacht was leaning over to the second plank. The run from Lismore lighthouse to the Beacon, in north entrance to Oban Bay was performed in thirty minutes—having had some refreshing shower-baths on the way.

We met with many yachts during our cruise, on board which were ladies as well as gentlemen; in fact few of the larger yachts, now-a-days, cruise without them. Now ladies having taken so extensively to yachting, we may expect them to take a prominent part in yachting affairs. The skipper of a yacht we met with during our cruises, when asked by ours, where bound?—replied he did not know, that the ladies gave all orders, and it was uncertain when he might receive them—much depended on weather, and as there were no gentlemen on board, they were in no hurry. On enquiring we learned that the yacht had already, made an extensive cruise, and was last from Ireland. When ladies take to something, they generally go at it *con amore*, and with their fair example yachting cannot fail to become a favorite amusement.

We left Oban Bay, after staying there a few days to replenish stores, and to communicate with friends, bound for a cruise up Loch Linnhe. We had a leading wind, and although our progress was slow, it was very pleasant.

When near to Airds, wind fell off, and our getting through the narrows, was a good exercise for patience. Soon after having passed through them, a light wind got up, and about nine p.m., we dropped anchor in Inverscardale Bay, Loch Aher. The close of the day was calm, and beautiful, and we passed the night comfortably. It is by no means a desirable anchorage except in good weather; and there would be some risk in entering, if attempted on a dark night, there being a shoal at the upper part, and a sudden deepening near to it; also a

dangerous rock, which was, some years ago, the scene of a fatal steamboat accident. The bay is considered to be good fishing ground, but we did not try it. A singular fact was observable where we anchored ; in all states of the tides the stream flows downwards towards the narrows, which may probably be accounted for in this manner ; when the tide is moving upwards, towards Fort William, it comes in contact with a projecting point of land, on the side opposite to Inverscarsdale Bay, thereby causing an eddy to run into it. When the tide is returning from Fort William, there is no eddy in Inverscarsdale Bay, but the tide runs through it with its natural force. Whether this supposition be correct or not, it is nevertheless, a fact, that the stream runs constantly, in the same direction,—but with this difference, that it is considerably weaker, when the tide is flowing upwards towards Fort William.

A smart breeze having sprung up, we weighed anchor, having decided to attempt to bore the tide, and about noon, left Inverscarsdale Bay. After a very pleasant sail of about an hour, dropped anchor in Camas-na-gal—or bay of the Stranger—preferring it to Fort William, being well sheltered, and good holding ground. One of our party sent home a rhyming description of it, which may serve our present purpose, of which we avail ourselves, with permission.

“ We could not be snugger than here,
From gales, there is nothing to fear.
Ben Nevis we greatly admire,—
It's presence the eye could not tire ;
It's grandeur is thrilling to view,
Though seen through grey mist, or through dew—
With barely perceptible form—
In sunshine, in calm, or in storm.
It's aspect, from all points, is grand,
The work of an All—mighty hand.
We see every ship, and each boat,
As inward, or outward they float.
The natives bring butter and eggs,
And poultry, with long bony legs—
And ducklings, as scanty of flesh ;
Some bring to us herrings quite fresh.
Dabs, whittings, and flounders we catch,
So fine, none elsewhere could them match.
Myself—and 'tis true what I say—
Have hook'd more than forty, this day ;
The crew made the number still more—
The total exceeded four score !
We, sometimes, catch beautiful bream,—
Like huge, monster goldfish, they seem ;

Jerusalem haddocks, here, called,
In dozens they daily are hauled;
Boiled—roasted—in fillets—or fried,
Or, salted, and smoked, and then dried,
No sensible fellow would snub,—
The crew think them excellent grub:
Of fish, flesh, and poultry we dine—
Our drink is good ale, or good wine;
Pure milk too, we get from ashore,
What gourmand could wish to have more."

Left Fort William about noon on 8th September, wind adverse, and very light, but soon after starting, increased to a stiff breeze. When off Shuna Island, thinking the chance of reaching Oban before dark improbable, we decided to run into Shuna Bay, or harbour, where we passed the night, and found it a very desirable anchorage, having good holding ground, and being perfectly sheltered from all winds excepting N.E., in which direction there is only a moderate sea-reach. The position of our anchorage, was about the middle of the bay, in about ten fathoms, keeping open "Appin House," and bringing the plantation at the head of the bay, into one with Castle Stalker. We were much pleased with the scenery around us.

There is—in Shuna Sound,—another anchorage which is often resorted to by trading and fishing vessels, being easy of ingress and egress in all states of the tide, and in most winds. It was there Captain Bedford rode out the great gale of October 1859, remembered as the Royal Charter gale, whilst surveying in the "Ring-dove." We preferred, however, the anchorage we had selected for many good reasons. There is not sufficient depth in the Sound for any, excepting very small yachts to pass through it; fishing boats often do so, when bound for Oban. The nearest post-office is about one mile distant from Shuna, at which place ordinary stores are procureable.

Left Shuna on the following day, with a stiff head wind—weather fine, and had a pleasant and rapid passage to Oban, where we met with a considerable number of yachts, and many friends. There we received news of the wreck of the yacht "Tarna," and the sad fate of the owner, his wife, child, and nurse,—also of the loss of a smaller yacht, by being run down in the Clyde, and the owner drowned.

Greatly as we deplored these disasters, we could not ignore the apparent absence of precaution in both cases. It is a remarkable coincidence that both owners were military men—and that both were, it is said, premonished of the danger of taking those steps, which proved fatal to themselves. During our stay in Oban Bay, we made land excursions

with friends ashore, one of which was to Loch Nell, about six miles from Oban, on the road to Adrishag, but did not find it as interesting as we were led to expect. The scenery in the direction of Loch Etive is very much superior. Whilst in Oban Bay, the yacht "Fyne," belonging to the young Laird of Ardkinglas, on Loch Fyne—anchored alongside; a schooner in miniature—probably about ten tons—and got up with good taste. She was built and fitted out on the policies of Ardkinglas, and under the directions of the owner, from whom we had the pleasure of receiving a visit on board, accompanied by his piper, Cameron, a celebrated performer on that instrument, and had recently, gained the gold medal contended for at the Highland games in Glasgow. The young Laird presented himself attired in full Highland costume, which became him admirably. The piper, a really good looking fellow, was also in kilts, and when he paced the deck, pipe in hand, seemed as much delighted as his audience, and strutted with the dignity of a peacock. Those who have never heard bagpipes played upon by such a skilful performer, could form no correct idea of the beautiful music which it is possible may be brought out of that instrument.

After exchanging hospitalities with our friends, during the few days we remained at Oban, we left that place for Crinan with a very light wind, and reached Dorus Mor just in time to save the tide. Our skipper who has had much experience in navigating betwixt Oban and Crinan, has always found it the safest plan to leave Oban at half ebb in order, if possible to be near to Easdale Island, about the turn of flood tide, by which calculation he made it almost a certainty that he might arrive at Dorus Mor in ample time to go through to Crinan. Had he delayed on that occasion to weigh anchor until flood-tide set in, as is frequently done by yachtsmen, we should have been too late to get through—as far as tide is concerned. By following the skipper's plan, there is something to come, and go upon, in case of being becalmed, or meeting with heavy head winds.

When at Crinan, weather appearing very threatening, we decided to take the yacht through the Canal, having previously ascertained the practicability of doing so, drawing only 8 feet 6 inches forward, and 11 feet aft. When she was trimmed for the occasion she drew 8 feet only, equally on the keel, which made all right as to depth, and there was something to spare as regards length of the lock, after the jib-boom was taken in. A number of "Fenders" having been prepared, and other necessary precautions being made, we entered the Sea-lock about five a.m., tide serving at that hour. Several vessels which left Bay of Crinan in the evening, intending to go round the Mull of Can-

tyre, were, during the night, driven back by a heavy gale ; seeing which we congratulated ourselves on having decided to try the Canal. The yacht was towed by two horses, and kept up at a good pace, and the locks were passed successfully, without the slightest damage. The yacht's length is 64 feet over all—beam 10 feet 9 inches—and the lock-keepers informed us she was the largest which they recollect to have passed through the Canal ; she grazed the keel slightly, more than once, and, if there had not been an unusual fall of rain just previously, we might not have got through so easily, nor so pleasantly. The day following our arrival at the Sea-lock, Ardrishaig, being Sunday, no traffic was permitted, and we were, consequently, detained until Monday. When we got fairly out of it, into Loch Gilp, we were met with a heavy gale and squalls ; and seeing that if we attempted to pursue our intended course, we would have to face it—we put about, and made for Loch Gair once more. The jib-boom which had been taken in before entering the Canal locks, had not been replaced, and we entered Loch Gair almost under bare poles. The gale continued during greater part of the night, but on the morning, a change came o'er the scene—sky being cloudless, barometer had rapidly risen half an inch, and was then rising, which movement reminded us of the weather-rhyme.

“ Quick rise after low,
Indicates a stronger blow ;”

which was fully verified in our case, the gale quickly followed, with renewed force, or as the sailor said “ fresh hands had got to the bellows.” It is barely conceivable that, in such a sheltered place, a wind could drive into it sufficiently powerful, to raise such a commotion in the waters, as then witnessed—sending as it did, clouds of spondrift half-mast high.

During one of the severest squalls, a fishing skiff, with two hands on board entered the Loch, and when rounding up near to the yacht was capsized. The yacht's crew were promptly to the rescue, followed by others from fishing boats, a considerable number being at anchor. The two men who were in the capsized boat contrived, as she filled and turned over, to cling to the keel, from which they were rescued by the yacht's crew. The crews of the fishing boats immediately on reaching the boat, commenced to recover the nets, and other articles ; and the tackle of a large smack was usefully employed to hoist her in such manner that she might be baled out. When righted there was found to be little or no loss of property. It would have been very painful to the party on board, had it been a fatal case—so close to the yacht too !

They were no worse for their immersion, apparently, and seemed to

regard the affair and their performances, as a part of their rôle in life, and went away to the fishings, the same evening, without having changed garments, notwithstanding that the gale was only slightly abated, and wind intensely cold. Nothing appears to deter fishermen from going out to pursue their avocations, if it be known to them, that fish are abundant. At Ardrishaig, some of the boats were getting nightly, large draughts,—in some instances as many as five to ten maizes, each maize about 500 herrings!—no wonder that the chance of extraordinary gain was an irresistible temptation to risk their lives. The yacht sailors were again successful with the deep line, having caught over the gunnel, a large quantity of fish—some of which were very fine. From Loch Gair we made for our moorings in the Clyde—and thus ended our cruising for the season.

A FEW HOURS IN CORSICA.

THE high mountains of Corsica had been in sight for two or three days; and we began to wonder if the Admiral intended paying a visit to an island our ships so seldom touched at.

The knowing ones on board inclined to the opinion that “if he went to Corsica at all it would be to Ajaccio,” and we were right up to the northward; a long way from it. On one topic all were unanimous, “we certainly ought to go somewhere,” for we had been cruising about for some days with light baffling winds, and the larder was very low!

All doubts were removed when the signal was made to “get up steam,” and the sails being furled, the ships’ heads were turned towards the mountains we had admired so much at a distance.

It was a calm July evening as we entered the Gulf of San Fiorenzo, and the mountains began to glow as the sun went down. A beautiful view—but, “where is the town!” was the cry of the hungry ones. “He’s surely not going to anchor in this place!”

But he was; and as we steamed slowly in, the little town at the head of the Gulf came in sight, and satisfied the grumblers that there were some human beings near.

Presently we passed Martello point, with a signal station on it, and the arms of the semaphore were waving wildly as they announced the approach of an English squadron to the astonished inhabitants, who have not been favoured that way since the last war with France. A little further on, and the ruined Martello Tower came in sight, the Tower from which those little round forts scattered about our own coasts

take their name, and which in seventeen hundred and ninety four maintained a stout fight against two English frigates, assisted by a land force, beating off the former with great loss ; and only giving in when batteries had been erected on heights commanding it. And all this, with a garrison of thirty-three men and three guns, the size of which made us smile, as we glanced along the deck at our sixty-eights ; theirs being only one six and two eighteen pounders, guns that are not so large as those we carry in our boats at the present day.

It was just sunset as we reached the anchorage about half-a-mile from the little town ; and as the signal was hauled down, the anchors splashed into the clear water together, and in a few moments the deserted harbour was made lively, with boats pulling to and from the ships.

Next morning at an early hour the sportsmen of the squadron were beating the surrounding country for game, and some of them succeeded in bagging a few red legged partridges and quail, but they had hard, and hot walking for them.

For non-sportsmen, there were few attractions at San Fiorenzo, and I determined to walk across to Bastia, the principal commercial town on the island, and to which there was a good carriage road. It was necessary, to do it at all comfortably, to get up very early, as there is a ridge of mountains between three and four thousand feet high over which the road passes. So, about half-past four one morning S—, H—, and myself landed just outside the town, and stepped out briskly in the cool morning along the well kept road. A stone, a few yards from where we landed with twenty marked on it, shewed us the number of kilometres we had to do before breakfast,—roughly about twelve miles-and-a-half. For the first two miles or so the road runs along by the beach and is very hard, it then turns suddenly in to the mountains through a gorge between two precipitous cliffs, the gap looking almost artificial. On the right the wall of rock towered up to a peak, on the summit of which were perched the ruins of a little chapel, where, some time ago (as the people at the town told us) there lived an old hermit. He had attained a great reputation for sanctity, and his little shrine was hung about with offerings from the country people; not of much value doubtless, but enough to tempt some brigands, who scaled the rock one night, and having thrown the poor old fellow over, gutted his place.

In winter this part of the road must be very pretty, with a mountain torrent rushing through it ; but at this season there was only a little rill trickling beside the boulders, and over the gravel of the dry bed.

It was bordered with oleanders in full, and most luxuriant bloom. The country at the foot of the mountains, after passing through the gorge, is well cultivated. There are pines, and olives ; and the sides of the hills are green with arbutus, firs and oaks. When the road does begin to rise, it is by short zig-zags compelling a very tedious walk for the diligence which traverses it.

We were able to take some short up-hill cuts, and after two hours walking we reached the summit of the pass the road follows. On a little projecting rock there stood a small roughly made cross, that marked the spot where a murder had been committed in days gone by—a frequent crime some few years ago, but the mountaineers have been disarmed, excellent roads made throughout the country ; and the French authorities say that Corsica even in the wildest parts is as safe as France.

There was a lovely view from here ; we stood about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and we could look down on the sea on both sides of us. On the San Fiorenzo side the Gulf and coast far away towards Cadiz, and on the western side a great plain at the foot of the ridge we were crossing, the sea beyond and the islands Elba and Monte Christo glittering in the morning sun.

Whilst resting here, and looking about us H— called our attention to a little fire among some bushes on the side of a hill, and remarked that “it was just as likely as not, if the wind got up, that it would spread, and they would find it difficult to stop.” A few hours later his surmises proved to be perfectly correct.

Our road was now all down hill, but very gradual and winding ; being cut on the side of the ridge, and following all its twists, and turns, we did not get a glimpse of Bastia until we were close upon it. In several places we found springs of the most deliciously cold water trickling out from the side of the hill, and generally conducted by a rough stone pipe. After our up-hill tramp, it was most refreshing to come across one of them at the top. There are some old Genoese forts on the heights overlooking Bastia ; these, we kept in sight from the time we had got about half way down the mountain ; and at last, as the sun was beginning to get oppressive, and walking unpleasant, we got into a gorge between two of them, and Bastia bay spread out about a mile below us.

There is nothing very remarkable about the town, only one really good street, where the shops and hotels are ; close by the sea. The old town is very ricketty and dirty ; and the new part very fresh looking, with paint and stucco.

After breakfast, we strolled about ; looked into several of the churches which are interesting from their being built by the Genoese ; but stucco and whitewash have been at work, and the outsides made clean, but hideous, and the insides tawdry to a degree. Then we visited the old port which has lately been made quite safe by two new, well built, breakwaters : it was crowded with quaintly rigged coasting craft, and the wharves were heaped with iron ore, brought by them from Elba and Monte Christo. A new port is in progress, which when finished will be a fine large one, and the "*Place Napoleon*" just completed near it, inaugurates a new style of building at Bastia. There is a handsome marble statue of Napoleon in the centre, which appears from the inscription to have been presented to the inhabitants by the city of Florence.

A strong breeze got up as the day wore on, and in the afternoon there was quite a commotion in the town, as great clouds of smoke came rolling down from the mountains, and quite darkened the air. Mounted gendarmes were galloping about ; and all the idlers of the place (apparently a great many) started off, making a tremendous noise, to see the great fire above the town. The landlord of the hotel told us that it had already done great damage, and whilst the wind lasted they could not extinguish it.

We left Bastia a little after five on our return walk, and found the smoke of great service in one way, as it formed a curtain between us and the sun, and made it much cooler going up hill. We passed a great many people on the road, and the fire was evidently the great topic of conversation. Presently we came across an officer of some distinction riding back with his staff, I imagine he had not been able to do very much. A little further on a party of gendarmes were sitting about on a viaduct which crosses a mountain torrent ; they were armed to the teeth ; and were apparently going to make a night of it on the road, as they brought their provision. They called out to us "*Anglais ?*" we replied in the affirmative, and they wished us "*bon voyage.*" All the people we met both going and coming were most polite ; touching their caps and saying "*bon jour*" when passing. They are a fine well grown race, and the men appear to be very fond of velveteen caps and jackets with large metal buttons. The women invariably tie a gay coloured handkerchief over their heads.

When we reached the spring, we stopped to have a drink, and a respectable looking man offered us some wine from a large gourd he carried slung round him. Having tasted it to please him, we went on together, and he informed us that he had been sent by the Telegraph Company to see what damage the fire had done to the posts and wires.

It was quite a melancholy sight, to see the sides of the mountains, which in the morning were so beautifully green ; now, black and bare, with the trunks of what had been fine trees standing, charred, and shrivelled up by the intense heat. For miles we could see traces of this fearful accident, and in many places it was just smouldering, then a puff of wind would kindle up a blaze and the flame would run along crackling and burning everything in its path with frightful rapidity. Luckily for the poor peasants, their vineyards are all surrounded by low walls, and that saved many of them ; but not all, and an universal amount of damage was done, and suffering caused by the carelessness of some one who intended burning as he thought a few weeds. Three or four of the telegraph posts were lying on the ground partly burnt, and our friend made a note of it from the road : he evidently did not consider he was paid to put himself to the slightest inconvenience, and when we pointed out, what we thought a break in the wire some little way down a valley he said, " he would not go to see, as the ground *might* be hot and burn his feet," which was simple bosh, it had been burnt hours before.

When we were nearly at the top of the hill we came to a place where the fire was burning furiously close to the road ; the wind drove a great cloud of smoke right across it, and the telegraph man stopped suddenly : "*Pas possible a passer,*" he cried in alarm, pointing ahead.

We only laughed and explained that it was necessary for us to go on, whereupon he announced his intention of going back to Bastia immediately—so wishing him "*bon soir,*" we stepped on quickly with our faces towards the ground, leaving him in the middle of the road, staring at us until the smoke hid us ; when I suppose he went back and made a wonderful report. Luckily it was only a small patch of stuff, and twenty or thirty yards took us through, but it was rather suffocating kind of work while it lasted.

It was just sunset when we reached the top, and the view we had admired so much in the morning was, if possible, more impressive now, with everything on one side of the ridge cold and grey, and on the other a glorious golden light over land and sea. We were able to cut off the corners going down, and reached the little town of San Fiorenzo about nine.

Next day the squadron weighed and left the primitive inhabitants to their accustomed quietude.

THE PAST YACHTING SEASON.*

On the 9th of August, the indefatigable Prince Alfred Club were at work in Bray waters, commencing hostilities with a match for a Club prize of 35 sovereigns, between the Amber Witch yawl, and Aquiline schooner; which the yawl quickly decided in a manner most satisfactory to her owner and helmsman.

Following up their start four cutters showed their battle bunting for two prizes of 30 and 20 sovereigns. It was however all Paisley to a pomegranate on the Kilmeny, notwithstanding she had such carefully handled vessels as Luna and Wavecrest in her wake; the Scottish lassie repaid the trust reposed in her powers by winning as she pleased, whilst the Luna boarded the second prize.

Return we now to the sunny south and Ryde in particular, where on the 12th of August, a fleet of four schooners and a yawl did a little bit of fog sailing for 75 sovereigns, the Gloriana defeating the Aline on time, and the Witchcraft, Zouave, and Load Star on sailing. Following up the "twin-masted brethren" a fine fleet of first class cutters started for a similar prize, when the Fiona made her mark, gallantly defeating the two magnificent Clyde clippers Oimara and Condor, as also the Sphinx and Menai: unmistakeable good sailing was the order adhered to, and by which the wreath was won.

The beautiful and valuable cup of the townspeople of Ryde-Super-Mare brought no less than six schooners and seven cutters to the starting buoys, but flat calm—and what a pity—such an entry!

On Thursday, August 15th, Vice-Commodore the Marquis of Exeter's and Mr. T. Broadwood's fine prizes of 125 and 65 sovereigns respectively, brought a grand entry of five schooners and five cutters, when the Aline won the Marquis's cup, and the Volante Mr. Broadwood's sovereigns; but the latter reverted to Fiona in consequence of poor Volante passing the Noman fort on the wrong hand: the Egeria and Pantomime were well up, as was also Witchcraft; the other defeated vessels were Marina, Prima Donna, Condor, and Menai.

Commodore Thellusson's 100 guinea cup—the great event of the meeting—brought five schooners and three cutters out, for a right away struggle round the island; and a very wild day they had for the circumnavigation; many accidents to gear and spars attesting the severity of wind and water: the Egeria upon this occasion achieved a splendid

* Concluded from page 62.

triumph, for notwithstanding carrying away her main-topmast off Ventnor she defeated such vessels as the Selene, Pantomime, Menai, Marina, and Zouave,—the Witchcraft and Condor being disabled.

The concluding race of this truly eventful and most successful regatta was as remarkable, and more so, than its predecessors, forming a brilliant finish to a thoroughly enjoyable nautical treat. It was the postponed race for the Town Cup, and five out of the eleven craft entered came to the buoys ; when over 43 miles of salt water—now a calm—then a slashing breeze, anon a fierce squall—with a majestic wind-up in the shape of a wild thunder storm, the brave little Volante achieved a victory that will cause the race for the Town Cup of '67 to be remembered at Ryde when the present generation are forgotten atoms ; through a succession of changes did the noble light weight do battle against overwhelming odds, the only cutter against four powerful schooners, leading them through all to the flag-ship : in this struggle she defeated the Aline, Egeria, Witchcraft, and Zouave,—not however without some splendid and close bursts from the Aline and Egeria ; this truly might be marked in the annals of Ryde as the " Volante's year."

Rare old Mona's Isle, what reminiscences thy name conjures from the dim vistas of the past ; how thy wild hills and picturesque valleys, and thy beautiful Bay of Douglas rises before our mind's vision, and remembrances of moments of calm and sunshine amongst thy pleasant haunts, and fierce struggles amidst squall and tempest around thy legend fraught shores flit across the brain like shadows ; and thoughts of those merry days when " Tom Hill's Club" flourished upon the Conister Rock, and visitations were held upon " Fort Ann battery," and the roof-tree of Ducal Castle Mona echoed to the quips and cranks and pleasant revelries of the " brethren of the sea"; well 'tis all past and gone—but genial days were those, and few such " yachting times" be there now, as when Commodore Batt and Vice-Commodore Bridson were the ruling spirits, and led a chosen fleet of canvas backs to the beautiful waters of Mona : many a lesson of rare yachtsmanship was taught and learned there, and many a brave race and roving. cruise was plotted beneath the rugged Head of Douglas, when the fierce nor'-wester was howling through the valley of the Doo-Ghlass. A very spirited attempt to renew the glories of olden times was made during the past season ; and on Tuesday, August 18th, the first day's matches were contemplated, but the elements were against it ; Old Douglas Head mourned and was obstinate—not a puff of wind would it cast from its brow on the waters beneath, for the well known " hulls" of long-ago floated not there, they were wanted and were wanting.

On Wednesday the mysterious powers that tradition insists hath haunted, and still doth haunt, the wild headlands and rugged ravines of Douglas Bay, seemed to have relented ; and a gentle south-easter just mockingly curled the tide-roll, when the *Glance*, *Kilmeny*, and *Amber Witch* started for the *Mona Cup* of 50 sovereigns; but the *Glance* seemed to have given some cause of deep offence to the air-sprites, for immediately she let go her hold of the ground they began playing her all sorts of tricks, altering her sails and gear off hand, as if for spite that she had not brought some of her ancient allies with her ; during the performance of these elfin pranks, both *Kilmeny* and *Amber Witch* got well away, but they were not to escape scatheless either, and forthwith a fog, that was not only "palpable," but "carvable," shut them up in its dense folds ; eventually however the *Amber Witch* re-appeared at the flag-ship No. 1 ; but the Scottish maiden having the faculty of feeling her way through even a fog brewed by Manx fairy or three legged Leprechaun, was too close in her wake to be denied the privilege of adding the Cup from the Castle of the Derby's to her other trophies.

Another fog bound race ensued between the *Kittiwake*, *Alexandra*, *Saraband*, *Venture*, *Ripple*, and *Isabel*, which eventuated in the success of the *Alexandra*, with the *Kittiwake* second. On Thursday, the *Challenge Cup*, of which the *Glance* was the holder, brought out with her the *Kilmeny*, *Saraband*, *Ripple*, and *Venture* ; of the sailing in this match—name it not—it was a hungering after cats'-paws that threatened and vanished in a harmless fizzle ; however by some unaccountable cleverness in manipulating whatever motive power there was, the *Ripple* managed to get to the flag-ship at 9h. 30m. p.m. ! and relieved the *Glance* of her weary guardianship—for a *Challenge Cup* now-a-days creates more anxiety of mind and restlessness of spirit than the possession of a basketful of Peruvian bonds. We hope to see the example of '67 improved in '68, for the brave Manxland is a dear old spot of many green memories, about one of the prettiest yachting stations in the kingdom, and most convenient, were but that weary Pier consummated.

Very different weather favoured the Plymouthians on the 29th of August, when the English Royal Westerns caught all the roving canvas-back notabilities fresh from Cowes and Ryde.

The yawl and cutter match brought the *Oimara*, *Vanguard*, and *Sphinx*, alongside of each other, with clear fine weather, a fresh sou'-wester, and a tumbling sea. The *Oimara* overpowered the little ones eventually after a tough struggle, the hardy *Sphinx* coming in second. For Her Majesty's Cup on the 21st, the *Lufra*, *Oimara*, *Vanguard*, and *Sphinx* came to the buoys, when the *Vanguard* tackled *Oimara* with

such determination as to arrive well within her time at the flag-ship : but one of those terrible protests dissipated all the brilliant anticipations of the gallant barkie's crew, for she was unfortunate in mistaking the rule of the road on that day, and the unlucky Melampus buoy would pop its disagreeable head up on her "starboard" beam, when it should have stuck to the tawny old "port."

The Phantom and Southampton Folly disposed of the Prince of Wales cup and Tradesman's plate between them, defeating the *Ida*, *Ringdove*, and *Stella* ; and a Mosquito match wound up the aquatic tournament.

Torbay, on the 23rd August, witnessed a contest between the Vanguard and veteran Phantom ; but the variable nature of the weather precludes any comment, beyond saying with a certain special correspondent that the Vanguard won, "amidst much hearty cheering ashore and afloat, and the firing of cannon !" (*à la Pepy's.*)

The Queen and Folly had a merry little cruise which resulted in favor of the "Silver Arrow," to credit of same £14 ; Folly, No. 2, do., £7. The Flying Fish distanced, and our gallant friend the well known Buccaneer after giving the Quiver and Folly a squeak for it at the start, unfortunately fouled the Bay mark-boat, an unpleasant circumstance which seemed to relieve the minds of the "Quivers" and "Follies" of some little anxiety.

The Corinthian match of the Clyde Yacht Club, brought an entry of no less than eleven yachts on the 24th of August, and of these seven started; the *Aglaia* schooner achieved a marked triumph by defeating the *Kilmeny* on time, and cleverly winning the prize of 20 sovereigns. This little schooner is about the fastest and most able of her tonnage afloat, and with the clever handling of her spirited owner is thoroughly hard to beat. The other vessels were the *Coolan*, *Swallow*, *Ripple*, *Silvia*, and *Gipsy King*.

At Dartmouth on the 27th of August, the *Buccaneer* took her revenge for the flag-boat at Torbay by defeating the *Quiver*, *Flying Fish*, and *Armada*.

And now our spiriting is done for '67—we trust gently.

TABLE OF WINNERS FOR 1867.

THE result of the racing of last season we now submit to our readers, which will, we think, be found tolerably correct. In the times of starting, where the racing has not been finished, we have omitted them. Among the most successful we find the *Fiona* leading the *Egeria*, *Vanguard*, *Phantom*, *Oimara*, *Aline*, and *Kilmeny* with amounts between them of £2,230, whilst several others also show their hundred. The whole "pile" we estimate at about £5,000.

Yachts' Names	Owners	Times Started	Times Won	Amount £ s.	Builders
<i>Ærolite</i>	Dowdall & Cooper, Esqrs.	3	2	20 10	Atkinson
<i>Aglaia</i>	F. Powell, Esq.	3	1	20 0	Steele
<i>Alarm</i>	G. Duppa, Esq.	1	1	100 0	Inman
<i>Albertine</i>	Lord Londesborough	4	1	60 0	Inman
<i>Alexandra</i>	A. Bald, Esq.	6	2	35 0	Millwall Iron Co.
<i>Aline</i>	C. Thellusson, Esq.	4	2	230 0	Camper
<i>Amber Witch</i>	J. McCurdy, Esq.	6	3	95 10	Wanhill
<i>Ariadne</i>	G. Petty, Esq.	1	1	20 0	Harvey
<i>Avonet</i>	Sir H. H. Bacon, Bart.	1	1	21 0	Wanhill
<i>Barracouta</i>	J. M. Hanney	1	1	20 0	Bishop
<i>Brunette</i>	S. E. Windham, Esq.	3	1	5 0	Fife
<i>Buccaneer</i>	Capt. H. E. Bayly	5	4	60 0	Bulley
<i>Carina</i>	B. B. Bell, Esq.	3	1	30 0	Fife
<i>Denburn</i>	S. King, Esq.	3	1	30 0	Fife
<i>Dione</i>	P. S. French, Esq.	5	3	85 0	Hatcher
<i>Dione</i>	T. Field, Esq.	2	1	5 5	Harvey
<i>Egeria</i>	J. Mulholland, Esq.	9	5	375 0	Wanhill
<i>Elida</i>	G. N. Duck, Esq.	3	1	26 5	Fife
<i>Enchantress</i>	H. Barber, Esq.	1	1	12 0	
<i>Esk</i>	J. Beatty, Esq.	2	1	20 0	Harvey
<i>Eva</i>	Bulmer & Low, Esqrs.	3	1	5 0	Wanhill
<i>Fiona</i>	E. Boucher, Esq.	11	8	585 0	Fife
<i>Fleetwing</i>	J. R. Asker, Esq.	1	1	7 0	
<i>Fleur-de-lys</i>	G. Gamby, Esq.	2	1	10 0	
<i>Flying Fish</i>	W. Harvey, Esq.	3	1	7 10	Fife
<i>Folly</i>	W. L. Parry, Esq.	6	4	57 0	Payne
<i>Gipsy</i>	T. Fuller, Esq.	3	2	45 0	Stow
<i>Gipsy King</i>	T. Bain, Esq.	3	2	17 0	
<i>Glance</i>	A. Bald, Esq.	7	2	87 10	Hatcher
<i>Gloriana</i>	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	3	2	145 0	Ratsey
<i>Gondola</i>	Lieut. Studdy	1	1	10 0	Harvey
<i>Hirondelle</i> ..	Lord H. Lennox	3	1	10 0	Wanhill
<i>Ivy</i>	Capt. Cator, R.N.	2	1	5 5	Marshall
<i>Julia</i>	G. T. Moss, Esq.	3	1	50 0	Ratsey
<i>Kilmeny</i>	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	16	7	225 0	Fife
<i>Kittiwake</i>	P. A. Iremonger, Esq.	3	1	36 15	Owner
<i>Lady Alice</i>	N. Boyd, Esq.	1	1	10 0	Owner
<i>Leah</i>	J. W. Cannon, Esq.	1	1	25 0	Wanhill

Yachts' Names	Owners	Times tartd	Tim Wo	Amount £ s.	Builders
Novice	J. Gardner, Esq.....	1	1	5 0	Stow
Oimara	C. Tennent, Esq.....	5	3	275 0	Steele
Pantomime	Col. Markham	5	2	155 0	Ratsey
Pearl	W. Scott, Esq.....	1	1	5 0	
Phantom	F. Rosamon, Esq.....	6	5	300 0	including ch. cp.
Phantom	— Streatford, Esq.....	1	1	4 0	
Phryne	T. Groves, Esq.....	3	2	111 0	Hatcher
Pixie	R. H. Le Breton, Esq....	2	2	18 0	Bulley
Queen	Capt. Whitbread.....	2	1	21 0	Hatcher
Quiver	Capt. Chamberlayne.....	6	5	66 0	Owner
Red Rover	S. Nightingale, Esq.....	1	1	15 0	
Ringdove.....	T. Seymour, Esq.....	2	1	25 0	Trinnick
Ripple.....	G. Brett, Esq.....	5	4	105 0	including ch. cp.
Ripple.....	J. M. Forrester, Esq.....	1	1	15 0	Fife
Rival	R. Tennent, Esq.....	1	1	20 0	Fife
Satanella	Capt. Bennett.....	4	3	65 0	Aldous
Scandal.....	E. Fitzgerald, Esq.....	2	2	15 0	
Sphinx.....	J. S. Earle, Esq.....	6	2	55 0	Maudslay
Spray	F. G. Foster, Esq.....	1	1	3 0	
Tern.....	— Strickland, Esq.....	1	1	4 0	McDowall
Torch.....	G. B. Thompson, Esq....	10	5	117 10	Fife
Vampire.....	T. H. Cuthbert, Esq.....	3	2	50 0	
Vanguard	Capt. Hughes.....	8	5	340 0	Ratsey
Vespa.....	W. Clarke, Esq.....	3	3	30 0	Bromley
Volante	H. C. Maudslay, Esq....	4	1	100 0	Harvey
Vindex.....	A. Duncan, Esq.....	6	4	153 0	Millwall Iron Co.
Vixen	P. S. Millard, Esq.....	4	1	4 0	
Water Witch.....	H. Allenby, Esq.....	1	1	25 0	Aldous
Wave	H. D. Potts, Esq.....	1	1		P. & ch cp
Wild Duck.....	H. Studdy, Esq.....	1	1	5 0	Trinnick

YACHTING NEWS.

THE building yard of Messrs. Camper and Nicholson has an unusually busy appearance for this time of year; three yachts being now in course of construction for the coming season. The Guinivere, a very handsome schooner of 306 tons, for C. S. A. Thellusson, Esq., commodore of the R.V.Y.C., is in an advanced state, being under a large building shed erected by Messrs. Camper and Nicholson last autumn. The Tiercel, a schooner of 115 tons, for the Hon. Cecil Duncombe, is partly planked down, and promises by appearance to be a first-class cruising yacht. The Royal Oak, a cutter of 30 tons, for Edward Meldrum, Esq., late owner of schooner Ballarina, is a very roomy and wholesome little craft; she is planked down, decks laid, and partly fitted up inside. There is also on the patent slip of Messrs. Camper and Nicholson the cutter yacht Alerte (of Australian celebrity), and the cutter Gondola. The schooner yacht Aline, 216, has changed owners, present proprietor R. Sutton, Esq., who intends bringing her out next season, determined, if possible, to sustain her old reputation; he is having a new mainmast and other alterations to her.—*Field*.

NOTES ON THE YACHTS AND YACHT RACING OF THE PAST SEASON.*

WITH last month's number I brought my remarks on the 1st class racing cutters to an end, and now purpose to make a few comments on the vessels and matches of 2nd, 3rd, and 4th classes, and perhaps if time, space, and the patience of the readers of *Hunt*, do not fail, on the schooners and yawls, also as well as on the general characteristics of the season of 1867, before the advancing spring drives all such lore out of the heads of both writers and readers, and sends them to look for the spirit stirring records of races newly sailed. The racing of the 2nd class cutters has been by no means as good or exciting for the last few years, as it used to be in days of yore, when on the Thames the *Blue Bell*, *Mystery*, *Daring*, *Ino*, *Heroine*, *Secret*, *Phantom*, and *Thought* contended for the pride of place, and were not afraid to tackle even such heavy metal as *Arrow*, *Mosquito*, and *Volante*, while on the Western shores the *Atalanta*, *Champion*, *Black Bess*, and *Olivia* were names of fame. In fact the racing of this class for a long time after depending on the contests between *Phantom* and *Thought*, with occasionally some new vessel trying her chance against these veteran competitors, merely to be ignominiously beaten dwindled to nothing, and were it not for the splendid rivalry between the *Glance* and *Kilmeny* on the Irish and Scotch waters, might have been passed over altogether, as the *Phantom* and *Thought* were both laid up in ordinary, and it seemed as if their days had departed, and with them all racing of the class between 25 and 40 tons, from the London river. Fortunately, however, this catastrophe seems not to be yet decreed, as both these well tried and well known little craft last year found new owners, and tho' not engaged in any races at home, were hard at each other for the Southampton Challenge prize on 8th July, when the *Niobe* also was entered, but unluckily for those who would have thoroughly appreciated such a match was withdrawn at the eleventh hour. The race was tedious and uninteresting from the want of a steady breeze, but the *Phantom* showed her wonted superiority, which has enabled her to score twenty victories to nine out of thirty-three contests with the *Thought*.

The 7th August, saw the same vessels engaged in a much more exciting race, with plenty of sea and wind, and with the little *Vampire* as a companion, and after a really good race they came back just as one who had studied their former careers would have placed them, *Phantom*

* Continued from page 85.

a short time before the Thought and both well ahead of Vampire. These races with an easily picked up £100 at Havre in almost a calm, and the Prince of Wales cup at Plymouth, place Phantom at the top of the tree in her class as to the value of prizes won; but they were easy victories as compared with those of the 2nd on the list, the beautiful little Kilmeny, who had to fight against vessels like Glance, Echo, Denburn, Ellida, Luna, and Amber Witch, none of which are by any means to be despised; the Denburn, Ellida, and Luna being by the same builder, and expressly intended to beat her. I have already given the dimensions of the Kilmeny in vol. xiv., and have said so much in her praise that I can hardly add more, but rank her by far the most successful and best boat of her inches ever built, as I think all true judges will admit when they study her performances and the vessels she has been pitted against, especially the Glance whose character is well known, but who can do nothing with the Kilmeny, except in dead smooth water and light wind, in a lop she has no chance, as was seen in the second class race of the P.A.Y.C. on the 1st. June, when Kilmeny defeated her with ease, being beaten by her however in the light airs in Dublin Bay, and also when disabled at Carnarvon. It is a splendid sight to see the Kilmeny eat up to windward in a nice whole sail breeze, and with a bit of a jump on, and in this she far excels her big sister the Fiona. She has a wondrous advantage in the way she is handled and steered by her owner, who with his brothers and usual crew always live on board during the whole racing season, and never turn out of or allow anything to be touched on board her, nor do they take any extra hands except gentlemen amateurs, and her success is a strong proof if any is required, of the absurdity of the present system of men keeping racing machines, which they send about from port to port to sail races, entirely under the control of their skippers, who seem to have a perfect delight in spending as much money, and making the vessel as uncomfortable and unfit to live in as possible. The Kilmeny was nearly as busy as she was in 1865, having started 16 times, tho' she did not go quite such distances in search of laurels, but between Kingstown and the Clyde, Isle of Man, Mersey, Holyhead, and Grantham, did not allow much time for barnacles to gather on her copper. She sailed in the Channel match from Holyhead, and also in that for Capt. Drinkwater's Cup, from the Mersey to Douglas; but was not successful on either occasion. She will be remarkably dangerous in the Corinthian race of the Prince Alfred on the Queen's birthday, and this would be a most interesting race if the owners of Phantom or Thought could be tempted to bring a vessel and crew from the

Thames to contend with the Torpid from Cork, the Snipe from Liverpool, the Kilmeny from the Clyde, the Wave Crest from Belfast, and Amber Witch, Echo, Xema, Secret, &c., on the home station, over the Dublin Bay course in May, when there is seldom any lack of wind, and where the qualities of both vessels and crews are likely to be fairly tested.

The third on the list, the Glance, sailed well when the day suited her, and we regret to learn has changed hands and gone to the Clyde, and still more that she is to be cropped, her lead taken out and sold as a cruiser, for which she is about as fit as a broken down race horse to ride as a hack, and we pity the man who gets her for the purpose of using her as a pleasant craft, to take the air on board, but as a racing vessel in light weather she has few equals, and the list of her victories recorded in *Hunt's Magazine*, vol. xv., page 166, will prove how successful she has been, while even this year she has shown that her speed is by no means gone when the weather suits her.

I come now to the 3rd class vessels between 15 and 25 tons, and of these the Kilmeny's sister vessel the Torch stands pre-eminently at the head of the victors, having carried off five prizes, beginning with the Channel match of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club, when, tho' smallest of the ten starters she secured the 1st prize by her time allowance, as well as the extra one offered for her own class. As her merits have already been before noticed, and her dimensions published in this *Magazine* it is useless to go over the tale again, suffice it to say that it is doubtful whether any craft of her size now afloat is able to contend with her, certainly none on western waters; and with her new mainsail, her former one having been destroyed by her collision with the Varina, we may safely anticipate seeing her high on the list of winners of 1868. She also like her sister the Kilmeny is entirely sailed, steered, and handled in her matches by her owner, and it will require a smart vessel and skipper to beat either of them.

The Luna also a Scotch built boat is next, and as we have Fiona, Oimara, Kilmeny, Torch, and Luna amongst the first twelve cutters which won last year, the Clyde has great reason to be proud of its racing fleet, and when we add Selene, Condor, Denburn, and Ellida, there is little fear of the fame of the port degenerating, besides which rumour whispers that Will Fife has a schooner in hand as well as two or three cutters, which are likely to increase his reputation when they appear.

The old Vampire closes the list of one-masted vessels, and as I have kindly received her dimensions from Dan Hatcher, since publishing her

biography in last number I add them here, but can give few other particulars which were not then included. Length (on deck, fore-part of stem to after-part of stern-post) 46ft., beam 10ft. 3in.—19½ tons; mast (deck to hounds) 30ft., boom 37ft., gaff 26ft., bowsprit (out-board) 24ft., ballast about 14 tons. She has latterly met with few opponents worthy of her old renown, as craft of the 15 ton class, such as *Satanella* and *Dione* have little chance with her, but as her present owner is a native of the Green Isle, we may hope to see the veteran champion of the light weights engaged with some of the new vessels of her own class, which have appeared in Western waters.

With the above remarks, time and space warn me to conclude this yarn, which I fear will be tedious even to the long suffering readers of yachting statistics, and leave until the April number my comments on the rest of the racing of 1867.

RED, WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

PROPOSED UNIFORM CODE OF BUOYAGE.

WHEN last we wrote upon this important subject in our January number, page 24, we were enabled to state that amongst other prominent ports, Cardiff had through its Chamber of Commerce forwarded a memorial to the Corporation of the Trinity House, praying the adoption of Captain Bedford's system of Universal Buoyage. To this sensible application of the cool-headed—practical—merchant and mariner traders of the well known Welsh port, the Elder Brethren have thought fit to return an answer as elaborate as it is remarkable, and unworthy the dignity of such a board: elaborate in its sophistry, remarkable for its argumentative demonstration against common sense, and unworthy from its perversion of facts.

We have before stated our reasons for advocating Captain Bedford's system—and we briefly recapitulate them. We believe it to be a system soundly based, thoroughly investigated, and matured upon the practical observations of years in actual work; and reduced with extreme care and talent to meet every emergency that could beset a sailor when "lead and look-out" becomes the "order of the deck."

The question may with pertinency be put by those unacquainted with the details involved. "Is there actual necessity for this alteration, are we not sufficiently safe in the present system?" The answer is emphatically no,—there is none in existence worthy of the name, and that

which professes to be one is faulty and dangerous in the extreme, and reflects disgrace upon the apathy and supineness of a governing body, which with examples of beneficial progress before it, not only ignores progression but obstinately refuses to acknowledge a necessity for improvement, although imperatively demanded by an overwhelming majority of those whose most vital interests are at stake.

There is a well known aphorism fondly cherished by astute political economists, that "a Corporation has neither a body to be kicked, nor a soul to be ——;" which we suppose is but the conventional phraseology such statisticians affect to describe that anomaly of human institutions, which neither the terror of punishment present or to come—superadded to the dictates of reason, can induce to comport itself rationally: however in common with many distinguished contemporaries, whom we are delighted to perceive are heart and hand embarked in this resolution to effect the improvement of navigation, we shall make it our business to find just so much physiological resemblance, with the requisite vital parts attached thereto, as will afford room for that "old man of the sea" ycleped "nautical public opinion" to girth his saddle on, and once mounted we will warrant the "gallop" consequent upon the "mount," will be all the backers of public opinion require.

In the year 1859-60, a Royal Commission sat, and resulted in a Blue-book, in which, if royal commissions or their offspring are of the slightest value, incontrovertible evidence is given; and no less than 172 of the principal ports of the kingdom record their urgent desire for the adoption of a uniform and general system of buoyage; whilst a miserable minority of two advocate no system at all! It will therefore be seen that the present ventilation of the subject is by no means a novel idea recently broached: on the contrary, its principles have been acted upon and are in operation on the coasts of Scotland, at Liverpool, on the coasts of America, Canada, France, Belgium, and Holland for years past; in fact everywhere but at those places where the Trinity Corporation exercise jurisdiction.

It may very naturally be asked "did not the members of this great corporation—the conservators of our maritime highways—take action upon this important evidence?" Yes good reader—they did—and how? By adopting the suggestion of the minority—the remarkable two—that neither understood their wants, or the subject they were dealing with: accordingly the Trinity Board,—perhaps some might cynically say "in a kindred spirit,"—adopted the views of this wise minority,—ignoring uniformity and despising any methodical arrangement: and will it be believed, that in this year of our Lord 1868—nearly 10 years elapsing, the elder

brethren of the Trinity Corporation of London,—of London the port of the world,—of progress,—of civilization,—of living—moving—resistless energy, are as innocent of improvement in the highways of the sea under their control as they were so far back as 1859 ; exhibiting their notions of how such things should be done by a chaotic arrangement, which it would be the very benevolence of a feeble intellect to dignify by the name of a system.

We entertain a very deep and zealous respect for the distinguished individuals, whose names adorn the *role de equipage* of the corporation of the Trinity House ; not only their positions, but their careers in other spheres of action, demand this respect ; and having regard to its due preservation we cannot willingly see them innocently lending the prestige of their authority to proceedings indicative of a narrowness of policy, an obstinacy to established facts, and an indifference to the duties entrusted to their care, that but ill comports with the imperial constitution of perhaps the most important corporate body in a maritime kingdom like ours.

From our experience of the discharge of the functions of public offices, there always exists an executive few to whom much is entrusted, and whose actions receive a weight and authority that properly pertains to the patient and impartial investigation known to be bestowed on important questions by their dignified superiors ; it cannot be supposed for a moment that overwhelmed with the special duties of their own immediate positions, the Royal Captain of H.M.S. Galatea, the Premier ; the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer ; the Secretary of State for War ; or the Secretary of State for India ; can give even passing attention to the affairs of the Trinity Board, and yet these royal and distinguished personages are elder brethren, and included duly in the weighty phrase of " We—the Elder Brethren." We respectfully submit therefore that it behoves the executive of this board to exercise a wise discretion in the discharge of their duties, so that by no indiscreet act the confidence and fraternal dependence of such personages may be compromised or rudely shaken, and at the same time that a wholesome deference to the wishes and opinions of the maritime community, who have entrusted such weighty interests to their control, may, without compromise of dignity or principle, be courteously accorded ; especially when such wishes and opinions are based upon important and established facts.

The question lies in a nutshell, will the Trinity Corporation (as other public bodies have done in their respective localities,) give us safe and well marked roads to our great emporiums of commerce under their jurisdiction—or not ?

Liverpool is a significant and important case in point,—it was perhaps one of, if not the most dangerous port of access in the British dominions; upon a similar system to that recommended by Captain Bedford, it has been rendered as safe and easy as Cork harbour.

How long is the magnitude of our commerce, the safety of our fleets, the lives of our travellers, of our soldiers, and our mariners, to be, however remotely, imperilled by the existence of such a state of things as even a moderately active intellect may discover by a visit to such portals of our empire as the “Kentish grounds” in the Thames; Yarmouth; Lowestoft; and the British Channel. Readers of our’s visit these places!—and there in Black and White, and Red and Black, and White and Red, scattered broadcast on every hand—port—starboard—and fairway, you will behold tangible evidence of what executive wisdom denominates *system*, but which common sense would consider mere flattery to call unblushing effrontery.

There exists a maritime want, and an imperative one; the demand must be answered by the proper supply: the answer to the Chamber of Commerce of Cardiff is no answer to British mercantile interests; the executive of the Trinity Corporation must not enact the silly part of the three Tailors of Tooley Street. We cannot deal with such an important question in the argumentative style of what might, would, could, should, or ought to be done; but with what practical working experience tells us can and must be done: well buoyed, definitely marked, systematically arranged roadsteads, channels, and havens we want and will have; these too so perfect as to even remove the difficulty that that Solon of Tower Hill confessed to the men of Cardiff, namely—his inability to discover the difference between Red and Black buoys *after dark*.

It is just possible that a Royal Commission at head quarters might be, and may prove, the most efficient method of having the applications of merchants and mariners properly and fairly considered: we are obliged to our Cardiff and Bristol correspondents for their hints, and will improve on them.

THE SALVORS OF PROPERTY ON THE ENGLISH COAST.*

“If there be disagreement, the parties have the right to appeal to the Court of Admiralty. This is a faculty which opens the door to manœuvres practised openly on a vast scale, and almost always with success; thus,—if they have to do with a foreign captain, whom they suppose not to be able

* Concluded from page 40.

to provide a deposit, still less able to find in the port any one consenting to be his surety, the salvors do not hesitate to claim over 200*l.*, even when they make no concealment of the exaggeration of their claim. In this manner they reserve the power of carrying the case to the Admiralty Court, which entails on the master the seizure of his vessel, the interruption of his operations during several months, and the accumulation of enormous expenses. The salvors, it is true, are exposed to pay these expenses if their claim be found groundless, but the expenses are not always charged to the defeated party, and, besides, in several ports the salvors being organized in societies, whose common fund supports the expense in case the suit be lost, they are then not restrained by any fear on this head, whilst the master has all to fear, and generally resigns himself to making a compromise with his spoilers: it is the wiser course.

"We would add that it is equally the course for some time past adopted by French underwriters, in consequence of the considerable losses resulting to them by proceedings before the Court of Admiralty. In this respect the advice of the Committee of Underwriters of Paris is, that 'Even if the success of a suit in the Admiralty Court were certain, it would still be more prudent and more economical to effect a compromise, at whatever cost, rather than to have recourse to that tribunal.

"In France, the intervention of the Tribunals of Commerce, of which the procedure is simple, prompt, and economical, would render impossible similar speculations to those now practised, if they were attempted.

"On this subject the Committee of Underwriters of Paris have lately issued, and circulated in large numbers the following notice:—

"We certify that it is of public notoriety in France, with all who are 'au courant' of matters of Navigation, that upon the English coasts the calling of salvage, or more correctly, of simple help rendered to vessels in peril, by boatmen, fishermen, pilots, and steamboats, is exercised upon oppressive conditions, which appear to us little worthy of a civilized nation, and of which we scarcely know the counterpart except among the 'wreckers' of the Archipelago of the Bahamas.

"Further, for some years, the situation of affairs has rather ameliorated on the Bahamas than upon the English coasts.

"A work, published in Paris in 1863, by M. A. de Couray, one of our Committee, under the title of 'An International Reform of Maritime Rights,' thus expresses itself:—

"At some leagues from our shores, upon the English coasts, is the inverse abuse. The least service rendered to a vessel in danger gives rise to exorbitant pretensions and degenerates into exaction. The pilot transforms himself into a salvor for having simply fulfilled an act of his profession. Thus our captains dread, almost as much as the rocks, the uncontrollable auxiliaries who would impose themselves on them, and the calling of salvage approaches to piracy.

"We certify that, within our knowledge, there is nothing exaggerated in these accusations.

"The slow forms and enormous expenses of English procedure, during which the ship remains sequestered, are an additional evil.

"Those interested often resign themselves rather to undergo violence than to defend themselves. Thus, assistance in danger, which among mariners seems a duty of humanity and confraternity, results in spoliation and the pillage of property.

We complain of this abuse, less in our own interest as insurers, as we are always able to apportion our rates to the degree of risk incurred, than in that of navigation itself, of morality, and of civilization. It is certain that salvage, as we see it practised on the English coast, is a remnant of barbarism. There is no doubt also that it is the smaller class of vessels doing the coasting-trade between France and England who are its principal victims. These little vessels very often are not insured, and we refuse to insure them precisely because we dread the English salvors. The poor mariners who man these vessels, and who have no other means of subsistence, after having carried to England, for its alimentation, our wheats and our fruits, return from it despoiled and ruined, under pretext that in a moment of peril they have received the assistance of an English salvor.

"These violent proceedings, as regards property contrast singularly with those regarding the persons of shipwrecked sailors.

"We know that there exist in England admirable Life-boat Institutions and other measures of protection for the lives of the wrecked.

"The *Société Centrale de Sauvetage*, recently founded in France under the presidency of Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, has only been formed in imitation of an English Association having the same object. But if the lives of the shipwrecked are efficiently protected in England by this generous Association, property remains without protection, and is given up to all the excesses of cupidity.

"In France—we say it with legitimate satisfaction—things are done in quite a different manner. Our pilots content themselves with their tariff. There is only a salvage right of one-third value when a vessel is recovered that is abandoned by her crew. When it is a question of simple help, it is often given gratuitously, and for the sake of humanity. At the most, our Tribunals of Commerce, adjudging with very little cost, award moderate indemnity, which is usually proportionate to the benefit of the assistance received.

"We remark also, for its liberal spirit, the German Legislation, which distinguishes clearly the right to salvage from equitable remuneration earned by opportune help.

"We applaud, then, the efforts made in England herself to bring on a reform so desirable, and we ardently wish them success. A reciprocation of good procedure and effective assistance between mariners of the two nations is the necessary complement to the 'Treaty of Commerce,' and we know no question more worthy of the enlightened consideration of the British Government."

We entirely agree with the Paris Chamber of Commerce that this import-

extortion and violence on the part of our professional salvors; but on the other hand, let care be taken that in making it so, this class of men be not driven from their avocation to seek more profitable employment, in which case a vast amount of property and very many lives would, to a certainty, be annually lost for want of timely aid.

It may seem hard to the shipowner, after already suffering great loss from damage to his vessel and her cargo, and from delay in her voyage, to have to pay a further large sum, perhaps a large proportion of the remaining value; yet it is better to suffer a partial than a total loss, and it would be as unreasonable as chimerical to expect that this class of men, in *following their vocation*, should be actuated by chivalrous motives, or, as the French underwriters' notice expresses it, as a "duty of humanity and confraternity," in transactions which they regard as purely *matters of business*; and that they should proportion their demands for remuneration to the supposed ability of the ship-owner to pay, or with reference to the duty of hospitality to strangers, rather than to the necessities of their wives and children at home. On the same principle, it might as well be expected of a tradesman to proportion the prices of his wares to the ability of his customer to pay for them.

Nevertheless, we believe that, rough and rude-mannered as some of these men may be, they not unfrequently do acts of generosity in this way in the cases of small vessels, owned by poor men, whose all is embarked in them.

We cannot therefore coincide with the Committee of Underwriters of Paris in considering that the avocation of salvors of property, like that of the life-boat service, should be undertaken as a duty of humanity rather than as a matter of business. We think it is expecting too much, and that the owners of foreign vessels trading with our ports must make up their minds that they will have to encounter certain dangers and difficulties which they must balance with their chances of profit. Amongst others they must calculate on having to navigate a dangerous coast, with outlying banks and shoals and strong and irregular tides; and if want of skill, stress of weather, or other cause should get their vessels into difficulty, they may expect the offer of prompt assistance, which they may avail themselves of or not as they please, but which, if they accept, they must expect to pay for.

Referring to the charge of violence on the part of our professional salvors, any such acts should undoubtedly be punished in the severest manner; we believe, however, that they are quite exceptional, and confined to a single locality on our eastern coast. They are very naturally bitterly complained of and resented by the masters of vessels who are the victims of them. As a set-off, however, to such unlawful acts on our side, although no excuse for them, we must in justice state that acts of violence on the part of French fishermen on our own N.E. coast, are of frequent occurrence, and have for many years past been bitterly complained of by our fishermen there. The French boats are larger than the English ones, and much more numerously manned, the latter having only 5 to 7 men on board each. The crews of our boats are deserving of the serious consideration of our Government, and, by all means, let the law be made more stringent, if need be, to prevent

the former are reported to wilfully run over and damage or destroy the nets of the latter, and even to drive them from the best fishing-ground, whilst the crews of the English boats, being weaker, are unable to resist them.

We fear that such lawless men exist in all countries, and that no monopoly of virtue, of forbearance, of self-denial, love of God and man, of honour, honesty, gentleness, goodness, truth, is possessed by any one country over others. The manners, customs, laws, and religion of countries differ one from another, but although national characteristics may be different, human nature remains the same in all, and the highest function of all Governments, as it should be their highest ambition, must ever be, by the administration of wise laws so to shape and direct the great seething mass of human mind committed to their care, so to counteract and curtail its evil tendencies, and so to foster and encourage its good ones, that, as the retreating centuries pass, and time steadily advances to the great final destiny of our race each community of men may steadily progress towards the good and the true, and that the happiness of the whole human family may be thus relatively promoted.

GOVERNMENT TRIALS OF WHITE'S STEAM LIFE-BOAT.

A VERY interesting trial was made of a steam cutter, built on the life-boat principle, at Portsmouth, Monday Jan. 20th, by the Government officials of the Steam Factory and reserves. Steam launches have been, as our readers are aware, for some time established as a part of the fixed boat service of men-of-war of the first and second class. The life-boat principle has also been, to a certain extent, adopted by the Admiralty for steam launches, but the best tried at Portsmouth, represents the adoption of the principle in an improved form to a class of boat capable of moving with great rapidity, as a means of communication, or as a look-out vessel on coasts or rivers, at the same time with sufficient towing power to take charge of all the other boats of the ship. The boat tried is designated by the Admiralty "Steam Cutter No. 3," being the third of the kind built for the Admiralty by Mr. Samuel White, of East Cowes, Isle of Wight, and also fitted by him with her machinery. She is 38ft. in length, 7ft. in breadth, and 3ft. in depth. She carries a one 6½-inch cylinder engine of a nominal power of three horses, which drives one common four-bladed screw. The engine and boiler are wonderfully compact in their arrangements, and the workmanship is all of a first-class character. The trial was conducted with the same strictness in all the conditions which govern the trials of all Her Majesty's ships, and the results gave the most complete satisfaction to the officers who had its conduct. Six runs over the mile gave the boat a mean speed of 6.978 knots—the highest rate yet obtained with so small a boat, the mean revolutions of the engine being 277.3, and the steam pressure in the boiler 65lb. The boat made complete circles, in testing her turning powers, of 48ft. diameter, or only 10ft. in excess of her own length. The introduction of boats of this

useful and safe description into Her Majesty's navy, we understand, is due mainly to the opinions entertained on the subject of the boat service of the navy by the Controller and the Chief Constructor.

Agreeably to instructions from the Admiralty, another trial was made Jan. 29th, of the capabilities of the steam life-boat cutters being supplied to the navy by Mr. J. S. White, of East Cowes, for hoisting up to or lowering from ships' quarter davits. The boat selected for the trial was the steam cutter No. 3, recently tried over the measured mile in Stokes Bay, when she made a mean speed of seven knots. In addition to this exceptional rate of speed in boats of only 28ft. in length, driven by a tiny single-cylinder engine of 3-horse power, which gives them such value as steam despatch boats, Mr. White claims for them a perfect unsinkableness, even when filled to the gunwale with water, and a double crew on board, an impossibility of capsizing them under any circumstances, and a constant readiness for active service in retaining their engines and boiler on board, even when slung up at a ship's davits. With all the steam launches in the navy the engine and boiler are always hoisted out of the boat before the latter can be taken on board the ship, and in getting the launch out of the ship the boat is hoisted out first, and the engine and boiler follow. It is obvious that by this process a considerable time must elapse between the first step being taken to hoist the launch out of the ship and her steaming away from the ship on the service for which she might be required. Mr. White meets this difficulty, and does away with the necessity for any such loss of time between the service of a boat being called into sudden requisition and her leaving the ship under steam, by making the engine and boiler in his steam life-boat cutter a fixture. It was to test the practicability of hoisting up and lowering a boat loaded with engine and boiler, the latter filled with water, and a supply of coal on board for the furnace, that the trial was made. The port poop davits of the Duke of Wellington, screw three-decker, were named for the trial, and thus as great a height as possible from a ship's davits was secured. With boiler filled, fire laid, bunker filled with coal, and the man attending the hooks and blocks of the falls on board, the total weight of the boat when suspended on the falls was about three tons. The falls were manned on the three-decker's poop by the ordinary number of men, and on the order being given by the pipe of the boatswain's mate the cutter was run up to the davits and secured there under three minutes. A careful examination of the boat as thus suspended proved that there was no sign of deflection in any part of the boat, and that she could convey her weights when so slung with perfect safety. The fire was next lighted under the boiler, and soon afterwards the pipe was given to lower away the boat for service. In two minutes three seconds from the time of the pipe being given the cutter was in the water steaming away from the ship under a full head of steam. The trials were declared by the officials conducting them to be in every respect satisfactory.

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

New Thames Yacht Club.—The second meeting of this Club was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Monday the 3rd of February, when Mr. J. D. Lee was elected chairman for the evening, who expressed his thanks for the honor, and stated likewise that the committee were in communication with a nobleman, whom they were in great anticipation would honor the New Thames Yacht Club, by becoming its Commodore—a post which (in the event of his acceding to their wishes) would be filled by one fully competent and ardent in yachting measures to place the Club on a firm basis. As a deputation would wait on him, he (the Chairman) did not consider it prudent to give the name of the nobleman, until they had obtained his consent. Mr. Lee further informed the meeting that the applications for membership were very numerous, and that at least thirty gentlemen would be added to their list on the present occasion, but still it was necessary to use every exertion to increase their numbers.

The present laws as proposed by the committee were discussed, and it was arranged that they should be adopted for the present. It was announced by the Treasurer Mr. R. S. Wilkinson, that nearly £500 had been paid by him to the Club's account at Messrs. Ransoms.

The following gentlemen were elected as the Sailing Committee:—Messrs. Boutcher, Groves, jun., J. H. Johnson, Rudge, Marett, Tatham, and A. O. Wilkinson.

Mr. J. D. Lee was elected Vice-commodore, on the proposition of Messrs. Grove and Boutcher.

Mr. Lee assured the meeting that this was an honor he did not expect when he had lent his assistance in endeavouring to raise a new Club. He had had no idea of becoming an officer of it, and he thought they could find plenty of men much more efficient, and had better make another selection [cries of No, no]. He repeated many might be found more efficient, but he must say that one with his heart more fully devoted to it they could not find. Everything he could do to promote their interests in any position he would do to the very best of his ability. He hoped the Club would be satisfied with his acceptance of the office only for a time, when a more competent successor would be an advantage to the Club. The noble lord alluded to also, if he accepted office might have a preference in another quarter. He, however, repeated that, either in office or out of it, he would do his best, and would hold the office till a better man was chosen.

The next meeting will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Monday, March 2nd, at eight p.m.

Royal London Yacht Club.—The meeting on the 17th ult., was more numerously attended than usual, the subject for discussion being the further consideration of the alterations brought forward by the Sailing Committee at the January meeting, Mr. A. Arcedeckne (the Commodore) occupying the chair.

Mr. Charlwood as the representative of the Sailing Committee, stated that since the last meeting, they had carefully investigated the opinion then expressed, and had slightly amended the suggestion respecting topsail yards, and considered that the yard which they now proposed was sufficient for any purpose. The principal alteration it must be observed was restricting the tonnage of squaresails by cutters. The committee had thought as those sails were not in use generally, it would be a hardship on owners of racing craft to compel them to purchase a sail which would probably be seldom required. They thought by simplifying the regulations with regard to canvas, and restricting vessels to carrying fore-and-aft sails as all carried in ordinary cruising, more entries would be secured, and consequently better sport afforded. He then moved that the alterations as read be adopted, being the proposition of the committee there was no necessity for a seconder :—

“ 1-9.—That in all matches of this club the following sails only shall be set :—

“ *Cutters*.—Mainsail, topsail (the yard of which shall not exceed in length three times the yacht's beam, nor be set with a jackyard), jib, and foresail.

“ *Yawls*.—Same as cutters, with the addition of a mizen and squaresail, which shall not be set above the crosstrees.

“ *Schooners*.—Mainsail, foresail, staysails, jibs, square topsail, and square-sail, which shall not be set above the crosstrees, and fore and main gaff topsails, to which the same restriction as to length of yard, as in cutters shall apply.

“ 2-6.—That in all matches of this club the crews of yachts sailing in such matches shall be limited as follows, viz. :—

“ *Cutters*.—One man for every seven tons, captain, and pilot.

“ *Yawls and Schooners*.—One man for every seven tons, or fraction of seven tons up to 100 tons, and one man for every ten tons, or fraction of ten tons above 100 tons, captain and pilot.

“ Three members of a recognised yacht club allowed in addition to each yacht of and above thirty tons, but only two members allowed to each yacht under thirty tons.

“ *New*.—That every yacht above thirty tons engaged in a match shall carry a boat at least 12ft. in length.”

Mr. A. Duncan, was anxious that the members should rightly understand what the committee proposed for time allowance between large and small craft, because the new rule would be unfair to the latter, which with their yards and sails reduced would stand no chance if only 20 seconds per ton were allowed.

Mr. Charlwood observed, he could not take upon himself to pledge the committee to any particular course of action, but in answer to Mr. Duncan's objection that small vessels had no chance, he (Mr. C.) must remark that it was only last year the alteration from 30 to 20 seconds was tried, and therefore the change had not as yet been thoroughly tested. The Sailing

Committee would decide what allowance should be made, when the matches were arranged.

Mr. Duncan said he supposed the committee at present did not contemplate giving more than 20 seconds, therefore himself and friends were decidedly averse to any alteration in the mode of rigging their vessels, and could see no reason why a jackyard should be prohibited, and their yard curtailed, and why should they not be allowed balloon topsail yards, and hands to set them. He was decidedly opposed to booming out and spinakers, and squaresails, but a balloon topsail was a legitimate sail, and he thought could not be restricted in the way proposed. A vessel might carry a 42 feet yard, and being only allowed one three times her beam, it might chance to be 29 feet too long, in which case the owner must either cut his spar and spoil his sail, or, get another, and his decks be hampered with two topsail yards. The clause respecting the carrying of the boat had his decided approval. He trusted the committee would not press their motion.

Mr. Eagle (the worthy Treasurer) warmly supported the motion. All changes had their inconveniences; but the object of the committee was to reduce the expenses of yacht owners.

Mr. W. H. Gladstone, considered there would be great objection to limiting the topsail yard to three times the length of beam, it would be very unsatisfactory, for some yachts were long and narrow, whilst others were short and wide, so that if the committee's proposition was carried out—vessels of the same tonnage would carry spars of different length. He thought the subject should be submitted to the consideration of the other yacht clubs before passing into a law, otherwise great inconvenience and expense to owners would incur.

Mr. J. S. Earle was desirous of knowing whether the proposed alterations would interfere with Ocean Matches, as he considered it very unfair to allow schooners and yawls to carry squaresails, and cutters not.

Mr. Charlwood in reply said—all apprehensions on that point could be easily settled as the latter never sailed in the same class as the former, and in all Ocean Matches the committee made regulations for that special purpose.

Mr. Earle said he would then take the matches as separate things; and it seemed that the question was whether in any case a vessel's speed should be reduced by clipping her wings. Vessels at sea carried all kinds of sails, and if they were permissible there, why not on the Thames? It seemed utterly wrong in principle to limit a vessel's spars by a rule calculated by her breadth. No one could say, judging from a yacht's beam alone, what the length of her topsail yard should be. He did not object to booming out being prohibited, but he did not understand why balloon jibs should be allowed, and not balloon topsails. The object of the proposed alterations was said to be securing of more entries; that that would be the result he very much doubted. However, if they wanted more entries, why not make a handicap at once? Every yacht on the club books could then start, and no doubt plenty of fun would come of such a match. If topsail yards were

limited in length, we should see all kinds of topmasts spring up; for racing owners would get the canvas up somehow. He should like to know if the New Thames Yacht Club intended to observe the same restrictions.

Mr. Groves as one of the sailing committee, could answer that they did.

Mr. H. G. Austin understood the object of these restrictions was to benefit the club, and to be a boon to owners. He could not see how such restrictions could be of advantage to owners; they had put him to the expense of obtaining spars for booming out sails, and balloon topsail yards, and now the club said he must not use them. He couldn't see why a schooner should be allowed a square topsail, and a yawl not. It would be better to leave such matters to owners themselves, as some vessels required one description of sail, and another did better with something different. His vessel, for instance, required a jackyard to her topsail to make it stand properly, but then it was not so large as some without a jackyard in even smaller vessels.

Mr. J. A. Dunbar could not understand how the committee could think of determining a vessel's topsail yard by her beam; one vessel's beam was only one-fifth of her length, another's was as much as one-third. No equable result could be arrived at by such a rule; but if it came the same to all he should have had no objection to the restriction. With regard to the restriction applying to the jackyard, if that were enforced the result would be owners who really cared for racing would be obliged to have two sets of topmasts and sails, one for this river, and the other for elsewhere. If a topsail were reduced in width by doing away with the jackyard, we should see terrific topmasts towering above the mastheads, for owners would get all the canvas on their vessels would carry, one way or the other. He was no advocate for a long jackyard extending beyond the sheet or gaff end, but such a spar inside the sheet was a good thing, and no topsail could be got to stand properly without one. If this restriction were adopted, we should see what he had often seen—the topsail sheet, instead of passing through sheaves at the gaff end, brought down to the foot of the boom, completely covering the gaff end, to get the required spread. His idea was, that if a man went in for racing, he should be allowed to get the utmost speed it was possible to obtain out of his vessel.

Mr. Charlwood, in the course of a brief reply to the gentlemen opposed to any alteration, thought their view of the matter considerably overstated, more especially were it was urged that they would now have to provide themselves with a new suit of sails, because their working topsails would come as nearly as possible to what the committee proposed. He had drawn out a list of yachts, with the length of topsail yard they might carry in proportion to their beam, and he thought the sail granted enough in reason for any yacht to carry:—Satanella, 26ft. 9in.; Thought, 34ft. 3in.; Glance, 35ft. 6in.; Niobe, 38ft. 3in.; Sphinx, 41ft. 0in.; Vanguard, 44ft. 0in.; Volante, 45ft. 0in.; Mosquito, 45ft. 9in.; Hirondelle, 46ft. 6in.; Fiona, 47ft. 0in.; Speranza, 51ft. 0in.; Pantomime, 57ft. 9in.; Egeria, 57ft. 9in.; Oimara, 60ft. 0in.; Lufra, 66ft. 0in.; Aline, 66ft. 0in.; Alarm, 72ft. 0in.; Witchcraft, 72ft.

0in. He thought the objections considerably overstated, and agreed with Mr. Gladstone, that if the yacht clubs of this country would only send one or two of their body to London to frame a general code of regulations applicable to every match throughout the kingdom the whole of the questions which had agitated the yachting world for two years past would be settled for ever, and he should be one of the first to support the movement if it only emanated from the proper quarter.

Mr. Duncan urged upon Mr. Charlwood the withdrawal or modification of the committee's proposition, at least until some measures should be taken to hold a council of the various clubs ; for instance, they sought to limit the number of hands, and while reducing the upper canvas, allowed a man to carry as large a jib as he pleased. There were a number of yachts where a large balloon jib could not be worked without a large number of hands, and although it was true he was allowed three friends aboard, still—although he had every respect for some one or two friends—he would rather not have them in the bows of his yacht while he was getting out a balloon jib. He would not go against the committee in the matter of carrying a boat, but himself and friends must oppose any limitation either in hands or canvas, and as there seemed no alternative for them he begged to move as an amendment "That sailing regulations 1—9 and 2—6 remain as they now stand for the present year," in the hope that during that period a meeting of clubs may be held to settle this question upon a satisfactory basis.

Mr. Austin seconded the amendment, which, on being put to the meeting, was carried by 20 to 10, a great number of gentlemen not voting.

Temple Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of this Club was held on Wednesday, Feb. 5th, at the Club-house, the Constitution, Bedford-street, Strand ; Commodore Hildersley and Vice-Commodore Chellingworth presiding. After the usual routine of business the members proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing season, the result being as follows :—Commodore, W. Hildersley ; Vice-Commodore, T. T. Chellingworth ; Rear-Commodore, W. Antill ; Treasurer, Mr. Hildersley ; Secretary, Mr. W. J. Fleuret ; Auditors ; Messrs. Porter and Harrison.—Returning thanks for the honour of re-election, the veteran Commodore referred to the success of last season, and congratulated the members on the present condition of the Club. During the past year three matches had been sailed, 11 prizes offered for competition, and a great accession made to tonnage and numerical strength of the Club.—The Sailing Committee reported the following fixtures :—Opening trip to be sailed on Monday, April 13th ; first match, Monday, June 15th ; second match, Monday, July 27th ; third match, Monday, August 24th.—Some discussion ensued on the question of the admission of boys (sons of members) into the Club, several standing for election.—"Resolved, "That in the absence of any rule to the contrary, the names be submitted next monthly meeting."—Resolved, "That the Club dinner, postponed from Jan. 18th, to be held on March 18th."

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A meeting of this Institution was held on Thursday, 2nd January, at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thos. Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair. There were also present Lord Henry Cholmondeley, Sir E. Perrott, Bart., Admiral Sir W. Hall, K.C.B., Captain Arrow, Deputy Master of the Trinity House, Colonel Fitz Roy Clayton, W. H. Harton, Esq., Colonel Palmer, Captain Ward, R.N., Inspector of Life-boats to the Institution, and Richard Lewis, Esq., the Secretary.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, rewards, amounting to 280*l* were ordered to be given to the crews of the following life-boats of the Institution for their gallant services during the storms of the past month :— The life-boat Edinburgh and R. M. Ballantyne, stationed at Port Logan, N.B., saved fifteen men from the barque Strathleven of Glasgow, on the 17th ult. Twelve months previously to the very day the wife and children of the captain of this ship had given a contribution in aid of this life-boat. The Donna Nook life-boat, the North Briton, rescued the crew of six men of the schooner Esk, of Montrose, and rendered other services to distressed vessels. The Licensed Victuallers' life-boat at Hunstanton saved fifteen men from the steamship Harmonia, of Hamburg, making in all thirty-one persons rescued by this life-boat since she was placed on her station in September last.

The St. Andrew's life-boat saved the crew of four men of the sloop Christian and Charlotte, of Peterhead. The late A. W. Jaffray, Esq., of St. Mildred's Court, presented to the Institution the cost of this life-boat, and of those at Whitby and Thurso ; and since Mr. Jaffray's lamented death these boats have saved forty-eight lives from different shipwrecks.

The Royal Berkshire life-boat at Aberdovey, North Wales, brought safely into harbour the schooner Jane Sophia and smack Hope, both of Aberystwith, with their crews. This life-boat has been instrumental altogether during the past year in bringing three vessels into harbour, which would have been totally lost without its aid, and of bringing ashore the crew of another vessel which broke up immediately after they were taken off.

The Parsee life-boat, stationed at Palling, rendered considerable assistance to the distressed vessel Neid, of Colchester. The life-boat Willie and Arthur, at New Brighton, rescued thirteen men from the ship Thornton, of New York. The Thomas Wilson life-boat, stationed at Whitburn, brought ashore the master of the brig John, of Hartlepool, and the Padstow life-boat saved the crew of three men of the sloop Telegraph, of Port Isaac.

The life-boats at Hayle, Margate, Berwick-on-Tweed, Bridlington Quay, Scarboro', Ballywater, Ramsgate, Drogheda, Caister, Fraserburgh, North Deal, and Great Yarmouth had also rendered various services to distressed vessels during the past month. Various rewards were also granted to the crews of different shore boats for saving life from shipwreck on our coasts. Payments amounting to upwards of 2,000*l*. were made on various life-boat establishments.

During the past year the life-boats of the Institution have saved the lives of seven hundred and eighty-five persons, in addition to thirty-five vessels rescued from destruction. The Institution has also granted rewards for saving three hundred and three persons from various wrecks by shore boats, and other means, so that the Institution has contributed altogether during the past year to the rescue of one thousand and eighty-eight lives from different shipwrecks.

A sailor's daughter had forwarded to the Institution, through Messrs. Drummond, a fifth donation of 100*l.* A legacy of 100*l.* had been received during the past month from the executors of the late Mrs. Maria Deane, of Cheltenham. Bequests had also been left to the Institution by the late Mrs. Maria Rawson, of Sheffield, 100*l.*; and the late E. Weston, Esq., of Leicester, 19*l.* 19*s.*

It was decided to form a new life-boat station at Abergele, on the Welsh coast. Henry Nilson, Esq., through the Manchester branch, had generously defrayed the cost (470*l.*) of the boat, &c. R. B. Hesketh, Esq., of Gwrych Castle, had also liberally undertaken to build the house for the reception of the boat. It was stated that the life-boat which had been exhibited at the Crystal Palace during the Christmas holidays had attracted considerable attention. The committee passed a vote of condolence to the family of the late Matthew Butler, Esq., of Great Yarmouth, who had long been a zealous coadjutor of the Institution at that place.

Captain A. Small, examiner at the Custom House, Glasgow, had during the past year collected for the Institution in that city and elsewhere 450*l.* He had for many years rendered the Institution valuable co-operation in Glasgow. Applications were made to place life-boats at Portland Island, in Dorset, and at Cleethorpes, on the coast of Lincoln. Reports were read from the Inspector and assistant-inspector of life-boats on their recent visits to various life-boats on the coast.

The accounts of the Institution for the past year were ordered to be sent to Mr. G. C. Begble, the public accountant, who had been the auditor of the Institution for the past sixteen years.

A cordial vote of thanks was passed to Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., and Sir Edward Perrott, Bart., for their able conduct in the chair at the meetings of the Institution during the past year. The proceedings then terminated.

Another meeting was held Feb. 6th, at its house, John-street, Adelphi. Thos. Baring, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., in the chair. There were also present—Thos. Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., Sir Edward Perrott, Bart., Capt. Richards, R.N., hydrographer of the Admiralty; Admiral Gordon, John Griffith, Esq., Capt. Ward, R.N., inspector of life-boats to the Institution; and Richard Lewis, Esq., the Secretary.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, the thanks of the Institution, inscribed on vellum, were ordered to be presented to Capt. Pim; the second service clasp to Mr. R. O. Johns; the silver medal to Martin Norris; and 28*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* to pay the expenses of the Tramore (the

Cambridge University Boat Club) life-boat of the Institution, in going off during a heavy gale and saving, in two trips, twenty-one persons from the ship *Oasis*, of Liverpool, which was wrecked in Brown's Bay.

Rewards, amounting to 342*l.*, were also ordered to be given to the crews of the following life-boats of the Institution for their gallant services during the past month. The Whitby life-boat saved the crew of two men of the sloop *Industry*, and two men from the schooner *Mulgrave*. The life-boat stationed at Howth, in Dublin Bay, was instrumental in saving the crew of three men of the schooner *Seven Brothers*, of Wicklow. The captain was also brought ashore by this life-boat from the schooner *Avenic*, of Nantes. He then telegraphed to Dublin and obtained the services of a steam tug, which was the means of saving his vessel. The Lyme Regis life-boat assisted to save the ketch *Kate* of Ipswich, and her crew of four men. The Commercial Travellers, No. 2 life-boat stationed at Castletown; Isle of Man, saved five men from the schooner *Maria*, of Newport, Monmouthshire.

The London Sunday School life-boat at Moelfra, Anglesea, rescued four men belonging to the schooner *Douglas*, C. Pennant, of Carnarvon. The Anstruther life-boat (the Admiral Fitzroy) saved the crew of five men of the schooner *Edward Stonard*, of Lancaster.

The Porthdinllaen life-boat rescued the crews of nine men of the schooner *Denbighshire Lass*, of Chester, and *Sarah Caroline*, of Girvan. The Skerries life-boat brought ashore the crew of four men of the schooner *Anne*, of Aberystwith. The Great Yarmouth life-boat assisted into the harbour the smack *Clipper*, of that port, and her crew of six men. The Holy Island life-boat (the *Grace Darling*) rescued the crew of six men of the schooner *Mischief*, of Carnarvon. The Bradford life-boat at Ramsgate, brought safely into harbour the brig *Britain's Pride*, of Falmouth, and her crew of eight men, making a total of eighty lives saved and three distressed vessels assisted by the life-boats of the Institution during the heavy gales of the past month alone.

The life-boats of the Institution at North Berwick, Caistor, Hasborough, Hunstanton, Skegness, Sutton, Walmer, Kingsdowne, Ramsgate, Great Yarmouth, Cadgwith, Holyhead, Orme's Head, Padstow, Penzance, Poole, Falmouth, Wexford, Winterton, Thorpeness, Campbeltown, Girvan, Abergele, Banff, and Swansea, had also put off in reply to signals of distress. In some cases the vessels had happily got out of danger, in others the life-boats had only arrived in time to see the ships become total wrecks.

The thanks of the Institution, inscribed on vellum, were ordered to be given to Mr. John Walker, of Campbeltown, N.B., for his gallant conduct in volunteering to go off in that life boat to the rescue of a shipwrecked crew.

The silver medal was also granted to W. Juniper, in admiration of his bravery in jumping into the sea from the Mundesley life-boat and rescuing a sailor who would otherwise inevitably have perished.

The silver medal of the Institution was likewise voted to Frederick Harris, Esq., inspecting officer of the Coast Guard at Seafield, Ireland; and to Lieutenant McMahon, of the Clare Militia; and 3*l.* to Michael Boyle,

and 10*l*. to five other men, for putting off from the shore in a gale of wind and heavy sea, to the rescue of three persons who had been left on board the stranded brigantine *Henrietta*, of Havre, which afterwards became a total wreck near Mutton Island, County Galway. It was only after three attempts that two of the poor fellows were saved, and the rescue was effected at great risk of life, the heavy sea almost overwhelming the small boat. Lieut. McMahon, who had risen from a sick bed, was most energetic on the occasion, and had, on seeing the failure of the other boat to reach the wreck, put off himself in a small curragh or canoe, but was driven back by the violence of the wind and sea.

Several other rewards were also granted to the crews of shore boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts.

Payments, amounting to 2,980*l*., were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments, and it was reported that during the past year the Institution had expended 31,845*l*. in forming new life-boat stations, and in maintaining other life-boats in a state of efficiency.

It was stated that the *Henry Nixon*, No. 2 life-boat for Abergele, North Wales, had been recently forwarded to the coast.

It was decided to name a life-boat the *Thomas Boys*, of Brighton, after a gentleman who, with his family, had rendered the Institution for some years past most liberal support.

A small life-boat was also ordered to be placed, if practicable, on board the light vessel near Llanelly.

The Manchester and Salford Sunday Schools had presented to the Institution a life-boat for Douglas, Isle of Man, and the boat was to be exhibited in Manchester.

A legacy of 100*l*. had been received during the past month from the executors of the late Miss Jane Sharpe, of Whitburn. Bequests had also been made to the Institution by the late Thomas Rogers, Esq., of Derby, 300*l*.; Miss E. Bolton, of Chelsea, 500*l*.; and David Sinclair, Esq., of Thurso, 100*l*. Mr. Sinclair had for many years acted as honorary secretary of the Thurso branch of the Institution.

Votes of condolence were passed to the families of the late Henry Nixon, Esq., of Manchester, and W. J. Egan, Esq., of Dublin, both of whom had for many years rendered their hearty sympathy and support to the life-boat cause.

It was reported that the wardroom officers of her Majesty's ship *Valorous* had forwarded, through Lieutenant F. C. Law, R.N., 2*l*. 8*s*. in aid of the funds of the Institution.

Contributions had also been received by the Institution from several of the principal City companies; the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, second donation, 105*l*.; the Worshipful Company of Grocers, 100*l*.; and several others.

Reports were read from the inspector and the assistant-inspector of life-boats to the Institution on their recent visits to various life-boat establishments. The proceedings then terminated.

Editor's Locker.

TONNAGE MEASUREMENT.

January 28rd, 1868.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—As an owner of a small craft I should like to have a word to say in reply to "Tack-tackle."

If I understand him aright he admits in principle all that C. E. S. has contended for—that if we could obtain some such system of yacht measurement as C. E. S. has so ably suggested, and which "Tack-tackle" endorses, we might then arrive at perfect equality in point of measurement—and so much being obtained, the relative advantage of force and speed due to increase of tonnage, is but a matter of detail to be arrived at by simple experiment. No one I presume will deny that there must be some ratio ascertainable, and such too as would enable four tons to run on equal terms with eight or nine tons, but the difference between four tons and an Oimara or Fiona, would certainly be sufficient to protect the latter from any immodest forwardness on the part of the former, without the necessity of identifying four tonners generally, with "cockle-shells," especially when many other bivalves are at hand to furnish a more appropriate simile.

I can speak feelingly with C. E. S. of the contemptuous indifference bestowed by leading yachtsmen, regatta committees, and all who have the power to order or alter sailing arrangements, on the fate of owners of small craft, and if the system of measurement customary with large vessels be such as to forbid only fair test of merit—that in fashion at regattas affecting small ones, is simply ludicrous in the venture, for in the latter case length alone is usually the test.

I ask sir, will no one take up the cudgels for the owners of small boats? who are frequently men with as much sincere love of the craft as the owners of more ambitious tonnage. Small boats have ever been and always will be, by the laws of natural developement, the parents of more majestic vessels; and it is a subject of complaint, that whereas the latter ought to regard them as both parent and child, they nevertheless exercise more frequently, a jealous and contemptuous bearing towards their near relations—but this latter observation need not in any way afflict "Tack-tackle" as I have not included nine tonners in my views of great craft.

I am sir, yours,

HARK AWAY.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

LATEEN SAILS.

January 25th, 1868.

SIR.—In answer to your correspondent "Nauticus's" enquiry made in your December number, relative to Lateen Sails. I beg to say that the answer thereto depends much upon what "Nauticus" means by the term

"Lateen." There are very often to be seen small nondescript vessels in English waters, rigged and canvassed after a fancy fashion that is called "Lateen;" but beyond some general resemblance has no further claim to that peculiar rig. The true "Lateen" is a triangular sail laced to a long tapering yard, the fore-end of which yard bowsed well down amidships, constitutes the tack of the sail. There is no necessity for cutting the sail with a round head, on the contrary a roached head, to counteract the bending of the yard, which should be prevented—not encouraged, ensures a better sitting and more effective "Lateener."

Yours, &c.,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

ROCK SCORPION.

TONNAGE ALLOWANCE.

Torquay, January 27th, 1868.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—My successful opponent "Tack-tackle" seems to think that most yachtsmen will agree with him on the subject of tonnage allowance, if so I wish they would speak out, and convince me that I am mistaken. I am now become a *nasty great 8 tonner* myself, and less afraid of the consequences. Still a pithy sentence, in the letter of one of your correspondents of some years since, recurs to my mind, which would seem to advocate my views. "Enough time;" "he says, "is allowed to tempt smaller vessels to run, but not sufficient to give them any fair chance of winning;" and this he proceeds to illustrate by remarking how small a proportion of vessels do actually win by time, whilst so many would be in a position to do so.

All this is however a matter of opinion, and the yachting world must judge between us; but when Tack-tackle proceeds to say that I omit to state that the tonnage allowance is reduced in larger classes he is certainly mistaken, for I especially referred to it as illustrating the principle I was advocating. If it is admitted that there is a greater difference between 17 and 18, than between 21 and 22, surely there is a greater also between 7 and 8, than between 17 and 18, and it seems to me that the same time should be given as between 14 and 16, namely 2 minutes. It certainly was never my intention to run 4 tonners with large vessels, such as the Oimara; but to quote my own words, I still think it would be a great boon if the tonnage allowance was so nicely adjusted, as not to force us to build boats *quite* up to the size of those with which we have to contend, and I do not see how "Tack-tackle" could have interpreted this expression into a challenge to vessels of *forty times* my own dimensions.

I am sir, yours, &c,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

C. E. S.

YACHTING IN NORTHERN WATERS OF SCOTLAND.

February 17th, 1868.

DEAR SIR.—In one part of the "Yachting in Northern Waters of Scotland," the author when speaking of Loch Ryan, says "there is pretty good

holding ground, but no real shelter in any part of it, and when strong northerly winds prevail a heavy sea runs in." For the truth of the latter part of the sentence I can freely vouch, having myself been twice caught in a northerner in Loch Ryan; but I hardly think that it can be said there is no shelter in the Loch, though it is certainly very much exposed to a northerly wind. Should the author of the above mentioned narrative ever again find himself under the same circumstances, in the same locality, if he will only run down the middle of the Loch, and haul his wind at once and beat up the western side of the lake in short tacks, he will soon find himself in most undeniably good shelter. I forget the exact depth of water but I know that the "Apsara," an eighty tonner of Ratsey's, was at her moorings in the N.W. corner of the Loch when I was there, so I conclude there is water enough for most craft. My own charts are not by me at this moment; but the Admiralty chart, the lead, and short tacks are all that is required to keep clear of dangers, and snugger anchorage than that said N.W. corner cannot be found anywhere.

Yours faithfully,

A YACHTSMAN.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

BIOGRAPHIES OF RACING YACHTS.

Dublin, February, 25th, 1868.

SIR.—Permit me to correct a mistake in your biography of the *Wildfire*. It was not in 1855, when she belonged to Sir P. Shelley, but in 1856 that John Harbert became her skipper; under his direction her masts were put more upright, and a false stern-post added; and it was under his command, and not under Penny's, that she distinguished herself so much in the river and elsewhere. Penny became her captain in 1860, when an iron keel and longer boom were fitted to her. During that season (1860) she started fourteen times and won only once, at Cork. I am sure you will insert this in justice to an old and distinguished hand.

Yours, &c.,

YACHTSMAN.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

May 30.—Royal London Yacht Club,—first class cutters two prizes, 75 and 25 guineas.

June 16.—Royal London Yacht Club—schooners and yawls, prize 100 guineas.

30.—Royal London Yacht Club—second and third class 20 and 5 guineas.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1st, 1868.

AU SEIN DE LA SEINE.

"Inde ubi clara dedit sonitum tuba ; finibus omnes,
Haud mora, prosiluire suis ; ferit æthera clamor
Nauticus, adductis spumant freta versa lacertis."

ÆNEIDOS, LIB. V.

"Metter potete ben par l'alto sale,
Vostro navigio, servando mio selco
Dinanzi all'acqua che ritorna eguale."

DEL PARADISO, CANT. II.

THE Regatta at Rouen is held in August. The prizes are medals of gold, silver, silver gilt, or bronze; and money, ranging for the rowing, and the small sailing craft, from £2 to £8. The prizes for steam pleasure boats and launches are silver medals, and £20 in addition for the first boat : and those for the large sailing craft are £40 and a silver medal for the first, and £8 and a medal for the second prize.

The Grand Stand, or Tribune, decorated with tricolor trophies, and laid with scarlet velvet and gold, is erected in the Sotteville meadows ; facing, and about midway between Côte Ste Catherine and Bonsecours. Ile Brouilly being on the left, Ile de Sotteville on the right, and a fine space of deep water as broad as the Thames at Greenwich, extending between them. At the lower end of this expanse is the starting point, whence the small craft proceed between two marks placed across the river at the upper end, and return to the winning post facing the Tribune : the course for the yachts being twice round Ile Sotteville.

The regatta days last year were terribly hot; and owing to a regatta at Elbeuf, and *fêtes* there, and at Fécamp, the spectators at Rouen were few. Then too owing to some misunderstanding, fewer Paris yachts

than usual came. The only steam racer present was *Le Furet*,—a pretty little thing with a swan, or ram-like bow, sharp as a razor ; and a sea green riband, and bottom of the same colour,—which every now and then shrieked her tiny, sore throated whistle, and shot off like an arrow, her little tricolor streaming defiantly behind her : when after a few moments absence, she would come puffing back like a locomotive ; and the furrows from her wake working their way to the shore, would toss the *norvégiennes* and *périssoires* wildly about, make the very Noah's Ark prance and curvet, and splash among the mud, pebbles, and reeds, like the waves of our own Thames steamers at Chelsea or Kew ! The panorama from the Tribune, and the Place Débout enclosed by wooden trellice for 200 yards by the river side, was really magnificent. The yachts and sailing boats lay moored in lines across the river, each having a different coloured flag, with a distinguishing number in it. At a murmur of "*la maree !*" they all swung together, circling in different ways to the *bore* of the Seine, here showing itself by a mere sudden turn of tide, from side to side across the river. At a wharf over the water, an English cutter, and an Italian schooner yacht, were gaily dressed with flags ; whilst right and left of them were pretty villas, cottages, and pleasure houses, whose gardens and lawns, like those at Twickenham, extended along the flats to the river. Behind these, and all along in front of us, with wooded ravines between them, the hills rose abruptly like gigantic waves. The white zig-zag roads on their parched brown slopes, the hill tops, the platform of Bonsecours church-yard, and the Côte Ste Catherine, being studded with spectators, gazing rapturously down ; and the trees, villas, villages, and tall shafts being all mirrored in the shining river beneath. In the midst paddled hosts of Norway skiffs and canoes, and a Noah's Ark out pleasuring for the day. Spectators, huddled together at the end of Ile Brouilly, peered through the mass of shrubs, foliage, and poplars there ; the railway bridge behind, with its fine stone buttresses spanned the river ; and a train now and then rumbling across, and the sound echoed among the hills like muttered thunder.

This Ile, and that of poplar clad Sotteville, framing the view ; and the brick chimneys, tiled buildings, and generally red tone of a distillery opposite, being reflected in the bright stream, lent a charming effect to the wonderfully transparent atmosphere of this lovely picture. The scene was now and then further enlivened by a paquebot, with wheels abaft,—and on a platform between them, her helmsman perched at the long iron tiller,—coming churning along, like some Mississippi wanderer : or by the Cygne, with gilt swan head, and long white

bottom, paddling back from Elbeuf, with her bell ringing cheerily in the clear still air. Two Parisiennes, who, *bien gantées et chaussées à merveille*,—far from having “nothing to wear,” each daily donned a dress fitting her plump figure, faultlessly both in corset and skirt, and varying in hue, from Bismark browns, to Halcyon blue, and Cantharides green,—seated themselves on the soft dry grass fringing the river, and peered from under their sun shades. And whilst an officer of hussars in glazed shako, braided jacket, sabretashe and spurs, flirted with the dark eyed “Lady of Rouen”, an English yachtsman in his gig, and another sturdy Briton in a nut brown canoe,—which, be it parenthetically remarked, was among the narrow, flat bottomed, flat sided *périssoires*, like a triton among the *miunows*,—each vied in his way, to attract the attention of this rather voluptuous looking couple.

The yachtsman would take a sweep in his gig, and then push her in among the ships’ boats, at their feet, where lolling back, he quietly smoked his pipe; now and then looking up coyly from under his broad brim, and scarcely heeding the canoeman, who bearded, and be-piped, sat in his Indian helmet, and puffed away majestically; ever and anon giving a stroke of his paddle, when ogling this mutual cynosure, rendered it necessary.

The crew of an English boat swore with many an oath, that they “only had three thoals, and one of *they* was a belayin’ pin,” and one of them hailing a cake seller, took what delicacies he required, asserting with fearful oaths that he could stow a whole hold full in his —, then holding forth a handful of coin for the vendor to help himself from; a similar course being pursued with a crier of “*cigarre et du feu!*” and strong comments being made on the difficulty of getting anything to drink,—a buffet the while being behind the Tribune, had they but known it!

This little episode was varied by the *périssoire* race. Away they all started, the rowers nude all but bathing drawers, standing up and wielding their *raquettes*,—whose blades were for the most part set at right angles to each other,—like pseudo savages. Of six which started, one only reached the goal; and the *chevaux de frise* appearance of their paddles as they tried to round the marks, and the way in which they failed in turning,—some gradually filling and sinking by the stern, the rower, amidst the shouts of the spectators, vainly endeavouring to keep his perpendicularity as the canoe sunk gracefully down, or leaping overboard at once from the others as their craft capsized, was exceedingly amusing. The *périssoire* adventures were constant sources of amusement during the two days the regatta lasted, and the Rouennais seemed as much at home in the water, as South Sea Islanders. The ships’ boat race smacked of

true salt water. The rattling of the thoals and rullocks; the queer ram's horn looking oars; the rolling of the boats, and the wakes they left behind them; together with the red and other shirts; various caps; shouting, swearing, and waving of hands of the crews, formed a strong contrast to the still scenery, and inland civilization around. The rowing in the gig race was not good, No. 2, La Perseverance of Paris, alone shewing to any advantage. Unfortunately it was almost a calm, or the race of the large cutters would have been good; several of them were from Paris. Vessels apparently of about 20 tons, very broad, and very flat,—the Ariel especially so,—with deep keels, and a tremendous spread of canvas, the sails laced to the booms, and with jibs, but no fore-stay. It was very pretty to see them tacking between Sotteville and the shores, some on one side of it, others on the other; and when they came running down they all had squaresails, and half topsails set. The Mayor presided at the Tribune, and other dignitaries and the Committee of course, graced the grand stand; whilst the music of the *fanfare*, or French horn band of the hussars, from time to time reverberated among the hills. Crowds paraded the pleasant shade in the *grand cours* avenue, between the railway and the stone bridge; whilst the children galloped to and fro on donkeys, or gambolled on the grass between the trees and the river. As we turned homeward we saw a large English yacht, her blue ensign flying, and masts and all spare gear out, steam away up on her way to the Paris Exposition, and bring to for awhile at the quay across the river.

The Rouen regatta takes place in August, about the time of the Emperor's *fête*, which latter cannot of course compare there with the *fêtes* of Paris: but nevertheless even at Rouen, the balloons, the music and amusements; and the gaily dressed crowds that throng in from the neighbouring towns and villages, and crowd the streets all day; and the fireworks on Côte Ste Catherine and the Champ de Mars; and the illuminations at the public buildings, in the streets, and on the Place St. Ouen at night; are by no means insignificant. A couple of orchestras too are raised in front of the Hotel de Ville, and military bands play there alternately till far into the morning; the knickerbockered soldiery dancing grotesque quadrilles, or waltzing gaily with each other, when they cannot get rustic partners. The whole making a delightful day for the buzzing thousands, who not only throng the illuminated square; but morn and night parade the city from place to place, according to the amusements at the time going on. So that about this period an Englishman may pass a duller ten days elsewhere, than in the capital of that province which "*i popoli settentrionali, detti Normandi, occuparono, il quale oggi, da loro è detto Normandia.*"

For the information of any of our readers desirous of ascending the Seine, we give a table of the depth of water about regatta time ; and the scale of pilotage, observing that the rate for towage by the *remorqueurs* is one *centime* per ton per *kilomètre*.

Profondeurs d'eau constatees au moment de la pleine-mer Sep. 5 à 14.

				Morte eau	Vive eau
Entre la mer et Tancarville...	5m 86	7m 50
Entre Tancarville et Quillebenf	7 40	9 47
Sur la traverse d'Aizier	8 14	9 95
Sur la banc des Flaques	5 74	7 55
Sur la traverse de Villequier	7 19	8 82
Sur le banc des Moules...	4 32	5 88
Profondeur moyenne dans le Port de Rouen	8 62	9 79
Les plus forts navires montés à ces deux marées calalent				4 75	4 66

Pilotage from Sea to Villequier.

STREAMING, SAILING OR TOWING IN BALLAST.				LOADED AND TOWED.	
		Fr.	Ct.		
Under 20 tons Register.....	Add 2f. 25c. each ten tons above 15l.	18	0	Add 3f. each ten tons above 15l.	18 0
From 21 to 30		18	0		18 0
31 to 40		18	0		18 0
41 to 50		18	0		21 0
51 to 60		18	0		24 0
61 to 70		20	25		27 0
71 to 80		22	50		30 0
81 to 90		24	75		33 0
91 to 100		27	0		36 0
101 to 110		29	25		39 0
111 to 120		31	50		42 0
121 to 130		33	75		45 0
131 to 140		36	0		48 0
141 to 150		38	25		51 0
151 to 160		40	50		54 0

Pilotage from Villequier to la Mailleraye.

STREAMING, SAILING OR TOWING IN BALLAST.				LOADED AND TOWED.	
		Fr.	Ct.		
Under 20 tons Register.....	Add Of. 45c. each ten tons above 15l.	6	60	Add Of. 60c. each ten tons above 15l.	6 60
From 21 to 30		6	60		6 60
31 to 40		6	60		6 60
41 to 50		6	60		6 60
51 to 60		6	60		6 80
61 to 70		6	60		7 40
71 to 80		6	60		8 0
81 to 90		6	60		8 60
91 to 100		6	90		9 20
101 to 110		7	35		9 80
111 to 120		7	80		10 40
121 to 130		8	25		11 0
131 to 140		8	70		11 60
141 to 150		9	15		12 20
151 to 160		9	60		12 80

From La Mailleraye to Rouen (Optional).

	Fcs.
Under 70 tons Register	20
From 71 „ to 100	25
101 „ to 140	30
141 „ to 170	35
171 „ and above	30

From Rouen to Paris 60 to 80 francs according to size.

Mem :—Yachts of course come under the denomination “ in ballast.”

But our parting day arrived. The oppressive heat, and shrill trumpeting of the mosquitoes had kept us awake all night ; and the Cathedral and other bells booming forth the hours, prevented our sleeping in the morning : so turning out about half-past four, we strolled along the quay.

The sparrows, for there are indeed two or three at Rouen, were chattering vehemently ; perhaps disputing whether it was time to get up ; for a raw thick fog rolled in clouds down the river, which could not be seen for the mist. One could only conjecture a river was there, from the frequent sounds of large fish splashing back, after rising at a water fly or other tempting morsel. The early fish like the early bird evidently enjoying its own reward. A lamplighter came tripping along, turning off the gas by the little cocks in the lamp-posts, or in the tiny cupboards in the walls. The decks and rigging of the yachts and vessels alongside the quay looked damp and cold in the gloom. Chiffoniers were toiling sadly homeward from their grusome task, day labourers appeared on their way to toil, little stalls being pitched at the stone bridge to afford them refreshment as they passed. The streets gradually grew more peopled.

The sun struggled through, lifted, and finally dissipated the mist ; and warming up the hills and city, gave earnest of a glorious day. We breakfasted, packed up our traps, and at a quarter to eleven found ourselves on board the *Furet*, steaming from the Quai du Havre down the Seine. That Seine,—whose source near Chanceaux in Bourgoyne, purchased by the city of Paris, is about to have the Roman temple once existing there restored ;—and which after meandering through La Belle France for 400 miles, mingles with la Manche between Havre and Honfleur.

The bridges, quays, houses, and tall spires all grouped behind us. We passed Ile du Petit Quay and bathing place, and then Petit Quevilly on our left : low meadows stretching up the valley to Maromme on our right. Then we skirted the Canteleu hills, the village perched on the heights, a couple of chateaux, half way down among the trees ; and at the river side, among poplars and acacias, pretty villas, and the long strag-

gling hamlets of Croisset and Dieppedalle. On the left bank lay low thatched farmsteads, with trees between them and the river, and men moving in the midst of the orchards adjoining. Whilst looking at the flat lands extending far behind these, the La Bouille double-decked saloon boat came steaming along, her passengers exchanging a few jokes with ours as we passed.

From time to time we passed long poplar grown aits ; and the hills and ravines, like huge sea waves on our right, were truly lovely. Here and there were dwellings excavated in the perpendicular cliffs, the windows of the several stories looking like portholes, in their tall white faces. Whilst copses, trees, and foliage crested the hills ; and when uncultivated, decked their slopes, and bristled up the long trough-like valleys between them. We passed by Grand-Quevilly, Petit Couronne, and Grand-Couronne on our left, with the Forest of Rouvray on the hills behind : and a chateau, with a broad avenue of trees stretching along the lawn to the steps at the river side. An old Honfleur cutter laden with empty casks floating lazily by at the time. Next we came to Val-de-la-Haie on the right shore ; a rook with a long stick in its beak crossing from the poplars opposite ; and a bronze eagle on a column, near some neat brick cottages, showing where Napoleon the First's remains first rested "*aux bords de la Seine.*" La Commanderie de Sainte Vau-bourg, a fine chateau and gardens, was seated among trees at the top of a steep grass slope. We paddled past Hautot, and men at work repairing the embankments, which built of small sized sand stones, are frequent on the river ; in deepening and improving which latter, half a million sterling has recently been spent. Now a deeply laden steamer toiled upwards towards Rouen ; then an English brig anchored in mid stream, awaiting the tide, would be careened over, her bottom glistening in the sun, as her crew shoved along the boat, and payed her bottom with coal tar. Fields first sloped from the river to the forest on our left : and on our right, we in turns passed Soquence and its bright brick chateau ; Sahurs on a slope, and a fine chateau and gardens, with a queer little slate spired church, hemmed in at the back by orchards, and adjoining trees. Next we were charmed with a lovely meadow, and long row of green poplars on our left ; and behind Moulineaux, on the crest of the steep hill, we could see amidst the forest, the ruins of Robert le Diable's chateau. The song "*Regnava un tempo in Normandia*" says he was

" Un prence incognito, un gran guerrier,
E era un Diavolo, era da ver !"

this unknown notoriety however, is generally supposed to have been Robert Courte-Heuse, son of the Conqueror.

The heat was now so fierce, that with charming ease, the French passengers made themselves comfortable. The ladies laid aside their bonnets and other oppressive paraphernalia; and occasionally refreshed themselves with Eau de Cologne. The gentlemen eschewed their waistcoats and collars; and loosened their shirts. A yellow-haired plump little body, bustled merrily forward with her tall dark-bearded husband, to arrange about dinner with the Chef. He a fine manly looking fellow, stepped from amidst the *légumes*, skillets, and cooking traps, in his head quarters in the paddle box; and pointing down the companion to an array of viands spread tastily on the table, suggested the items of *un petit diner*. After a *bon-mot* or two, the merry couple returned aft: whence an old German lady with her hair in flat brown puffs, and a tall, thin, elegant looking daughter, with blue eyes and eye-glasses to match, peculiar ear drops, and a light thin striped silk dress, never budged the whole voyage.

We passed La Bouille, with its handsome church and quay; and then the Caumont quarries, with English schooners here and there in sight: the hills and gorges looking more than ever like frozen billows; and the right bank of the river opposite, having changed to a low poplar studded plain, extending back to distant hills. A lonely *douanier*, with folded arms, gazed melancholily at us from the bank as we sped by. Between the islands came a *remorqueur*, foaming along, the chain rattling up the score at the bow, rumbling round the central wheel, and sinking again into the river over a shiver abaft. Fishermen here and there were casting their round, spreading nets; or else were seated in flat punts busily plying their lines.

To port lay Bardouville, and bare hills, then Saint Martin de Boscherville, whose church was founded by WILLIAM's Chamberlain, de Tancarville, some years prior to the Conquest. To starboard came Duclair, the river taking another tremendous sweep: and by and by the tall towers and ruins of Jumiéges showed high above the trees. This abbey was founded in 654, under Clovis II., whose rebel sons, the *énervés*, here found a refuge, and finally a grave. Rollo and his Normans pillaged, and in 851 destroyed it. Guillaume Longue Epée, his son, restored the abbey, which thrived and waxed till 1530, over two thousand monks at times residing there: where too for a while, reposed the heart of its benefactress, Agnès Sorel, "Dame de Beaute" of Charles VII. who here,

"Oubliait aux pieds d'une maîtresse,
La vierge qui mourait pour lui."

—poor Joan of Arc at the cruel stake in Rouen!

A fine broad stone barge, having landed the deck cargo, was working back; she came about like a top, and her two hands looked quite picturesque, in their pink shirts and sky blue trowsers. As a two oared skiff, which from the good rowing, and simple costume of the crew, we took for English, pulled by; we contrasted their easy dress with the Mac anibus tartan, and the pockets, pouches, and game bags of two French sportsmen on board.

Meanwhile we pass Yainville and Le Trait; and on the left bank Heurteauville, Guerbaville, and La Mailleraye, where Louise de Laval-lière took her early lessons in love; next by Bliquetuit, St. Nicolas, and St. Wandrille on the right bank, and the Chapelle de "Barre-y-va!" commemorative of the Bore having reached so far, and then come to Caudebec. This is a neat village with a long broad quay, and an ancient church having a highly decorated central spire. Talbot took this little place about 1419, after a six months seige! Forests hem it in on all sides; and foxes nightly prowl the streets to seize any stray poultry. There is a nice drive from here to Yvetot, whence you may go on to Havre, or else return to Rouen. The forest ride is redolent of woodbine and wild flowers. Kilomètre stones mark the distances along the well kept, poplar bordered road. You pass diligences jingling along, or wains toiling by, piled up with hay or corn. The people are reaping, or gleaming, in the hedgeless fields; the smoke of the low thatched farmsteads perfumes the air; and the setting sun is perhaps glowing behind the hills and trees of the Pays de Caux, as you rattle into Yvetot. Where the bells are hung outside the slated spires of the quaint old church; and the youth of the village are shouting and frolicking, on an adjoining green. After passing Caudebec the passengers become communicative; the black eyed man with the puffy lips and drooping eyelids, babbles about Bruges and Belgium; and tells of the quaint old houses, and *fenetres à la guillotine* there. A plethoric bagman too boasting of the huge trout in the Belgian streams. A funny little Gaul with a pretty dark bistrée-eyed daughter, and a paroquet looking through the wires of a small flat deal box, shaped something like a grand piano, tries two or three words of English on us. The jolly old stewardess bustles about with coffee, and her daughter, whose eyes are kept wide awake by hair *à la chinoise*, moves to and fro with guide books, and occasionally draws attention to the lions as we pass. The left bank of the river is still low, and backed by the hills and forest of Brotonne; the right has wooded heights, and green ridges; with here and there stratified, and casually cracked white cliffs; whilst villas, houses, and lawns, set off the brown, green, and yellow tints, of this lovely country.

Villequier comes next, a charming hamlet at the foot of wooded heights, on which stands a pretty clock towered chateau. Here more broad, long masted barges, and the first lighthouse, were seen. A haze dimming the distant hills and forests ahead. The right shore next became low; along which equi-distant, mangy looking poplars, with their pruned top tufts, seemed drawn up in single file to greet us. We now began to sniff the sea air, as a pretty village, square towered church, and a lighthouse shewed among the trees on our left. Then we passed haymakers, and cottages peeping from the woods behind; and as the river wound round to the right between the hills, a perfect amphitheatre, surrounded by forests and mountain, lay behind us. The plain, miles in extent, from side to side of which the unembanked river capriciously roved of yore, looking like the drained bed of some vast lake.

Vieux Port, its little quay, ferry boats and farmsteads, with goats gambolling in their front, lay before us on the left: on which side too the slopes of the wooded hills grew reddish and sandy; and then took the form of sea cliffs, with sandy beaches at their feet,—the shore hence to Quillebeuf much resembling that about Reculvers. The Scandinavians have left traces of their occupation in the names along the Seine. *Beuf* signified abode or dwelling, Quillebeuf then, ship-dwelling? Elbeuf, river-dwelling, and so on. *Bec* is stream, thus Ro-bec Roll, Rou, or Rouen stream; Caude-bec, the Pays de Caux stream. Fleur meant creek, and Hève promontory.

There were some schooners in the Camber at Quillebeuf, as we hurried past its lighthouse, inclined slope, and quay: this is where the *bore* of the Seine is greatest. Up the valley in the distance on the right hand, lay Lillebonne with its amphitheatre and Roman remains; and on the same side lies Gersault where was buried Harlette, WILLIAM'S mother. The sea breeze now inflated our lungs. The tall round tower of the chateau de Tancarville on our right, towered from the cliff base above the castle platform; and strange looking rooks wheeled in the air, and among the surrounding trees; a fisher village with a small stream winding through it, lying under and behind the steep point, and chateau. Land slips had here and there occurred, and trees still stood on the isolated *débris*. The land opening out on our right, was more or less dotted with scattered trees. Now we came to sandy flats, with cattle grazing on the salt herbage behind the embankments; and sea birds wheeling and screaming around us in the ever salter air. Lighthouses, and sand banks, became frequent both right and left; small fishing craft came sailing in, others lying at anchor in the stream; the boats being no longer flat but sea going. The scattered, and stunted vegetation, and

bushes, on the left, struggled hard for existence up the sandy slopes. A pretty brick chalet or two were passed; and then more beacons, lighthouses, sand spits, and cliffs, told us we were now all but at sea; and on looking back, we could see the river well defined between the approaching hills.

We ran across to Honfleur, behind a steep wooded headland 300 feet high on the left. Pretty villas peeping from among the trees; a mediæval castle standing high on a detached rock in the hollow behind the hill; under, and left of which, lay fine docks and basins. Landing some passengers at the quay, we steamed out again, and over to Havre. Harfleur could just be seen through the haze opposite, behind another headland across the river. Porteurs were now churning away up from Havre to Rouen. We saw the smoke of the Trouville steamer along the horizon; Havre lay on the long spit ahead. We now pass clumps of trees and detached houses, looking quite Venetian, and as if standing in the sea. Villas, factories, &c., adorn the hill sides; and masts and red funnels begin to show in the basins behind the long sea walls. Gulls scream around us. Round sterned trawlers, with their booms half topped, roll along, towing their nets abaft the beam. *Chasse marées* pitch and drive past us. Steamers are leaving the port.

The lighthouses on La Hève open out behind the jetties, and as the mud barges are being towed out, we steam in alongside the quay, where crowds await us, and little round headed children gape at us from the widely opened windows of the houses behind. Thus ends our trip; and years will elapse 'ere the undulating bluffs, and long ravines, the verdant plains, and frequent forests; the beetling cliffs, and smiling chateaux; the poplar aits, orchards and glad waters of the Seine fade from our memory. The Rhine for a few miles is more picturesque, but the Seine we certainly think the more lovely of the two.

H. N. P. W.

A PIECE OF SPUNYARN.

READER, hast ever "gone down to the sea in ships." Hath thy spirit ever stirred within thee at the recital of deeds of derring-do on the waste of waters, or may I call it "the briny"—in justice to the memory of the late Richard Swiveller? Hath the all-important and as yet undecided question regarding *luffing* and *bearing-away* which lately agitated yachting circles to their centres any charms for thee? Doth the flapping of canvas in the breeze awaken, so to say, a responsive

flapping within thy breast ? To sum up all, hast ever sailed in a race ? Hast ever arrayed thy manly form in any of that striking, but pleasing, variety of costume, which amateur crews are accustomed to affect ? If to the above questions thou dost reply in the negative, close this page and depart in peace—my words are not for thee ; but if on the other hand they cause visions to arise “in *thy* mind's eye” of many a stoutly contested race in the which thou hast borne thyself well, and with much gallantry succeeded in becoming thoroughly wet as to thine outside (also perhaps as to thine inside, on which point I shall not further dilate); of many a prize snatched from an adversary's grasp by sheer pluck and daring ; of many a skipper glancing back over his shoulder and pouring forth the vials of his wrath in imprecations whispered indeed, but not on that account less appalling, on the head of his dearest friend the commander of the next yacht which hath been slowly creeping up on the weather quarter of thine ; of many an anxious five minutes, when, thy vessel having rounded the flag-ship, thou hast stood watch in hand as yet uncertain if the race be thine, or whether even at the last instant thou mayst not be deprived of thy expected laurels ; with one eye fixed on a dreaded adversary which seemeth to sail so very much faster than before, (the men will possibly make the observation that “she must have got a screw in her tail”), the other on the dial-plate of the time-piece, execrating the slow, the absurdly and uncommonly slow flight of the seconds ; and then in fine of many a ringing cheer in triumphant response to the gun from the club-house battery announcing thy hard-earned success,—*then* and in such case extend unto me the right hand of fellowship, and let us have a pipe and glass of grog together in spirit.

And oh ! my ancient, my maxim has ever been that no race is properly concluded without a good cheer or two (or *three*) ; if one cannot cheer for one's-self it is infinitely better to cheer for somebody else than not to cheer at all ; the former is naturally more agreeable to one's feelings, but nevertheless whenever destiny wills that another should be victorious (alas ! that we cannot all be ever first)—then I pray you, fail not to lend the aid of your “sweet voice” to swell his triumph. There are very few yachtsmen, if any, who will refuse to endorse these sentiments, and in penning them I have the satisfaction of feeling that I write for sympathising readers : where is the yellow-livered cur, unworthy of the noble brotherhood, who under such circumstances would withhold his applause ? Point him out—shew him to me, that I may hold him up for general scorn and contempt ! (provided I can do it in a way which will not subject me to an action for defamation). Cheering

has also another advantage deserving of mention here : it acts as a kind of safety-valve, whereby all the extra excitement engendered by the contest escapes, thus enabling men to return to their ordinary avocations sooner than otherwise they could. Besides, is it not a fitting termination to a British sport, cheering being as everybody knows essentially an Anglo-Saxon institution ? else why should the illustrious Nelson, if we are to trust Mr. James Fenimore Cooper, have said that " a genuine cheer would split a Frenchman's throat"—except of course on the supposition that the great sailor was not free from some portion of that insular prejudice which even now, despite the introduction of very much increased facilities for travelling, is to be met with pretty often. I am aware that I have drawn my conclusion as to the nationality of cheering from very insufficient premises, France not being the world ; but oh reader of the logical mind, writhe not I pray you—permit the memory of my error to rest in the shade—at any rate you will agree with me *if* this—that *we* are fond of thinking ourselves the only people under the sun who can shout properly. And indeed should the above-quoted observation of a remarkable tar prove correct, it may satisfactorily account for the undoubted fact, that yachting has never been a popular amusement with our Gallic and gallant neighbours !

" Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen,
Aut Epheson, bimarise Corinthi
Mænia, &c.,"

which they have of course every right to do, and shall do without interference of mine ; but give me my own murky land with its " cold gray sky that breeds hard Englishmen," and its shores encircled by fleets of white-winged yachts. Should any admirer of Mr. Kingsley cast his eye on this page I beg he will excuse me if the last quotation be incorrect, and receive the apology which by anticipation I now tender.

And yet noble as is the sport and well as it suits the descendants of stern sea-kings, one meets occasionally even amongst one's own country men I regret to say, men ready to speak depreciatingly of yachting; and as the views of one or two with whom I have spoken illustrate in a somewhat comical way those of the rest, I purpose now to recount what has been said to me by some of a class whom I shall term *phobocymbists*, (a word in which as the inventor I naturally take considerable pride, and doubt not that whosoever compiles the next dictionary of the English tongue will award my bantling a place of honour in its columns). The first person to whom I shall refer was a great hunter, a mighty Nimrod of my acquaintance, who rode forth to the chase gorgeously

scarlet, with much blowing of horns and champing of bits and prancing and caracoling on

“— the generous steed, that sweeps along
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
Nor falters in the extended vale below,”

but swisheth of his tail, yea, and cocketh of his ears at sight of a “hobstacle.” At such times my friend was a spectacle for the Gods—splendid in sooth and noble and fair, despite much discordant shouting at the hounds, imprecating at the riders, and plentiful cracking of his whip. Dame Nature in dispensing her favours has on the whole acted in one sense impartially enough, having created singularly few Admirable Crichtons: so that it is hardly to be wondered at if my sporting friend shone not so brilliantly in other things; I blame him not for it, but merely wish to observe that the fact of his getting ill on the sea, justified him not in reviling yachting, and calling yachtsmen “benighted idiots,” for such was the mild form in which he expressed his opinions concerning them. Every one has his “hobby,” but hunting men (forgive the pun) in particular, so let us shew mutual forbearance in the matter and each ride his own in silence, with a firm hand on the curb, permitting his steed neither to run away with him altogether, nor yet needlessly to jostle against or kick those of others. To return to our friend: whenever he and I met, it was his habit to launch forth into a long tirade of eloquent abuse of my favourite amusement, and to draw comparisons between it and hunting, eminently in favour of the latter. Nettled one day by his persistency I said, “You talk a great deal about yachting, and are lavish enough of strictures on those who are fond of it; may I ask if you have ever been on board of a yacht?” With much dignity and impressiveness he replied:—

“I have been part-owner of a very large yacht!”

This unexpected reply startled me somewhat, for I had been acquainted with him intimately for many years, and had never heard him express any sentiment concerning the sea but one of horror and dread; and was about to conclude, therefore that his last assertion partook of the nature of that figure of speech which the Yankees term “a shave,” when any such uncharitable thoughts were arrested by his explanation. It was as follows:—he had once “to escape the importunities of a yachting friend, and in a moment of intense weakness for being betrayed into which he never would forgive himself,” he said, “joined a yacht club located some years ago at a well-known port of the Irish sea.” Now at the first glance the reader will probably see nothing in this move to justify lamentation, for as a general rule *yacht* clubs are

as comfortable as most others, and a man may be a member of one all his life without leaving *terra firma*. Not so with this, whose creators with a laudable contempt for conventional notions and a bold and picturesque originality of conception, had resolved should be held upon the water: in furtherance of which design they had made purchase of a cutter of some 150 tons, which had previously been a yacht, and fitted her up handsomely.

Having paid his subscription-money, our friend began to consider himself as he expressed it "very well out of the whole affair," and thought no further about it beyond making a mental resolution, that no consideration should ever tempt him into the weakness of deriving any return for his money, by making use of the privileges it secured to him. It is a wise dispensation of Providence that if we cannot enjoy by anticipation the pleasures we are about to experience, yet is an impenetrable veil equally drawn over our future misfortunes, which prevents much useless repining and vexation of spirit. Had he had any idea of the day of misery in store for him and fast drawing nigh, he would have (as I feel bound to say he afterwards *did*) cursed the hour that saw him elected. Matters proceeded quietly enough with him for a time when lo! in the leafy month of June came one from afar off to visit him, one whom he had met abroad in the course of his travels and from whom he had frequently experienced hospitality. Casting about for some means of amusing his guest he suddenly bethought himself with a shudder of his long-neglected investment—also of the horrors of shipwreck as so vividly portrayed by the late Mr. Falconer, thus "so far as in him lay," giving a practical denial to the sentiment contained in the well-known lines,

"Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,
How little do ye think upon the dangers of the seas!"

— also of another maritime inconvenience hardly poetical enough in its nature to be recorded in lofty verse. However, it so happened that he could devise no other means of amusement at the time, and thus, gallantly throwing all thoughts of danger to the winds (should any be found wandering about at such a sultry season, having escaped the guardian care of old Æolus) and with a strong belief that his invitation would be declined with thanks, did he in fine propose to the stranger that they should dine together next day on board of the club yacht.

What was his consternation to find his sacrifice on the altar of friendship accepted! the other was delighted at the prospect, having never he said been "on" a yacht in his life. F— (our sporting friend) grew desperate,—"but I must warn you," said he, "that we shall be obliged

to cross the harbour in a little cockleshell of a boat, rowed by only three or four sailors, and should it be at all rough they are so reckless—"

"Don't think of me, my dear fellow, I shall feel perfectly safe in the hands of a yachtsman like you."

F— despaired not altogether as yet :—"another thing I ought perhaps to warn you of—I of course don't mind it, but you may—the club vessel is I hear badly balanced, and when the waves are rough, rocks about a good deal. This might perhaps make you sea-sick."

The other was staggered a moment, but quickly recovering made a reply which a Damon or a Pythias might have admired :—"not for worlds would I deprive you of your amusement, for I know you are most anxious to go, and were I to refuse you would think it necessary to keep me company here—so I shall go."

"But my dear sir, don't think of me—."

"Now" laying his hand on F—'s arm, "say no more on the subject I beg : I am resolved to accept your kind offer, whatever may be the consequence !"

It was evidently useless to try further, so with a sigh F— yielded. The next day came, bright fair and still, but bringing no comfort to our unhappy friend, who arose with somewhat of the feelings experienced by a criminal about to meet his doom. One last chance remained—he would in presence of his friend consult an old boatman who was standing by the waterside as they came down. In vain! the ancient mariner declared that there was no immediate danger of a hurricane, also that he had a very nice boat made to hold two, which he would not hire to any one except "regular yachting gents, who knew what's what, and didn't require to be looked arter and brought home safe."

The offer was declined, and a few minutes afterwards they were crossing the glassy water, propelled by four stout oarsmen in the direction of the club vessel. On gaining the deck their olfactory nerves were greeted by the pleasant fragrance of divers condiments issuing from below, and in that moment each felt himself every inch a sailor ! Presently, the sound of a bell summoned them to the cabin, where a luxurious repast was spread before their gaze, to which they at once sat down. How was this—how was it that F—, a notorious *bon vivant* pushed the untasted morsel from before him ? What fell influence possessed him, and blanched his cheek, and filled his mind with a vague feeling of hatred for his smiling and hungry guest ? Reader, thou hast 'ere this divined the cause—F— was sea-sick ! he had no sooner left the upper air than he experienced a feeling by no means of unalloyed happiness, and had he been alone, would have rushed frantically from the

cabin, and offered fabulous sums to any person to restore him to his "native heath." How bitterly he cursed his folly in having left his happy home—how he envied his guest's apparent insensibility to the effects of the sea, and what an idiotic smile his face seemed to wear ! Alas, that smile expressed not the feelings of the man—as the American Indian is said in the midst of his torture still to smile—even so was it with him: an unhealthy pallor overspread his visage, his knife and fork were abandoned with a sigh, and a feeble look of misery replaced his genial smile. Each regarded the other in silence, but neither would confess the secret anguish by which his breast was torn; they were both most anxious to re-ascend to the deck, yet would neither take the initiative. At length a happy thought—one of those great inspirations which are so very rare—struck the mind of the guest and prompted him to address his host as follows :—

"Does it strike you that this room is unhealthily close for sitting in on so warm an evening ?"

"Close ?" replied the other, "an oven would be cool by comparison."

"Then I vote we return to the roof."

"Certainly—come along at once" was the answer.

They jumped up and rushed from the table, and being both in a hurry, it so happened that they stuck in the doorway, and the steward was obliged to come with a run and shove them through ! As they were tolerably stout, this was a matter of some difficulty, but it was finally accomplished, and they stood on deck panting and gazing on each other's haggard faces. At last F— uttered the following remarkable words :—

"We might perhaps dine more comfortably on shore to-day, for the water seems to attract the heat too much. We can dine here on some other occasion when the weather cools."

"I quite agree with you," responded the other, whose mind was greatly relieved, and the boat was called for in accents stentorian ; the startled crew came hurrying aft, and in a few minutes had restored our friends to that land for which no patriot had ever sighed more ardently than they, and which they never again left to renew their experiences of a floating Club. And thus did F— justify his dislike for yachting.

But I had almost forgotten whilst giving his opinions on the subject in general, to mention what he said about yacht-racing—"How absurd it is of any person," he used to say, "to dream of comparing in point of excitement racing on sea with racing on land ! If you are on horse-back and another gains on you, you can 'call' on your steed and use

whip and spur to the end, and if beaten, have at least the satisfaction of being able to say that you have worked hard and done your best to conquer; whereas in a yacht race, would you be such an idiot as to 'call' on your vessel to make an effort? Of course not: everything you can you do—you sit down and 'd——'!"

I remember another who spoke in an equally depreciative way, looking at the subject from another point of view: for instance, he once said to me, "Yacht racing is simply 'bosh,'" (I regret that my character as a veracious narrator does not permit suppression of his extremely unclassical expression)—here he paused, and continued after an impressive silence,—“for the following reasons—a club announces its intention of holding a regatta—the day arrives, and yachts have congregated from all quarters—the race starts, and following the regular course of such amusements, the yachts engaged spend the rest of the day on the far side of the horizon, or elsewhere equally invisible to anxious gazers on land, who from being obliged in consequence to take to other kinds of diversion meantime, gradually come to forget the existence of those who are struggling on the vasty deep—when bang! a cannon goes off close by, suddenly breaking with its rude voice the evening stillness in a way most unhandsome towards those present blessed with nerves, and suggesting to the uninitiated thoughts of Fenianism, chilled-shot, Greek-fire, and innumerable other horrors. The startled spectators immediately turn their eyes seawards and catch a vision of a passing yacht whose crew are shouting like maniacs; cheering is very contagious, and so, as there seems to exist no sufficient reason why they should have all the fun to themselves, you cheer, I cheer, everybody cheers, general hilarity prevails, and loudly is the winner (as we suppose her to be) greeted. When lo! a long time afterwards as the shadows of night are closing around, steals up through the gloom another yacht, for which another gun is discharged, whose crew also cheer, and behave with equal if not with greater absurdity. Whereupon several gentlemen who have been hovering about the club-house all day, resplendent in brass-buttons (living impersonations of '*Vanderdecken's*' book as advertised in the pages of a *Magazine* I lately came across, edited by one *Hunt*, and devoted exclusively to yachting subjects, in which the volume was described '*the Yacht Sailor, in fancy cloth,*') pull out their watches and retire as though, everything having come to a satisfactory conclusion, the time for dinner had arrived at length. Nothing of the kind: they merely retire in order to consult together and make some abstruse calculations, emerging after an interval of an hour or so to inform us (I presume, on the

some remarkable principle as that which guides the decisions in donkey-racing) that the yacht which arrived first had not won, but that the other had. Can anything be imagined in every sense of the word, more *preposterous*!" Loud and long laughed he of the rushing steeds at my supposed discomfiture, (he was likewise a lover of the chase) and assuming an air of vexation, I said,

"Let us change the subject: can you explain to me why all race-horses have equal speed and courage?"

Again came forth that deep-toned mocking Ha, ha! from the capacious caverns of his chest as he replied, "Well! I never heard such a question until now: what can have put such a stupid idea into your brain?"

"Because I cannot otherwise account for the flourishing condition of the sport: however exciting at first, I fancy there are few men who would not soon tire of running slow horses against fast."

"My dear innocent, can it possibly be that you have never heard of 'weighting'?"

On receiving a reply in the negative, he indulged in another burst of hilarity, and then proceeded to enlighten me, and unravel all the mysteries of the subject, with which I needly hardly say I was tolerably well acquainted already. When he had finished, I shewed him the error into which he had fallen—that whilst contending for the absolute necessity of weighting in horse-racing, he had scouted the idea of a similar arrangement amongst yachts; and I am glad to say he freely admitted his faults, and departed at any rate a wiser man.

But, bless me! I have rambled on much farther than I had intended, so must cast anchor at once; begging thee brother mariner, to allow not animadversions on the noblest of sports to cast down thy spirit, but rather to assume thy war paint (in a figurative sense) in its defence, and thou shalt assuredly conquer. Farewell!

DYAK.

NOTES ON THE YACHTS AND YACHT RACING OF THE PAST SEASON.*

HAVING in the February and March numbers of the *Magazine*, reviewed the doings of the first, second, and third class cutters, it only remains for me to say a few words on their smaller sisters of the fourth class, (not exceeding 12 tons,) by no means an uninteresting one or un-

* Concluded from page 124.

important in forming racing yachtsmen, and on the schooners and yawls, and in doing so will endeavour as much as possible to avoid giving a mere recital of the matches they sailed, about which we have already had enough written and said, but try to say something of the vessels themselves and of their probable success in future races, although I am quite aware that in so doing I am venturing on dangerous ground, and exposing myself to the rebukes and corrections of indignant owners and builders, as well as to all the ignominy heaped on the head of a racing prophet, who fails to hit exactly the plumb centre. At the head of the Mosquito fleet stands the little Ripple, built at Belfast in 1862, after the designs of Mr. Fulton, an amateur builder, who is well known in Western waters as a most skilful designer and sailer of small craft, having with the Invincible, Ripple, and latterly with the Glide, held the pre-eminence amongst the lesser vessels at all the regattas on this coast, until the Torch lighted up the waters of Fairlie, since which time his candle has been somewhat obscured, until the success of the Ripple, which had passed early in the season into new and energetic hands, again rekindled it. The Ripple is a long narrow boat, with extremely little freeboard, and is essentially fitted for racing in smooth water and light winds, a peculiarity which well suited the weather she met with last year, and accounted for her victory at the Isle of Man (whose Challenge Cup she now holds) over such opponents as the Glance and Kilmeny, and in Dublin Bay, over the Luna and Torch, whom she beat three times by the aid of old Chronos; but I fear has not a chance of repeating this feat if there is anything of a breeze. She is however a nice fast fair weather boat, and on the Thames or other river courses would be very hard to beat.

The Quiver comes next, and is supposed to be a small *replica* of the old Arrow so well known to fame, and has the advantage in her matches of the assistance of the skipper and picked hands out of that vessel. For many years it has been a tight match between her, Payne's Folly, and Hatcher's Octoroon, all of whom hail, or used to do so, from the same port, and throughout the season the matches between the two former have been most interesting, the Quiver suffering defeat in her own waters from the Folly, not however without experiencing a perfect chapter of accidents, and she afterwards turned the tables on her, but only by 15 seconds, while the Buccaneer which is not a new boat as I supposed when I wrote the first chapter of these notes, but an altered edition of the Coral, showed herself able to take her own part with both, and it is doubtful which of the three has as yet the best right to assume the title of "champion of the feather weights."

Turning now to the two-masted vessels we find Egeria at the top of the tree, both in the number and value of her prizes, and her owner well deserves his triumphs, as no expense or trouble has been spared to improve her since she first showed her speed over the Queen's course at Cowes in 1865, and indeed from the wonderful advance made of late years in the number and speed of vessels of this class, especially about the Island, it takes an owner not to be sleeping if he means to keep ahead of his rivals, or have any chance of winning one of the great prizes of the Solent. The chief antagonists of the Egeria for the last two or three years have been the Aline, Albertine, and Pantomime, all of whom she has beaten, and by them been defeated in turn, and there is no doubt a very little accident or mistake will turn the scale between any of the four. The race between the two former and the Egeria for the Queen's Cup in 1865, will long be remembered by those who saw them finish, and in 1866, the contest between Egeria and Pantomime as to the result of the time allowance, was even more exciting, tho' the vessels were not so close in actual position. This year also produced a beautiful race, and but for the unlucky squall which struck the Egeria in the second round, it seemed more than likely that she would have scored a second Queen's Cup victory.

It is extraordinary to look back on the various races at Cowes and Ryde during the fortnight of the regattas, and to see how differently on different days the principal vessels sailed, and how the prizes went, showing that the "glorious uncertainty of racing prevails as much on the green sea as on the green sward, and that it is at least equally difficult to make a race a *certainly*. In these races Aline, Egeria, and Pantomime were pitted against each other five times, and out of these Aline won twice, Egeria twice, and Pantomime once, a very even result. Considering these rivals on their various merits, I should say that Egeria's *forte* is turning dead to windward, especially in a loup, when the wind is not too strong; Pantomime's a dead run, or carrying her canvas in a stiff breeze; while Aline shews extraordinary powers of reaching, particularly when it blows hard, but I think that on the whole Egeria would generally save her time off both. The race between Lufra, Egeria, and Pantomime round the Shambles for Lord Wilton's cup was interesting, as it introduced into the rivalry the former, not a professional racer, and without either lead or racing spars, and she showed that in a strong breeze and heavy sea these are not necessary, while the great advantage of weight and power in the open waters also appeared, as in the long beat back to the Nab (60 miles) when it blew really fresh, she fore-reached away from Egeria 23

minutes, although such is the improvement in the fore and aft schooners of the present day, she could not weather upon her, and her time in the handicap (25 minutes) caused her to receive only the second prize; while the Pantomime, as in the Dover race, could not in the jump of the sea, go at all with the longer floored Egeria. It was a sad pity Aline was not also in that race, as it would have been a fine trial of her powers in a strong breeze and with a considerable sea on.

While discussing the fast schooners and their respective merits, I must not omit the Albertine, although her sale, just at the announcement of the regattas in the Solent prevented her taking part in the races alluded to, but in 1865 she shewed herself not far inferior to the fastest of them—and has since been improved in speed, but certainly not in appearance, by the alterations made in her bow. Her match with the Egeria in the Thames last May was a very good one, although in the light weather she was beaten by a considerable distance; but at the Royal Northern Regatta when the day was stronger, she managed to take the lead of her former victress, and keep it throughout, winning by $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes—and it was hoped that the rubber game between them would have been played at Kingstown, when both were entered for the schooner match. The elements were however unpropitious, and the old skipper of the Albertine had no notion of being again caught starting on a light day, so it did not come off, and the question of superiority between them remains to be decided this year, with not many pounds in hand on either side.

Before leaving the schooners and their matches, I may as well correct an error in the otherwise correct summary of the winners of the year—which appeared in the December number, and which credits the Pantomime with £50 won in a match with the Egeria on the Thames, on the day the first class cutter match was re-sailed. It is true such a match was arranged between them to be sailed on the same terms as that between the Egeria and Albertine—but at the last moment it fell through, and the vessels only followed the racers down the river in a friendly trial of speed, having no money on, and without having even agreed upon a winning post or judge, and the result is a moot point between the crews until this day.

Having now touched on the principal winners of each class, and notwithstanding that figures are an abomination to many yachtsmen, as I think that some may like to compare the dimensions of some of the best winners amongst the schooners, I subjoin a few of those of the most noted. I cannot quite vouch for their accuracy, as most of them have been given to me by the kindness of builders or owners, they are at

last near the mark, and will serve for comparison, the difference of proportion being very marked, and the increase of length, as compared with beam in the newest of them, quite as remarkable as in the Fiona, Vanguard, Kilmeny, and others of the fast cutters of the present day.

Name	Length		Beam		Racing tonnage	Draft		Main Mast, ft.	Fore mast ft. in.	Boom ft. in.	Main Gaff ft. in.	Fore Gaff ft. in.	Bow sprit						
	ft.	in.	ft.	in.		ft.	in.												
Alarm.....	102	6	23	10	237½	12	0	6	3	86	82	0	...	20½					
Aline	107	0	21	9½	215½	11	8	8	3	63	58	9	62	6	34½				
America ...	95	8½	22	9½	201	0	11	6	6	81	79	6	58	0	26	0	21	0	32½
Lufra (yl)	98	6	22	0	195½	12	0	59	38½	0	59	4	43	0	39+
Cambria ...	108*	0	21	0	204½	12	0	61	56	6	61	0	38	9	25	0	35+
(new)																			
Egeria	98*	6	19	2	155½	57	52	0	52	0	30	0	26	6	32+		
Pantomime	88*	3	19	3	136½	11	0	56	52	0	54	0	31	0	25	0	32+

whole length of
mast
p27

whole length of
mast
p27

* Have heavy lead keels.

† Jib-boom 40 feet.

‡ Mizzen.

§ Deck to bows.

Of these, I fear we shall never see the America again, but the present owner of the Aline, Mr. Sutton, is fitting her out with new sails, rigging and everything that is required to make her go,—in the same liberal spirit which he before evinced when on the turf he carried all before him; and the Alarm having rejoined the Squadron list, we may hope to see the others pitted against each other pretty often during 1868, and with the Oimara, Condor, Leah, Arrow, Fiona, Menai, and Hatcher's new 135 ton vessel now building for Count Felix de Moncean, their matches will be well worth seeing—while the Albertine, Gloriana, and Blue Bell, are none of them to be despised, and Hansen and Steele are both engaged on schooners of the larger class for Mr. Batt and Lord Drogheda, which though not to be sparred for racing are both likely to be fast, and join at least occasionally in the fray.

The Cambria is a new vessel now building by Ratsay for Mr. Ashbury, formerly owner of the Leonora, and expressly designed for speed, as her dimensions show. She is described to me as having extremely fine lines forward, with a great deal of dead wood aft, a long bow, with rather too much hollow low down, good quarters, but slightly too thick about her main running tackles. She is to have 21 tons of lead run in between keel and keelson, and about 6½ on her keel, and is being faithfully and heavily built with oak topsides and staunchions, and will have ½ths rake in her masts, which are well forward like the Pantomime; all of which sounds fast, especially in the smooth waters of the Solent—and with the Lufra, Pantomime, Vanguard, and Menai, so lately from the same hands, there is not likely to be much mistake made as to her speed. Indeed the Cowes folk talk of her as a certainty

to beat Aline five times out of seven, but this I doubt very much—and truly the building of a yacht for racing is about the most uncertain thing a man can go in for, as often with the best known builder and utter disregard of expense, the result does not come up to the expectations formed, as instances of which I may venture to name Audax, Surf, Witchcraft, Alerte, Sphinx and L'Hirondelle, none of which have as yet done what they were intended to do when designed.

Last season was a most disheartening one for racing men, as the clerk of the weather was dreadfully out of humour, and but seldom suited the sort sent to the occasion; all the matches in the River were mere drifts up and down with the tide, the monotony only enlivened by collisions and protests—the race to Dover being almost the sole exception. The Royal Mersey men had a breeze but no yachts, the Royal Irish yachts but no wind, and the Royal Cork same as the Royal Mersey, so that the Royal Northern was almost the only regatta that came off pleasantly and with spirit, until the great gathering in the Solent, where the yachtmen had at least a variety to choose from, as the days alternated between rain and sunshine, stiff breezes and dead calms—while heavy squalls, thunder storms and shifts of wind upset all the calculations of the most knowing pilots. However, there they seem to have had as much racing between the three clubs during the fortnight, as might have contented the veriest glutton, and I trust the same amount of sport may be presented next autumn, and that I may have the good luck to be there and see it.

In Western waters everything promises well for a good campaign if the foreigners come round and muster in strength, as sooth to say these shores are a little short of vessels at present. The great racing fleet which once hailed from the Mersey has alas, been dispersed, the Phryne, Torpid, and Thought, have gone South, the Glance North, while the Speranza, Astarte, and Banshee, make no sign of readiness, and if it were not for the Fiona now owned at that port, it would be quite unrepresented, she however is a host in herself.

From Cork the Dione has returned to England, leaving none of the first-class behind her, and only the Torpid in the second, while Kingstown has but the Leah (as yet untried as a cutter) and a few second or third class cutters to fight her battles. The Clyde is better off—with Oimara representing the heavy, while Kilmeny, Denburn, Ellida, and Glance are a formidable band of middle weights, and the Selene heads a good fleet of the smaller class schooners. It is whispered that the Arrow for the first time in her lengthened career will this year visit strange ports, and try her fortune in new waters, and between her,

the Oimara, Fiona, and Leah, an interesting race may be expected—especially as both Egeria and Alarm also belong to the St. George's Club, and with a fair allowance given for their rig, should be but little afraid of any cutter afloat, though round a regatta course, a schooner like one of these is very heavy and unwieldy to work—and requires such a large crew that the value of the prize is swallowed up in wages.

I may here remark, that the Royal London Yacht Club, when recently re-framing their sailing regulations could have but little experience of large racing schooners, inasmuch as they cut their allowance of hands down to one for every ten tons, allowing cutters one for seven; while the fact is, that large schooners, in sailing over a regatta course with cutters, practically require a larger crew in proportion, as so many sails and ropes have to be attended to at one time, and their gear is quite as heavy. Their shifting triatic and topmast back-stays alone require a strong gang, and sixteen men all told would be a wretched crew for the Egeria in a strong wind, and could hardly get in an inch of her fore-sheets, even if the whole could be spared for the tackles at once. Why, may I ask, limit hands at all? and what is gained by it? In these days of unlimited lead ballast, steel masts and rigging, and all sorts of expenses, it is mere cheese paring to talk of saving the expense of a few hands in a race, and my experience is, that when the limit is sufficiently large to suit all weathers, specifying a particular number rather increases the expense to an owner, than diminishes it, the skipper being certain to go in for the whole "pound of flesh" allowed, even when from the nature of the day, he knows perfectly well they will not be required, and if there was no limit would be quite content with his regular crew.

The regattas on the Irish Channel have been now pretty well fixed, and follow each other at good distances to allow of a racing vessel attending nearly all of them in turn. The Prince Alfred Club opens the ball at Kingstown on the Queen's birthday, 23rd May, with a Corinthian match, the cup being given by their Rear-Commodore, and is open to all the vessels of the club, *but to be manned entirely with amateur crews*, the first time such a race has been attempted in Dublin Bay, though several races have been sailed, especially in 1854 and 1856, with two paid hands allowed under the names of skipper and pilot. This cup however, is confined strictly to "members steering and all on board to be members of a Royal or recognized Yacht Club, their sons, or naval officers," and if a single vessel enter, "she is to be allowed to walk over and take the prize." There is little fear of such a mishap occurring however, as the Xema, Kilmeny, Wave Crest, Secret, and Amberwitch, are all understood to have already engaged crews, and to be preparing to

do battle, and there is little doubt that Cork and the Mersey will also send representatives, especially as another match of the same club is fixed for the 30th of May, which will give a second chance to those vessels coming from a distance. The competitors can then scour their copper by a sail over to Liverpool, from whence a fleet will start on the 4th June, in a race to Douglas for the Rear-Commodore's Cup, and it is to be hoped they will have a less severe day than last year, when the *Ariadne* triumphed over the *Fiona*.

On the 18th June, the Prince Alfred have a third match, and the Royal Western of Ireland are likely to fill up the gap between this date and the Royal Mersey Regatta, which is fixed for the 30th June and the 1st. of July, after which there will be a day's sailing at Bangor on the 4th July, which the vessels can take *en route* to the Clyde, where the Royal Northerns have named the 7th and 8th, for their tournament. The yachts will then return to Dublin Bay for another match of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club on the 13th, and the Royal St. George's Yacht Club Regatta on the 15th and 16th, where the Challenge Cup given by the Flag Officers, and now held by the *Egeria*, will be a strong feature, contended for over a sea-going course by the *Oimara*, *Alarm*, *Condor*, *Egeria*, *Leah*, and *Arrow*, all of which belong, or are about to do so, to the club while the new schooners now building for Mr. Batt and the noble Commodore are likely also to engage in it. This should be a slashing race, if there happens to be a stiff breeze, and the course as before, round Lambay and Rockabill Islands, and after it is over a regular flitting will be made for Queenstown, where the Royal Cork Club is to hold "high jinks" on the 23rd and 24th, allowing good time to reach the Solent before the 3rd of August, the first day of the Royal Yacht Squadron Matches.

Having now said my say on the racing of last year, and given my brother yachtsmen a prospectus of what sport is before them for the present season, time and space warn me to close this yarn, and should have done so without more ado were it not for a circular from the Royal Victoria Yacht Club received while writing these notes, which tempts me to add a few lines in comment on its two objects, viz.—to assemble a meeting of the Flag Officers of the various yacht clubs in London to draw up a Code of racing rules which may for the future regulate all Regattas: and to advocate the use of the Commercial Code of Signals for all Nations in every yacht club. As to the first of these recommendations no one can feel more strongly than I do the necessity for such a code, and have written many letters in the columns of "*Bell's Life*," and in the pages of this Magazine advocating it, but I hardly think a

meeting of Flag Officers a good body to draw it up, these gentlemen are generally chosen more from their rank and position, and from possessing a large yacht of their own, than from any practical knowledge they have of *racing*, and I have generally found them wholly ignorant of the effect of a rule or order in its practical working. The persons to draw up such a Code would be those who steer and handle their own yachts in races, and who know where the shoe pinches, especially in the laws which govern the rounding buoys, passing each other, or the shore, the number of hands required, the use and abuse of sails, &c., all the rest of the rules being mere leather and prunella.

I shall be glad, however, to see *any Code* made *Universal*, but fear there will be much difference of opinion on many matters, and I trust the object will be to get rid of as many restrictions as possible and to leave owners and skippers free, and not to pin them down to particular sails, &c. How can our yachts be expected to meet foreigners on equal terms if we tie every owner down and prevent any experiments, and then when another America comes over, or a University proposes to row a race with John Bull, we are reduced to saying "Oh! we do not understand that practice".

I have not time in this article to go into the whole subject as I should wish, and must leave it for another time, but merely throw out these remarks as one who practically knows how hard it is to draw up a Code of Rules, and how useless they are unless there is some one tribunal to interpret them; and I would venture to refer the readers of *Hunt's Magazine* to vol. xii., page 208, where they will find a proposal for establishing such a plan of reference in all disputes, similar to the National Coursing Club, presided over by Lord Sefton, which is quite a necessary part of a Universal Code. As to the second proposition nothing can be more wanted than the adoption of some general Code with a view to the introduction of a common language amongst yachtsmen, but in practice the Mercantile Code will be found hardly adapted in its present shape to their wants. I have however, great hopes that ere long an Appendix specially intended for yachting purposes will be published which will do away with this objection, and at the same time obviate the great inconvenience now felt of a multitude of Codes, and an equal multitude of bags of flags. And now wishing all your readers a pleasant and favourable season, lots of sport, and health and leisure to enjoy it,

I remain, yours truly,

RED WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

OUR YACHTING EXPERIENCES.

" Illi robur et æs triplex,
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci,
Commisit pelago ratem,
Primus."

If one thing is more delightful than another, it is to enjoy a little cosey chat on a common hobby, and, of all hobbies, not excepting even the birth, parentage, and education of the noble animal from which this cant term is derived, perhaps yachting affords the widest range for such an indulgence.

In the true yachtsman we often find the love of sport and adventure, combined with considerable scientific attainments and mechanical skill. And no wonder, for we have not to deal with a creature ready made to our hands, and admirably adapted for our service, but with a machine, which, though so nearly perfect as to appear almost endowed with life, is still capable of being improved upon by the ingenuity of man.

Nature, whilst it imparts to the ship its power and vitality, presents at the same time numerous obstacles to its progress. Our energies are therefore taxed to the utmost to avail ourselves of, or to overcome the elements with which we have to deal, and in the attempt to do so, we are driven to seek the aid of science and reflection, and naturally long to compare our ideas with those of intelligent and kindred spirits, which like ourselves, whilst paying every respect to the teachings of actual experience, refuse to render a blind obedience to the unfounded and ignorant dicta of hereditary prejudice.

We have too our recollections of the past and anticipations of the future to dilate upon, our defeats to account for, our plans to suggest, our theories to maintain, our errors to confess, and our triumphs to boast of, material enough for any amount of nautical gossip. Why then may I ask, should we not enjoy this gratification now? No time can be better than the present, no place more appropriate than a quiet corner in the *H. Y. M.* True, we shall miss the social advantages of a personal meeting, the cheerful countenance of our friends, and the stimulating opposition of our adversaries, but perhaps, what we lose in excitement we may gain in some other way.

"*Litera scripta manet*" and our opinions thus expressed, will, in all probability be better digested by ourselves, and more impartially considered by our readers. In the pages of this *Magazine*, the words which

would command little attention, if spoken with no claim to authority, will be read with greater interest and judged by their own merits ; and many a modest statement, the offspring of thought and reflection, which would scarcely be heard or advanced in the turmoil of debate will be listened to with deference, and perhaps, found and acknowledged to be of some practical utility. After the lapse of a month too, we may fairly hope that the interlocutors will have calmed down, and that opposite views will be advanced and received with courtesy and forbearance.

We will then cast aside all reserve, and whilst we lay claim to every credit for our successes freely confess our errors, calling upon all true lovers of the sea to meet us in the same friendly spirit and to interchange their ideas without restraint.

Nothing can be more true than the remark of your correspondent "Harkaway," "small boats have ever been and always will be, by the laws of natural development, the parents of more majestic vessels;" and, though no disciple of Darwin, I think this idea should be impressed upon the memory of all yachtsmen, as, whilst it encourages the small fry with the hope of a nobler future, it teaches the most important vessel in the fleet to respect those whom they have a natural tendency to look down upon. It may too, besides pointing a moral for the benefit of the aquatic world serve as an excuse for my somewhat egotistical attempt to enlist the interest of your readers, in a career which though it was sufficiently insignificant in its commencement, has not as yet, through the usual but somewhat slow processes of lengthening, widening, rebuilding, building, and building again, reached the opposite extreme of greatness and success.

If anything can comfort me under such circumstances, it is the natural law already alluded to, and I intend to persevere in the belief that the words of a great man may prove to be applicable to my case and that "the time will come when you will hear me," or rather of me.

From the day when a toy boat, cut out by aged hands was placed in my feeble grasp, and from some defects of construction but more of management, was subject to continual mishaps ; now rescued from destruction by a patent hauling line, which, superior to Manby's, drew ship, crew, and cargo to the shore at once, now pumped dry by the summary process of being held for some moments, keel upwards in the air, until by the aid of knife, gouge, chisel, and spokesheave, I had learned to make a respectable model with my own hands, and triumph of triumphs ; to melt the lead into the keel, and hermetically sealing the decks, to sail the little craft with safety and precision, backwards and forwards without a string ; some description of boat or ship was so to

speaking, never out of my head. By the aid of a somewhat ready pencil, the rakish schooners and cutters of the day were made to pervade every exercise, wrecks took place in my Latin essays, and races were run between my longs and shorts. A voyage, or at most two, in a collier or some other class of vessel best calculated to promote this desired intimacy with the briny deep, might probably have disabused me of such a mania for the sea, once and for ever, but homoeopathy was not then so well understood; allopathic remedies were resorted to, an Oxford course was prescribed, and the disease gained strength daily on the calm waters of the Isis. And thus it came to pass that, in after years, I was impelled to make an experiment in naval architecture, though in a very unfavourable locality.

The village in which I resided. I am speaking of the year 1863, though not more than ten miles distant from the Bristol Channel, did not possess one artizan who understood the work in the slightest degree, either in theory or practice, so slowly does knowledge of any kind penetrate into the interior of an agricultural country. The ploughman who toils on the hill side and sees the ships passing up and down, day after day, on the great highway of nations, never cares to enquire about them, but regarding them with the same apathy with which he looks upon natural phenomena, remains to the end of his life almost as great a stranger to their structure and use, as the native of the midland counties. If indeed he should be of an enterprising and restless turn of mind the country lad may run away from his irksome daily task, but should he be content to remain, it is rarely that he betrays the slightest interest in anything beyond his own pursuits.

Happily for me the village carpenter, my natural ally and main support in this great undertaking, was a most intelligent man and clever workman, though he knew no more of the form and management of boats than, as he expressed it himself, "a shilling ride at Watchet" could teach. The smith was of course equally uninstructed, and the shoemaker's wife, my sailmaker, though zealous and handy, was no exception to the general rule.

How little can those who, going to a crack builder, order a craft at —per ton, all conceivable fittings and patent contrivances included, and without the cost of a moment's thought, step on board and expect to find everything ship-shape as a matter of course, imagine the trouble and anxiety and consequent interest which the construction of this diminutive boat was the occasion of! I only know that in spite of the difficulty and trouble and necessary imperfection of the work, I would by no means consent to change my feelings with those of the owner of

the smartest yacht of the Squadron, always supposing that he had taken no part in her construction or design.

Tolerably acquainted with the character of ordinary vessels, I was well aware of the difficulty we should find in adopting it. The shaping of the planks I felt would be an insuperable obstacle, and the V form suggested itself to my mind, as an escape from difficulties that I could not master, and a means of realizing certain advantages, which I had found to result from my early experiments with the lead keel.

I reasoned in this way, my midship section will be fine, the bilge, that obstacle to speed in the eyes of all empirics, will be got rid of, my lines will be fluent and easy, my ballast will be low, my beam rapidly increasing above water, will act as a fulcrum, advantageously placed for resisting the leverage of the masts, whilst my great hold in the water will obviate the necessity of a keel. How many of these ideas were realized my subsequent experience will show, I must not anticipate, suffice to say for the present, that I have tried the V form of bottom to the fullest extent and have given it up. The dimensions of my little craft were as follows :—Length over all 16 feet ; beam, 4 feet 2 inches ; depth 3 feet; burthen 1 ton $\frac{1}{4}$.

The deck line was good, the beam well aft, the rise of floor extreme about fifty degrees, or equal to the Thought, which at that depth would, have given a width of about 4ft. 8in. or 10in., but she was bevelled away towards the gunwale, thus reducing the beam to 4ft. 2in., and forming the only approach to a side that she could show. I determined to have no counter and made no attempt to turn the planks in the garboards or run. It will thus be seen that in the prosecution of a crochet I at the same time secured the advantage of simplicity of construction, quite necessary under the circumstances. The timbers being all straight fixed firmly on each side of the keel, and regulated as to the angle required by the deck line.

With regard to the interior fittings, she may be said to have been decked over, as a water-tight bulk-head was placed 7ft. from the stem, and another 4ft., from the stern forming two cuddies, connected by a gangway, and leaving an open space of 5ft. by 2ft. in the centre of the boat.

I should observe perhaps that among his multifarious duties, my friend, the carpenter, was the coffin maker of the village, and I freely confess to a little superstitious twinge when I saw that ominous form marked out on some of the scraps of timber employed to make our ship's frame clearly indicative of the use to which they had been originally designed; nothing daunted however, we proceeded with the work, and in a week

or two the ribs were all set up, but the planking proved to be by far the most difficult matter, and as my assistant refused to follow my advice, and set the vessel upright on the stocks, but laying her on her side, put on two or three planks at a time, she turned out eventually to have a slight twist not contemplated by her designer.

She was complete at last, and her seams being carefully lined with cloth saturated with white lead, we hoped she would be sufficiently tight, as indeed, but for one unfortunate oversight would have been the case. The ironwork, (rudder hangings, traveller, &c.,) was got over surprisingly well, the ballast, 3 cwt. of lead was melted in between the garboards, the masts and yards were completed, and the sails very creditably turned out of hand.

The rig was simple, and all within board, our bowsprit, which did not project beyond the boat, worked with a sort of gooseneck on the mast, and was nipped down at the stem, so that the sail could be handed without going out on the cuddy, and in case of running before the wind, might be easily brought round, boom and all, and made fast to the main shrouds. The mainsail and mizen were both shoulder of mutton shaped, set with a small yard, which was secured to the mast at the heel by a strop, and by the halyards aloft without iron, a plan that I have found answer very well for small boats, as the sail stands well, is lowered in a moment, and the only inconvenience entailed is the necessity of shifting the halyards when you reef. I need scarcely say that our stable yard, the dockyard for the time, was the scene of great interest and excitement as the works arrived at completion, it is a curious fact that everything on shore, looks so very large and lofty that I was half deceived myself as to the dimensions of our sails and spars, and when the head of our mainsail, about 14 ft. high, was seen towering above the walls, it was not so surprising to me that I was gravely asked if there were many boats as large as this on the unknown shores of the English Channel to which we were bound.

But if the interest had been great before it intensified to a wonderful degree, as the time approached, when the procession was to set out. My plan was to place the boat on a waggon, and send her to Topsham, some thirty miles distant, and from that place, with my "*fidus Achates*," the carpenter, to coast along to Torquay.

To accomplish this it was deemed wise to set out in the night or early morning, and having lashed the boat firmly on her carriage by the aid of an old bell rope and the assistance of half the village, she was at length in a condition to start. Some serious faces were seen among the crowd, probably caused by apprehensions for the fate of my companion,

a married man, rather than mine, but we must not build too much on our popularity ; it is possible that the "Lanthorns dimly burning" may have given an additional touch of romance to the scene, and after the boat had successfully struggled through the yard gates, and the creaking wheels were no longer to be heard in the adjoining lane, perhaps no one but the carpenter's wife continued to feel any solicitude as to our fate. The boat did not go unattended, as the carrier, a notable personage in such a community, determined to take his wife with him for a treat, and so it was that the three marched most of the night, in a quiet downfall of rain, by the side of the waggon, whilst I hastened in the morning by the earliest train to anticipate their arrival.

At a reasonable hour in the afternoon I was relieved by seeing this strange procession enter Topsham, and my anxieties for the first part of the expedition were at an end. My friends were soon comfortably housed, and the boat hidden from critical eyes in the stable yard of the inn.

I need scarcely allude to the sentiments of the nautical world, the serious remonstrances of my friends, and the half suppressed ridicule of the long-shore people, when informed of our intended voyage, it is enough that we kept up our spirits in spite of their evil auguries, and refused to be turned from our purpose, "*cras ingens iterabimus æquor.*"

C.E.S.

(To be continued.)

PRESERVATION OF LIFE FROM SHIPWRECK.

THE annual meeting of the Royal National Life-boat Institution was held on the 10th ult., at the London Tavern. The Right. Hon. H. T. L. Corry, M.P., occupied the chair on the occasion. He was supported by a very large number of influential persons. As we were much gratified with the admirable and appropriate remarks of the First Lord of the Admiralty we are inclined to append a brief synopsis of them. He said that "He was very sensible of the honour which had been done him in asking him to preside at the annual meeting of the Life-boat Institution, which was as national in its character as it was beneficent in its object. The services of this society could not be overrated, especially in a great naval country like England. Last year it was instrumental in saving as many as 1,086 lives. Of this number 783 were saved by the Life-boats under its immediate charge ; without the loss of a single life to any of the brave men who had formed the crews

of the life-boats. He also learned with the greatest satisfaction that since 1824, when the Institution was first established, within a fraction of 13, 17,000 lives had been saved by its means. This fact was strikingly presented to his mind, from the knowledge he had in consequence of his official position that this total of 17,000 persons was, within a fraction, of the whole number of *bona fide* seaman at present serving on board her Majesty's fleet. Its operation was not merely local, or even national. It was very pleasant to find that sailors who served under all flags, when in danger from shipwreck on our coast, participated in the benefit of the life-boats. The services of this society were appreciated nearly as highly in foreign countries as at home. They saw this from the fact that, at the late Exhibition in Paris, the International Commissioners conferred upon it the highest prize of honour in the shape of the largest gold medal. This was a recognition and tribute to the humanity of this country which he thought was as honourable to those who gave as to those who received. The report showed how great was the favor in which the society was held in its own country.

“The magnitude of the society's operations appeared from the statement that it had under its charge nearly 200 life-boats. He could not refrain from paying a tribute to the bravery of the men who formed the crews of the boats, and from the hope that the society might long continue to enjoy its present public favour, and might not only maintain its efforts, but extend its sphere of usefulness.”

Mr. Corry's eloquent remarks were thoroughly appreciated by the meeting. We shall now proceed to make a few remarks on the lucid and satisfactory report of the Committee which was read by Mr. Lewis, the Secretary.

On this the forty-fourth anniversary returned their hearty thanks for the moral and pecuniary support extended to them, and they desire also publicly to express their gratitude for the blessing which Divine Providence has bestowed on their labours.

As Mr. Corry observed, the Institution had during the past year received a gratifying International recognition of its importance and of the perfection of its working machinery, in the award of the “*Grand Prix d' Honneur*” (the largest Gold Medal) conferred on it by the Imperial Commission of the Universal Exhibition held at Paris, where it exhibited a full-sized first-class life-boat, with transporting-carriage, and equipment complete.

On the closing of that important Exhibition, the Committee desirous of offering a tangible expression of their sympathy with the Life-boat

Society of France, "*La Société Central de Sauvetage des Naufrages*," which had been founded and organized on the principles of the English Life-boat Institution, and believing that such a mark of their esteem for their society would be accepted as a graceful International compliment, resolved on presenting to it the life-boat and equipment above referred to. The French Society, expressed its high appreciation of the gift, and stationed the boat at Calais, the principal port of inter-communication between the two countries.

We some time since noticed in this *Magazine* the improved safety fishing-boats which the Institution had placed on the coast during the last year, they had given great satisfaction to their crews. In Scotland some of the local fishermen were improving their own boats in imitation of them. The character of these boats had excited considerable attention; and the Institution had consequently received several inquiries respecting them from foreign countries, as well as from various parts of our own coast, a gratifying acknowledgment of the importance of this movement initiated by the Institution.

Twenty-seven life-boats had been built it appeared by the Institution during the past year. All had been special gifts of public bodies or of private individuals. The life-boats of the Institution now number one hundred and eighty-six. They had been the means of saving no less than *seven hundred and eighty-three* lives during the past twelve months—nearly the whole of them under circumstances in which they could not have been saved by any ordinary description of boat.

It was truly gratifying to find that these valuable services had been performed without the loss of a single life on the part of the brave men who had formed the crews of the boats, notwithstanding that the boats were afloat on actual service two hundred times, and manned by 2,500 men.

What is this life-boat work thus succinctly referred to, let us try to describe it. When the mercury falls, or the scud flows thick and fast, the coxswain of each boat looks to her and sees that all is in the proper place and ready. A gun is heard booming over the roar of the storm, a blue light reveals for a moment the gloomy cliffs, the breakers, and the peril of the ship are enough to make him doubly anxious. The whole village is now upon the beach, clergymen, gentry, physicians, seamen, insensible to the storm or rain. Under the shelter of the pier or boat-house, the women flock together: they know that husbands, sons and brothers will go out, and that a life-boat's crew is not always safe. While the sea tears up the beach, and rattles a deluge of stones, sand, and sea-wrack up the village street, the boatmen launch the life-boat,

volunteers of all grades are not wanting, no man thinks of peril when seamen and passengers are in the jaws of death. The great difficulty is to get the boat once clear from shore. She is pushed out perhaps with all her crew on board—men who could tell of many a danger shared together. Three, four, five times the boat may be driven back, but the sea shall be mastered. The men are careless of hurts or bruises; if one be disabled there are twenty to fill his place, and even women claim to pull an oar with their husbands or their lovers: they all know the story of Grace Darling. But the men *will* go, married or single, old or young. If possible the life-boat is placed under the lee of the ship in danger, while the wrecked men drop one by one into the arms of the rescuers, or trust themselves to the waves. Not seldom are both crews and passengers powerless through cold and exhaustion to do anything to save themselves like that Algerine sailor, in the wreck of the Oasis, a few weeks since, who could not even speak, and lay for twenty-four hours on the deck after the rest of the crew had been taken off by the Cambridge University Boat Club life-boat stationed at Tramore. But some two or three of the life-boat's crew climb up by broken cordage, or the shattered figure-head, and let the helpless or the wounded gently down. Not till the last man is in do they return to shore. Often the boat just as it nears the beach is sucked back by the waves, often the oarsmen pull as if through a solid mass of sea above and below. They watch for the coming of a billow, on whose crest they may be borne in: there are a hundred eager hands ready to seize the boat and keep her steady and safe from the back wash of the waves. But the deep is treacherous, and villages on the coast have had cause to mourn not seldom, when as if indignant at the rescue of its prey, the sea overturns the life-boat just as all seemed safe, and grinds to death the rescuer and the rescued.

Notwithstanding that Mr. Cave, M.P., Vice-President of the Board of Trade, said last year in the House of Commons, we are told the Wreck Register for the year 1867 is not yet made up, and the number of shipwrecks and the loss of life during that period cannot therefore be stated at the present time. There can be no doubt, however, that the past year has formed no exception as regards the frequent shipping disasters that annually take place on our coasts. Occasionally it had almost appeared as if the tornadoes that proved so destructive in the West Indies had travelled not as is often the case with them, and found their way to the British Isles. On these occasions noble work is usually performed by the life-boats of the Institution, in many instances by the crews of open boats, and by the Rocket Apparatus, (now admirably managed by the Coastguard under the control of the Board of Trade).

The character of these storms and life-boat services may be judged of by the fact, that during the gales of November and December last no less than two hundred and fifty-nine shipwrecked sailors were saved by the Life-boats of the Institution, as we showed in our January number.

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—The annual general meeting of the Royal Thames Yacht Club was held at the club-house, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, on Wednesday, March 11th, the Commodore, Lord Alfred Paget, in the chair, which was afterwards taken by Col. J. Wilkinson. Between 70 and 80 members were present. The minutes of the previous general and special meetings, likewise the report and recommendations of the committee, including the sailing matches for the season, having been read by the secretary and unanimously confirmed, the balance-sheet and financial statements for the past and present years, prepared by Messrs. Buckton and Co., professional accountants, were received and recorded. The election of flag-officers and cup-bearer was then proceeded with, and scrutineers appointed over the ballot for the general committee.

Col. Wilkinson proposed that Lord Alfred Paget be requested to accept once more the office of Commodore. He had truly identified himself with the interests of the club during the many years he had been at the helm; he had many difficulties to contend with, and therefore his adherence ought to be the more appreciated. The alterations of the rules agreed to as recommended by the committee, and duly notified according to Rule 36, would empower the Commodore to nominate, as formerly, five members from the general body of the club as a sailing committee. The noble Lord was re-elected unanimously.

Lord Alfred Paget, in returning thanks, regretted that so many old associates had left, the more so as he thought under a misconception. He believed that a few might wish to come back, and in that case he felt sure the club would welcome them. Much had originated in the misconception that the sailing element had been overlooked, but that was an error. He (Lord Alfred) could see no reason why the club should not continue in its wonted prosperity, no one could say the subscription was exorbitant. There was no such club for yachting men in the kingdom; it was handy for its house accommodation in every respect, and scarcely second to any in London. It was the leading yacht club, and he hoped might continue to be so. His lordship concluded an able speech by proposing that Lord de Ros be re-elected Vice-Commodore, which, having been seconded by Col. Wilkinson, was unanimously carried.

Col. Wilkinson, having been unanimously elected cup-bearer, returned thanks: and the following 21 members, at the conclusion of the ballot, were

elected as the general committee for the ensuing year, viz :—Messrs. J. Ashbury, Cambria, schooner, 200 tons ; H. W. Birch, Fleur de Lys, schooner, 82 tons ; W. Bradshaw ; Sir C. Bright, M.P. ; Capt. F. S. Clarkson, J. E. Cox, Octoroon, cutter, 12 tons ; S. N. Driver, G. Duddell, J. N. Harrington, P. Hood, M.D. ; J. R. Kirby, Violet, sloop, 12 tons ; Capt. P. C. Lovett, Mirage, schooner, 167 tons ; J. H. Mackenzie, E. R. Maddeford, Herbert C. Maudslay, Volante cutter, 60 tons ; W. F. Moore, S. Lowell Price, W. I. Ramsay, W. Hobart-Rees, C. Smart, and Col. J. Wilkinson.

The following are the alterations in the rules, agreed to viz :—

Rule IV.—“ That in future the *quorum* for a committee meeting be five, instead of seven.”

“ That the sailing committee consist of five, to be nominated by the committee from the general body of the club.”

Rule IX.—“ That the entrance fees payable on election from new members from and after January 1, 1868, be 15 guineas, for non-yachtowners, and 10 guineas for yacht owners.”

Sailing regulations.—Rule VIII —“ That in future the tonnage dues for yachts entering and sailing in the matches be retained when the owners are not members of the club.”

M. Deliquaire having been appointed agent to the club at Rouen, the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

Sailing Regulations for 1868.—First (Cutter) Match, Monday, May 18—For R.T.Y.C. cutters of the first and second classes : First class, any tonnage exceeding 35 tons ; prize value 100 sovs. Second class, exceeding 20 and not exceeding 35 tons, prize value 50 sovs. Course, from Erith, round the Nore, and return to Gravesend ; half minute per ton for difference of tonnage in each class. No restriction as to canvas. Entries to close at ten p.m. on Thursday May 14.

Second (Schooner) Match, Tuesday, June 2.—Open to schooners belonging to the R.T.Y.C. : First class, exceeding 100 tons ; second class, not exceeding 100 tons, prize value 50 sovs. ; quarter of a minute time allowance for difference of tonnage. Course, from Gravesend round the Mouse Light Vessel and return to Gravesend. Entries to close on Wednesday, May 27, at ten p.m.

Third (Cutter) Match, Wednesday, June 17.—For R.T.Y.C. cutters of the third and fourth classes : Third class, exceeding 12 and not exceeding 20 tons, prize value 30 sovs. ; fourth class 7 and not exceeding 12 tons, prize value 20 sovs. with a £10 prize (in hand) to second boat of either class ; half minute time per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. Course, from Erith to the Chapman and return. Entries to close at ten p.m. on Thursday June 11.

Fourth (Channel) Match, Monday, June 29—Open to vessels of any rig belonging to any royal yacht club ; first prize value 100 sovs. ; second prize value 50 sovs., to second vessel (if four start) ; no restriction as to canvas. Course, from the Nore to Dover ; to sail with the usual fittings in ordinary cruising trim to the satisfaction of the committee ; a pilot, but no extra

hands allowed ; no limitation as to the number of friends on board. Further instructions to be obtained of the secretary at the time of entry. Entries to close at the Club-house, Albemarle-street, at ten p.m. on Thursday, June 25.

In the report of the committee it was announced that a letter had been received from the secretary of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Ryde, expressing the views of the Flag officers of the R.V.Y.C. as to the benefit that might accrue from adopting one general code of rules at all regattas, and inviting the co-operation of the Royal Thames Yacht Club ; also advocating the " Commercial Code of Signals" for universal adoption by all royal yacht clubs.

Royal Victoria Yacht Club.—Several members of this club, with the Commodore C. Thellusson, Esq., and the Vice-Commodore the Marquis of Exeter, dined together at the Albion Tavern, London, on the 2nd of March.

The Commodore during the evening announced his intention of proposing the adoption of the Commercial Code of Signals, stating that the Secretary should send a circular to all other clubs. The advantages would be that all yachts could communicate with each other, and with the naval and mercantile marines of France, America, Spain, Portugal, Great Britain, &c.; also with all Coast Guard stations and club-houses. At present owners of yachts belonging to different yacht clubs had to carry several sets of flags. The Commodore also regretted the numerous differences in racing rules pertaining to the different clubs.

The Vice-Commodore said that he should certainly second the Commodore's proposition, being strongly of opinion that it would be to the advantage of yachting generally, that Captain Thellusson's suggestion with respect to making use of the Commercial Code of Signals be adopted. With regard to yacht racing he (the Vice-Commodore) thought that great amendments might be made in the rules which regulated regattas. With this view he would again suggest what about three years ago he attempted to bring about, namely :—That the flag-officers of the leading yacht clubs, or two representatives from the sailing committee of each club should meet in London, or wherever most convenient for the purpose of drawing up one set of rules for the regulation of all regattas. These rules when agreed upon to be considered the law in all yacht races in the United Kingdom, while all private regulations so far as racing was concerned should be abolished. In short, he wished to see established a code of rules similar to those of the Jockey Club, to which in cases of dispute stewards of all regattas might refer, and by which they might be guided in their decisions. There should be also a final court of appeal, composed of flag-officers, which would in difficult cases decide questions upon which stewards of local regattas differed or were unable to give their opinion. The members of this court of appeal, as in the Jockey Club, would be elected for three years, but they should not interfere as a body at the regattas of the different clubs unless specially appealed to. He thought if some arrangements of this kind were

made many painful discussions would be avoided, and certainly the laying down of one fixed set of rules for all regattas would greatly assist committees in settling questions of foul sailing, &c., in a more satisfactory way than was often the case under the present system. He would suggest that the attention of the Squadron and the other leading clubs should be called to this subject, though he believed that the Squadron committee had it already under their consideration.

Mr. Herbert Maudslay agreed entirely with the noble Vice-Commodore, and was assured that were there a general committee of reference it would do an immense deal of good to the yachting world. He for one would give all the assistance in his power for the purpose of carrying out the scheme, but he thought, as far as practicable, it was better that all disputes at regattas should be settled on the spot.

Mr. Thomas Broadwood made a rather jocular speech in favour of the same subject, and thought that, as the Royal Victoria had started the scheme for the adoption of a committee of reference to decide all protests, it was likely to be taken up. He was sure that it would save much unpleasantness, and remove the idea sometimes entertained that the decisions of the committees were influenced by hot blood caused by the excitement of the regatta.

The Commodore said he should do all in his power towards the formation of a general committee, and he thought that they should at once set about it and give their Secretary the necessary instructions to carry it out. If three or four of the leading yacht clubs would see the benefits to be derived from the measure and join them. The Commodore then read out the list of prizes already promised by different members to be sailed for at the Ryde Regatta in August, including cups from the Vice-Commodore, Mr. Broadwood, Mr. Ashbury, Captain Lovett, and one from himself.

Mr. Ashbury suggested that a challenge should be sent to the New York Yacht Club to send some of their yachts over to the regatta in August, and that a fund should be raised for the purpose of giving such prizes as would to a small extent compensate them for their voyage. He said that he should like to see a race between American and English yachts, from Ryde Pier to New York, and he would himself subscribe £500 towards such a race.

After some other speeches the meeting broke up.

We understand that the Commodore and Vice-Commodore have already taken steps for obtaining the co-operation of other yacht clubs to the movement spoken of above.

Royal Cork Yacht Club.—The members met together on the 2nd ult. Admiral Smyth-Barry in the chair. This meeting was held principally to make arrangements for the forthcoming regatta, which was appointed for the 23rd and 24th July, and it is to be hoped it will be decided success.

Royal St. George's Yacht Club.—On the 2nd March the annual reading-out dinner was held and a very excellent attendance of members, gave promise of a good season. The Vice-Commodore, the Marquis of Conyngham presided, who was faced by Edward Hornsby, Esq. The reading-out con-

sists of the names of the members belonging to the Club being gone over, and those who are in arrear, unless payment is guaranteed by others, are struck off the list, and cease to be members. On the present occasion all passed off serene, and the days of the regatta were fixed, viz., 16th, and 17th July, which will enable the yachts to get to Cork in time for the nautic *fete* there.

Royal Mersey Yacht Club.—On the 4th ult. a meeting was held at the Woodbine Hotel, preceded by a dinner, under the presidency of Vice-Commodore T. Wilkinson Tetley, and Rear-Commodore Drinkwater, (Commodore S. R. Graves being engaged on his parliamentary duties.) From the statement read, the Club's financial affairs were in a very satisfactory condition. New members were proposed and the officers re-elected. The opening cruise was appointed to take place on Thursday, May 21st, and the usual sailing matches on June 30th, and July 1st. The Rear-Commodore again offered a prize for an Ocean match to the Isle of Man, to come off June 4th.

New Thames Yacht Club.—The third meeting was held on March 2nd, at the Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen-street, which was presided over by the Vice-Commodore (Mr. J. D. Lee,) who was supported by numerous yacht owners.

The minutes of the preceding meeting having been read by Mr. R. S. Wilkinson, the hon. sec. and treasurer, were confirmed.

The Vice-Commodore said that there were several matters of importance to the welfare of the club to be brought under their consideration. The first was with respect to a Commodore. He had, in speaking on this subject, told them at their last meeting that he thought he should be successful in inducing a noble lord to become their Commodore, and had obtained from them permission to form a deputation to wait upon him soliciting his acceptance of the office. The deputation had accordingly waited upon Lord Colville, the nobleman in question, and, although most kindly received had been unsuccessful.

A letter was then read from his lordship, in which he expressed his regret that he must decline the honour sought to be conferred upon him, assuring the club, without affectation, that his pursuits were very numerous, and that he founded his decision on the simple fact that he had no spare time, and that he never would undertake the duties of any office which he felt he could not satisfactorily carry out. He begged the club to accept his high appreciation of the compliment they had paid him, and expressed the happiness he should feel in joining this club, to which he wished every success. The chairman in continuation regretted that the noble lord's multifarious pursuits had prevented his acceptance of the office which they had had much pleasure in offering him, but his time had been so fully occupied that his beautiful schooner yacht *Volage*, 104 tons, had not even been fitted out last year. He (the Vice-Commodore) thought that the question of the appointment of a Commodore should not at present be proceeded with. He should be happy to devote all his time to the club until some gentleman worthy of the

office of Commodore was selected to fill it, and had no doubt the committee would pay every attention to the matter. He should be happy to hear any gentleman's opinion upon the subject.

Mr. R. S. Wilkinson remarked that he was one of the deputation who waited upon Lord Colville, and no body of gentlemen could have been received more kindly. He looked at the subject in every way, and had felt bound to decline. He was a member of the present Government, held other appointments, and no doubt had a great deal to do. He did not think it would be advantageous to the club to be too precipitate in the selection of its chief officer; on the contrary, he thought it would be politic to wait a little: an oak did not grow to its full size in twenty-four hours, nor could a club be expected to be perfect in a couple of months, and he concluded, therefore, that it would be as well to leave the matter where it was for the present, without mention of any further name.

The Vice-Commodore said that as a club it would be necessary, on their making application for the Admiralty warrant, to state what flag they meant to fly. He proposed that a committee should be called to take the steps which they considered necessary. The next pleasing subject to be brought forward was the names of new members for enrolment.

The Hon. Secretary then read the names of 16 gentlemen, including the owner of the *Volage*, 104 tons; *Swallow*, 9 tons; and *Maid of the Mist*, 38 tons, and observed if they could augment their numbers by 16 per month in this way it would be difficult to estimate the probable magnitude of the club.

Mr. Lee moved, and Mr. A. Turner seconded, that the gentlemen whose names had been read be duly elected, which was accordingly done.

Mr. C. Marett, representing the sub-committee, brought forward the sailing regulations. With the view of rendering them as perfect as possible, the sub-committee had been at much pains in going through the rules of the various great yacht clubs, and had carefully selected such as their practical experience taught them were most advantageous. They had been printed, and were now laid before the members for their perusal, and it was open to gentlemen to make any suggestions, which he was sure would meet with the fullest consideration. The sub-committee had made but very few alterations in the laws with which they were familiar. The sailing regulations of the Royal London Yacht Club had recently suggested some alterations in their sailing regulations, which had been disapproved of by a large majority, and therefore the sub-committee of the New Thames had avoided every interference with the existing state of things. They had, however, made a limitation in the number of hands on board in matches of one to seven tons in cutters, and one to ten tons in schooners.

Mr. Marett having adverted to some omissions of rules which it was useless to retain, pointed out that the laws had been so arranged and indexed as to be found with facility, and he thought they would be deemed better than those which governed any other yacht club. It would be found by their opening that they might be varied or added to by special regulation for any particular match.

As no objection of any sort was made to the rules, their adoption, on the motion of Mr. Marett, seconded by Mr. Rudge, was carried unanimously Mr. Marett observing in reference to them that they were only adopted provisionally, and that the members did not compromise themselves in any way by the course pursued.

The Vice-Commodore having called attention to what the hon. sec. had to say upon the subject of club accommodation,

Mr. Wilkinson observed that there was no feature in establishing a new society so important and difficult as that of finding suitable accommodation according to the means at disposal and with due reference to the requirements. There was plenty of time before them to make their selection, and it was not desirable to proceed hastily. With their rapid and continual progression it became necessary to look for commensurate accommodation. Mr. Mills, Mr. Rudge, and himself had been on the look out for suitable premises, and would continue their efforts to effect the object in view. The situation chosen would be good with a reasonable elevation, but he could not give them any idea at present where it would be. He should be delighted when a house and home were found for the club fully adequate to its advantage and comfort, and neither those who were engaged with him nor himself would shrink from any amount of labour necessary in procuring it, and he hoped that the club would be as comfortable and jolly as many of them had been in former places.

The Vice-Commodore hoped that this explanation would be deemed perfectly satisfactory. Until they got a house he thought it would be a pity for the club to be at the expense of a secretary. He did not want to see the club put its hand into its pocket yet, and was happy to say that their hon. sec., Mr. Wilkinson, had kindly undertaken to continue to discharge the onerous duties of the office.

Mr. Wilkinson then congratulated the members that the account in the bank book was at present all on one side. There was £598 10s at the banker's to the club's credit, which with the addition of other money since received amounted altogether to £640. He should be most happy still to continue the duties of hon. sec.

The Vice-Commodore observed it was very pleasant to hear that they had already got £640, and the time would soon arrive when they would show how they meant to apply their money. At the next meeting the programme for the sailing matches of the year would be announced, and the matter would remain in the hands of the committee until then.

The assemblage then broke up. The next meeting, agreeably with the rules of the club, is to be held on the first Monday in April, at the Freemasons' Hall.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—On Monday, the 9th ult, the monthly meeting was held at the Club-house, the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, W.C., when the re-election of officers took place—viz, Commodore, Mr. Cecil Long; Vice-Commodore, Mr. W. L. Low; Rear-Commodore, Mr. R. Sadlier; Treasurer, Mr. Percival Turner; Cup-bearer, Mr. W.

Webster; Secretary, Mr. G. Legg; Auditors, Messrs. A. Turner, E. Knibbs, and W. Massingham; Messurera, the Vice and Rear-Commodore, and Messrs. Knibbs, and Lemann.

The Sailing Committee consists of Messrs. Bain, Benson, Burton, Buss, Hewett, Hounsell, Lemann, Louch, Channer, Smith, Dowdall, in addition to the officers of the club.

The officers generally returned thanks; the Commodore expressing the great pleasure he felt in presiding over a club in which the members vied with each other in promoting its welfare and the interests of yachting in particular. The finances of the club were flourishing, and with promised prizes from Messrs. Melton and Massingham, they would commence the season with every prospect of success. The worthy Commodore also called the attention of the members to the injustice inflicted on racing yacht owners by the continuation of the 19th sailing regulation which reads thus:—“That a yacht having won any prize in two successive club matches, cannot be entered to sail in the club match immediately following. And the words club match shall extend to all matches sailed under the auspices of the club.” This law he hoped to see annulled as it had hitherto proved detrimental to the interests of the club. Yacht owners were put to heavy expenses to maintain their racing craft; and every facility should be allowed them in the advancement of yachting, but whilst such a law remained it prevented many vessels being entered and thereby the sport was curtailed. He should therefore propose, that it be expunged from the code, this having been seconded by Mr. Webster was carried.

We may now hope to see larger entries—something after the olden time.

Clyde Yacht Club.—The opening meeting of this club was held on 4th March, when the following gentlemen were appointed Flag Officers for the ensuing year, viz:—Commodore, the Hon. G. F. Boyle; Vice-Commodore, Mr. Francis Powell, and Rear-Commodore, Mr. J. M. Forrester.

There was a full attendance, and a large number of new members were proposed for admission.

The annual report by the committee, containing a review of the past season was submitted to the meeting, from which it appears that the number of members continues to increase. The register of yachts shows 84 vessels flying the club burgee, varying from 5 to 103 tons, and giving an aggregate of upwards of 1,200 tons.

The club had four yacht meetings last year viz:—The opening cruise from Gourock, the regatta at Hunter's Quay, the Corinthian match at Largs, and the closing cruise from Rothesay. There was a fair muster at the opening cruise notwithstanding the unfavourable weather. This was however amply compensated by the beautiful day for the regatta which proved so successful. The race for the second class yachts in particular, for which there was a large entry, excited much interest, which was kept up to the close of the contest—the four yachts that sailed the course coming in with only about nine minutes between the first and last. The other races were fairly contested—the winning vessels in the several classes being the

Kilmeny, Rival, Ripple and Gipsy King. It is worthy of notice that, through the energy of the Commodore, the first race was started precisely at the hour fixed—an instance of punctuality very unusual, although most desirable at yacht meetings.

The revival of the Corinthian match last season was a new feature in the annals of this club. The result of the match proved that the system of handicapping may be adopted with some degree of confidence amongst vessels of the same class; but with such a diversity of size as was comprised in the vessels compering on that occasion, a slight increase or fall of wind is apt to upset the calculations of the handicappers. The gentlemen composing the handicapping committee must however have felt considerable satisfaction at the extreme closeness of the race between the Aglaia and Kilmeny, the former winning the first prize by 37 seconds; the second prize of £5 presented by Rear-Commodore Addie falling to the Kilmeny, which beat the Coolan by about seven minutes. It was suggested that, in future Corinthian matches, each class of yachts should compete separately, in alternate years.

A very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Commodore Boyle for his kindness in placing the Valetta at the disposal of the club, and for the able and satisfactory manner in which he discharged the duties of Commodore at the regatta and Corinthian match. A vote of thanks was passed to the Flag-officers for their attendance at the cruises and regatta, and the interest they have taken in the club affairs during the past season.

After the meeting the members and their friends dined together—Rear-Commodore Forrester in the chair, and Mr. John Ure, officiating as croupier.

Editor's Locker.

LATEEN SAILS.

Torquay, March 9th, 1868.

DEAR SIR.—I had long been waiting anxiously for a reply to my question respecting Lateen Sails, hoping that some one would be found in the yachting world, able and willing to furnish me with the information desired, and I therefore beg to thank "Rock Scorpion" for having, though late, come to the rescue, and given me the benefit of his information on the subject.

His *nom de plume* smacks of the right locality, but he must excuse me if I make still further inquiries, as I own that his explanation has not removed the difficulty, at least from my mind.

It seems to me that of whatever form a sail may be, if the yard is long enough it must bend, and that this evil, though it may be *met*, cannot be *prevented*.

Our cutters' racing topsails are a species of lateen, and the yards bend far more than is desirable. To meet this difficulty I believe that the head is always rounded more or less, but as they are only used in light airs, the

necessity is not so great. The little craft, in behalf of which I made the inquiry, had one true lateen and the other nearly so, or with only a very short luff, and the effect was, that, as the wind increased, the yard bent, the leech became quite slack and the sail girted from the slings to the sheet. Now had the sail been cut with a straight, or still more, a hollow head, this evil would have been aggravated, at least so it seems to me. I must also remind R. S. that "*roached*" in some cases, means *rounded*: a jib for instance is always roached or rounded in the luff, or it would girt across to the sheet.

I conclude then that the head, or perhaps I should say *the luff*, of a lateen sail should be roached or rounded still more; so much so that a good breeze or a strong pull at the sheet would be necessary to bend the yard and take out the creases.

The Norfolk men, who are celebrated for their lateeners, have no doubt experienced this difficulty as well as myself, and will perhaps kindly explain their mode of meeting it, for I do not see how it can be counteracted except by a yard too unwieldy for use.

The cutter I am well aware is the rig almost universally approved of amongst us, and I do not mean to assert that any modification of lug or lateen can surpass it, under every variety of circumstance, but one becomes wearied of the same thing over and over again, especially when it has been carried to such perfection as to leave little room for improvement, and, I, for one have taken up the Settee rig as possessing certain advantages of its own, and being capable of further improvement.

We have all heard of the wonders performed by the Bombay fishing boats, and other craft of the Indian seas; the natives of those regions seem to have anticipated, by a natural instinct, the elaborate results of science or even surpassed them, and if this be so, surely with all her wealth and appliances England ought to take advantage of the crude notions of the so called semi-civilized regions, and reproduce them here in still greater perfection.

The Bamboo is I believe the apt material used in the East for yards and battens, but surely it must be procurable in this country, though my inquiries have as yet been ineffectual, where it not so, steel or some other material could be made available, and the head quarters of civilization and the useful arts ought never to confess that the inhabitants of its remotest provinces can effect with the aid of their rude handicraft and natural productions what the English builder, with Birmingham and Sheffield at his back is unable to perform. But we must not deceive ourselves; it is not the chopping seas, variable winds, or any other peculiarity which renders the introduction of ideas, culled from the practice of the ancient nations of the world, almost impracticable; the chief obstacle which presents itself to the successful introduction of any novelty, is the almost insurmountable objection of our practical men to anything out of the ordinary course. No reasoning, no argument, nothing but an "*America*" in their *own waters* can convince them of the possibility of improving the old system, and length, fine ends, flat sails, long entrances have been reluctantly wrung from them by

slow degrees, so that it has taken generations to accomplish what science and observation might perhaps, if unshackled by prejudice, have achieved at once.

I say *observation* advisedly, since our fellow subjects in the East have doubtless been in possession of many of the most modern improvements in naval construction, ever since the period when our forefathers navigated these seas in wicker baskets covered with leather! All these modern improvements and others of a more doubtful character, such as lead keels, the true Old Salt still shakes his head at, and I have no doubt if he saw the model and the lines of the Water Queen (which I have now before me,) built by the Hon. J. G. Lumsden, at Bombay in 1856; of the following dimensions:—

	ft.	in.
Length over all	81	9
Do. between perpendiculars	78	0
Do. keel for tonnage	46	6
Breadth extreme	14	8
Do. moulded	14	4
Depth in hold	6	2
Burthen in tons, Builders' measurement.....	52	$\frac{1}{2}$
Native do.	45	$\frac{1}{2}$

with two masts, raking forward, a main yard 84ft. long, the sheet made fast amidships, and a fore-foot twenty-four inches deeper than her stern-post, this truly conservative individual would smile at the idea of anything being learnt from her, and, if told that she had triumphed over every craft, of European build, account for it by some peculiarity belonging to the locality, and rest in the fullest confidence that she would be nowhere with an ordinary English cutter in the English Channel.

There is, however, almost always something to be gained from the opinion of persons of this class, though the educated and intelligent owner of a yacht should be chary in yielding to them his entire confidence. Their experience ought to act as a check on the Tyro, who would too hastily take up new ideas or adapt those of distant nations to his own use, whilst the sanguine theories of the educated mind should act as a stimulus to the *vis inertiae* of the more practical man. But more of this at another time. My intention was merely to ask a question, and I find myself writing a dissertation.

Allow me, however, again to thank your correspondent for the trouble he has kindly taken on my account, and close my long letter with an earnest request to some yachtsman, builder, or sailmaker, to furnish me with the information required, both with respect to the cut of the sails and the nature and form of the yards. If Bamboo be desirable and to be obtained in this country, surely some of your many readers will furnish me with the necessary information, and that *quickly*, as a new craft is now almost ready for her equipment, and I can conceive nothing more agreeable to a true lover of the noble pastime, than to assist a brother yachtsman in his need.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

I am sir, yours, NAUTICUS.

[We shall be thankful to any correspondent who can give the required information immediately.—Ed.]

WIRE RIGGING.

March 23rd, 1868.

SIR.—In answer to your correspondent "A Subscriber," the ascertained advantages of Galvanized Wire for standing rigging are economy in bulk, weight, and strength, and consequently in price; and therefore "Subscriber" may be satisfied that for standing rigging it has been amply tested, and proved better than hemp, as all our racing yachts present convincing proofs of.

A YACHT RACER.

To the Editor of H. Y. M.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- April 9.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club—opening trip.
 13.—Temple Yacht Club—opening trip.
 May. 16.—Royal London Yacht Club—opening trip.
 18.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—first and second class cutters—Erith to the Nore, and back to Gravesend.
 21.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club—opening cruise.
 23.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Corinthian match.
 30.—Royal London Yacht Club—first class match—Erith to the Nore and back.
 30.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club match.
 June 2.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—first and second class schooners, Gravesend to Mouse and back.
 4.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club—Channel match to Isle of Man.
 13.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club match.
 15.—Temple Yacht Club—first class match.
 16.—Royal London Yacht Club—schooner and yawl match—Rosherville to Mouse and back.
 17.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—third and fourth class cutters—Erith to Chapman and back.
 29.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Channel match—Nore to Dover.
 30.—Royal London Yacht Club—schooners and yawls—Erith to the Nore and back.
 30.—Royal London Yacht Club—extra match, cutters and yawls—handicapped, Erith to the Nore and back.
 30.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club regatta.
 July, 1.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club regatta.
 4.—Ulster Yacht Club regatta—Bangor and Belfast Lough.
 7 and 8.—Royal Northern Yacht Club regatta.
 13.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club match.
 13.—Southampton Yacht Club regatta.
 16 and 17.—Royal St. George's Yacht Club regatta.
 24 and 25.—Royal Cork Yacht Club regatta.
 27.—Temple Yacht Club—second class match.
 Aug. 3.—Royal Squadron Yacht Club (supposed.)
 10 to 15.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club regatta.
 24.—Temple Yacht Club—third match.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MAY 1st, 1868.

DRAFT GENERAL CODE OF SAILING REGULATIONS.

SIR.—As the subject of a General Code of Sailing Regulations which may govern all regattas and yacht racing in the United Kingdom, has been often made the subject of letters and articles in your columns, and as thanks to the advocacy of the Royal Cork, and Royal Victoria Yacht Clubs, there seems to be now a chance of something being done in the matter by the assembling of a meeting in London of representatives from the various Yacht Clubs. I have taken some pains in drawing up a draft Code, founded chiefly on one from my pen, which you were good enough to publish in April, 1863, but corrected according to the views which experience, as the Secretary of a racing Yacht Club, and constant match sailing since then has suggested, which I think will be found pretty near the mark, and at least afford my brother yachtsmen an opportunity of considering and making up their minds as to what such a Code should be. In this Code I have avoided laying down any regulations as to the mode of starting, inasmuch as this must depend so entirely on local considerations that it seems better to leave it to the local committees, and I have also avoided as much as possible all interference with owners and skippers as to the method by which they may endeavour to take the utmost speed out of their craft, and have also tried to meet the different cases of vessels wishing to pass each other, or the shore, keeping in view the principle that when a vessel has once obtained such a lead that her antagonist has a choice as to

or should be disabled, or give up during its progress, and the race be not concluded, she shall be at liberty to start whenever it is resailed.

VI.—That racing yachts be divided into six classes:—

1st.	exceeding 80 tons.	
2nd.	" 40	and not exceeding 80 tons.
3rd.	" 20	" 40 "
4th.	" 12	" 20 "
5th.	" 7	" 12 "
6th.	not exceeding 7 tons ;	

but yawls to be entitled to class at $\frac{7}{8}$ ths, and schooners and luggers at $\frac{4}{5}$ ths of their real tonnage; the rule for measurement to be as follows:—The length shall be taken on a straight line on deck, from the fore-part of the stem to the after-part of the stern-post, from which, deducting the breadth, the remainder shall be esteemed the just length for tonnage; and the breadth shall be taken from the outside of the outside plank in the broadest part of the yacht, no allowance being made for wales or doubling planks of any kind; then multiplying the length by the breadth so taken, and that product by half the breadth, and dividing the whole by ninety-four, the quotient shall be deemed the true tonnage; provided always that if any part of the stem or stern-post, or any other part of the vessel below the load water-line, project beyond the length taken as above mentioned, such projection or projections shall, for the purpose of finding the tonnage, be added to the length taken as above. The fraction $\frac{1}{4}$ and over to be counted as a ton, and any fraction under $\frac{1}{4}$ to be disregarded. In case of any dispute as to tonnage the vessel to be re-measured by the Committee, or by persons appointed by them, all expenses to be paid by the party in error.

VII.—That any yacht may enter in a class higher than that to which she belongs on adopting the minimum tonnage of such class for her allowance of time, and conforming to the sailing regulations of such class; and should three entries have been received, such prize shall not be withheld, because some vessels decline to *start*; but any yacht so entered shall be entitled to sail over the course and claim the prize; subject however to rule 3.

VIII.—That the owner—or, in his absence, a member of a royal or recognized yachting club—must be on board during the race, and will be held responsible for the fair sailing of the vessel.

IX.—That no ballast be shifted or trimmed on board any yacht while sailing for a prize, but all ballast shall be stowed under the platform, or in lockers; and no Yacht having on board *any bags of shot*, or any other kind of ballast or weights for the purpose of such shifting or trimming, shall be allowed to sail in any race.

X.—That springs be allowed on the same bridle or anchor chain as the bowfasts, but not to be carried to a buoy, pier, other vessel or fixed point.

XI.—That the number of hands on board each yacht, the sails to be set, and the mode of setting them, be left to the discretion of the owner and his sailing-master; but she shall carry only her usual anchors and chains, which with all *gear* may be shifted at pleasure.

XII.—That each yacht exceeding 20 tons shall carry on deck, during the race, a suitable boat, subject to the approval of the Committee; and each yacht shall carry at least two full sized Carte's circular Life Buoys, also on deck, and ready for use.

XIII.—That yachts may anchor during the race, but must weigh the anchor before re-starting, and must not take hold of any buoy, pier, other vessel, or fixed object.

XIV.—That no towing, sweeping, poling, or pushing be allowed.¹

XV.—That each yacht must go fairly round the course; and not touch any buoy, boat, or vessel used to mark it out, or foul any other vessel in the race.

XVI.—That in rounding any buoy, boat, or vessel used to mark out the course, or passing any pier, rock, shoal, or other obstruction to sea-room, yachts must give each other room to pass clear of it and of each other; nevertheless should one yacht overtake another, the leading vessel may luff up as she pleases, to prevent her passing to windward, but must not bear away, or drive her adversary to leeward. N.B.—The lee side to be considered that on which the leading yacht carries her boom, and no vessel to be considered leading until she has drawn so much ahead as to give a free choice to the other, on which side she will attempt to pass.

XVII.—That if two yachts be standing towards the shore, or towards any buoy, boat, or vessel, and the yacht to leeward be likely to run aground, or foul of such buoy, boat, or vessel, and not be able to go about without coming into collision with the windward one, the latter shall at once go about, on being hailed by the owner of the leeward yacht, or the person acting for him; the yacht so hailing to tack at the same time.

XVIII.—That yachts going free shall invariably give way to those on a wind, whether engaged in the same or different races.

XIX.—That yachts close-hauled on the Port tack shall invariably give way to those on the Starboard tack, whether engaged in the same or different races.

XX.—That any yacht running on shore, or foul of a buoy or vessel, may use her own anchors, boats, warps, &c., to get off, but not receive assistance from another vessel, or from the shore. Any anchor, boat, or warp used to be taken on board again before re-starting.

XXI.—That each yacht carry her proper distinguishing flag, of a suitable size, at her main top-mast head, which is not to be hauled down unless she gives up the race; if the top-mast be carried away, the flag to be re-hoisted in a conspicuous place.

XXII.—That any yacht wilfully disobeying or infringing any of these Rules, be disqualified from receiving any prize she may otherwise have won, and her owner be held liable for all damages, caused by such disobedience, to other yachts, buoys, flag-boats, &c.

XXIII.—That should a yacht believe she has a fair ground of protest against another, whether sailing in the same or a different race, for foul sailing or a violation of these regulations, she shall signify the same by

showing her Ensign conspicuously, in her main-rigging, same to be kept flying while passing the flag-vessel; and such protest shall be sent in writing to the secretary of the Committee, before the expiration of two hours after the vessel protesting has so passed, and shall be heard and decided on as prescribed by these rules.

Tonnage Allowance.—The time which a vessel of one class can allow another, depends so much on the nature and length of the course, the time and strength of the tide, and other peculiarities that like the mode of starting it is better to leave it to the local committee; a scale could easily be constructed on the principle of that introduced last year by the R.Y.S. viz:—"that the allowance should be in direct proportion to the tonnage, i.e., the tonnage of the smaller vessel is to that of the larger as the time allowance," which seems a fair one, if the proper and real difference to be allowed between any two vessels equal in all respects except size, could once be determined, but as all such scales involve a great deal of printing and a great risk of mistakes being made in the figures, and are after all dependant on the state of the wind and water on the day of sailing, the rough and ready method of allowing.

5 seconds	per ton of difference in 1st. class
20	in 2nd. class
30	in 3rd. class
45	in 4th. class
60	in 5th. class
75	in 6th. class

will perhaps be found in practice quite as fair on the average of days and most convenient to use.

OUR YACHTING EXPERIENCES. *

"Nil desperandum Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro."

It was August, and the wind which had blown fiercely off the shore during the day died away towards evening, a state of things which was well suited to our purpose, though I could have wished that the nor'-wester might be more moderate on the morrow. But it was now too late to think of this, and nothing remained but to make myself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances; and, undoubtedly, if I could have got rid of a certain undefinable feeling which, I presume, affects us all, more or less, on the eve of great undertakings of doubtful issue, rendering the ordinary routine of dinner, tea, supper, and bed, at once indigestible and un-enjoyable, the admirable arrangements of the

* Concluded from page 177.

Globe Inn would have produced the desired result. In all my experience I have never found such home comforts in any hotel, and I fear that I sank low in the opinion of my kind host, by failing to take advantage of his provision for my mental as well as physical enjoyments.

Books were liberally provided, but I was far too restless to read,—chairs, sofas, even the quiet seclusion afforded by a comfortable room, had lost their legitimate attractions to a weary traveller, and after having dallied with the pages, and stared at the pictures on the walls, I felt compelled to wear away the time, by lounging through the streets or discussing matters that bore on nautical enterprise generally, with the chance customers of the inn.

But even an afternoon of this kind, though almost indefinitely long, will come to an end at last, and, though it be followed by a night still longer and more wearisome, morning will succeed.—But though long I was happy to find that the night was calm, even still, and as I looked out of my window in the early morning, with the hope of getting a glimpse of sky and water between the surrounding chimney pots, no signs of wind could be detected.

It would be high water at 8 a.m., and, as the time approached, and the river still retained its mirror-like aspect I began to flatter myself that the land breeze would not rise with its accustomed strength—vain hopes! At first a few cats'-paws stole fitfully over the surface, then the wind gradually increasing swept across the still waters, causing an angry dark blue ripple to take the place of the placid reflections of sky and land, that had so lately dwelt on the bosom of the Exe.

It became more and more apparent that we should have a strong breeze; however, we were in for it—nothing was to be done but to launch our Ark, and accordingly, the waggon was dragged down to the most suitable spot and preparations were made to do so. We were naturally desirous to avoid a scene—persons who are doubtful as to the figure they are likely to make seldom court publicity.—We therefore gladly availed ourselves of permission to enter a yard where we could be comparatively private, though we had still enough and to spare of spectators, assembled to witness our success, or ridicule our failure.

A boatman, whose prejudices, though deeply seated, were in some degree kept in abeyance by a stipulated fee, was secured, and, with his countenance, we felt as adventurous travellers in a foreign land must do, who have compounded with a leading chieftain to see them safe through his country.

The launch itself was easily effected and I felt bound, as the sole originator of the expedition, to be the first to step on board. The

lead had secured the equilibrium of the boat, but I perceived at once that with her present ballast, she would have no stability : the flotation inherent in the V form, at a very low depth, rendering a large quantity of dead weight absolutely necessary. The carpenter was therefore dispatched, with our guide and protector, to procure some pig iron at the neighbouring works. This was a trying time for me, as, during their absence, I lay bobbing up and down head to wind alongside the quay, conscious all the while that the dark row of figures who looked down on me from above were commenting somewhat unfavourably on our prospects of success. My friends returned at last, relieving me from the arduous task of sustaining single handed, the adverse current of public opinion, and bringing with them four cwt. of iron, which seemed to change the face of affairs and rendered the boat perfectly stiff. The mast however required some strengthening, the services of a smith had to be called in, and a multitude of little matters, which can never be foreseen, delayed us for some time. At length, when everybody had been paid for their services, real or imaginary, and I was beginning to fear that the demand for sixpences would become epidemic, our preparations drew to a close. My friend, the carpenter, not without some evident misgiving, and thinking, as he afterwards said upon Betty at home, stepped in and committed himself to the mercy of the winds and waves. He would have accompanied no one but me in such an expedition ; and I confess to have had some little feeling of compunction when I remembered that this generous confidence had induced a family man to engage in a voyage that was generally deemed hazardous, and to follow a leader so inexperienced as myself.

The channel of the Exe is somewhat intricate and we knew nothing of it, I was therefore much relieved when a gentleman who was looking on kindly gave us a slight sketch of the course, scribbled on the leaf of a pocket book. This, with some accompanying directions, was all the more valuable, as I was afterwards informed that our pilot would not have trusted himself on board, though he might have been induced to show us the way down the river in his own boat. The wind had increased by this time to such an extent that, feeling sure we could not carry our mainsail, I determined to work the boat under foresail and mizen alone. With this canvas I was told that she would not stay, an assertion I was by no means prepared to contradict, but, resolving to put it to the test of experiment, congratulated myself that we should not be compelled to haul our wind until we had entered Torbay, and ran no risk of affording the pleasing spectacle of our humiliation to the crowd of croakers on the shore.

The moment of departure had now arrived, and the wind though strong, was fair, and having set the sails, I bid my mate haul the fore-sheet to windward for a moment to cast her, and waiving a final adieu to the Topsham people, dashed off in full career down the stream. My first impressions were most favorable, we were under small sail it is true, but the boat made good way with a quarterly breeze and with a very moderate list. Still I knew well enough that the trial was to come. She seemed to do remarkably well with a leading wind but how would it be when we had to beat into Torbay!! Nothing could be more agreeable than our run down the river, hugging the Powderham or western shore, where we found smooth water; but from Starcross we were obliged to pass the broadest part of the estuary, and the drift of the entire distance from Topsham caused a considerable jump. The boats we met beating up showed us this, for though we glided gaily along with a fair wind, my companion opened his eyes in astonishment at their gambols, and compared them to horses jumping the furze bushes on the common.

We were mentally congratulating ourselves, as we neared the mouth of the harbour that, whatever trials might be in store for us at any rate we had passed beyond the reach of Topsham critics, when sundry shouts from a boat, some little way to windward, attracted our attention—conscious no doubt that our appearance was in some degree open to ridicule we turned a deaf ear to their cries, and favoured by wind and tide, passed swiftly out of the harbour. Had we but known the kindly feeling which inspired the salutation, we might have risked our reputation by heaving the boat to.—It was our friend the carrier and his wife, who, to make the most of their holiday had run down to Exmouth by rail and taken to the water in a pleasure boat, who hailed us, and so astonished were they at the speed with which we passed them that they reported, on their return home, that we had been last seen going at the rate of 14 miles an hour!

The river Exe contracts very much at the mouth, and rough as it was in the harbour I had no hesitation in putting to sea as I knew we should have smooth water outside, provided we kept close along shore at the back of the low sandy spit called the Warren which forms a natural breakwater.—Our movements, as we afterwards heard, had not been unobserved; and speculation was rife among the boatmen on the look out as to where we could be bound. Indeed they had almost come to the conclusion that they ought to follow us, since they could not understand how two men upon a plank, for such was the appearance we presented, could be so mad as to venture out to sea. Luckily for us

they did not carry out their idea, and we were allowed to pursue our voyage, unattended.

Immediately on leaving the harbour we changed our course to the south-west and keeping close to the shore, found the water as I had anticipated, as smooth as a mill pond. The wind came off in heavy squalls, but the boat was under such easy canvas that we did not regard them, and continued our voyage to Dawlish almost within speaking distance of the loungers on the beach. Sometimes becalmed, and again proceeding at a rapid rate, we had ample time to enjoy this delightful coast, which, though it may be called tame, inasmuch as it has no very striking characteristics, is, in my opinion unsurpassed for its pretty reaches of yellow sands and low red cliffs, with rural uplands at the back, which gradually rise higher and higher, until, at a few miles inland, they terminate in the more considerable elevations of Haldon and the noble woods of Mamhead. I may be prejudiced in its favour, but to me this district always wears a charming aspect. Green fields, sunny cliffs, a blue sea; only agitated by a breeze sufficient to throw up a gentle curl of white foam on the sparkling sands, would seem to be its normal condition: and the south-east gales, which occasionally disturb this placid picture, are so rare as to leave but little impression on the memory.

The climate and the prevailing westerly winds may in some measure account for all this, but still more the fact that I first beheld it in the days of childhood, when most impressions are as sunny as they are indelible. To think of the sea is to recal the coast of South Devon to my mind, and every shore that does not present these characteristics is deficient in the principal attributes that my ideal demands. It was then with great delight that I navigated my tiny craft on these well known waters, and successfully accomplished my voyage to the pretty town of Dawlish. But my stay was short, the tide was ebbing, and a few hasty words of congratulation from kind friends, were interrupted by the uneasy grating of my keel upon the beach. We shoved off, and taking a course more to seaward rounded the Parson and Clerk with a flowing sheet. The wind was still increasing, and the further we proceeded from the shore the more we felt it, so to be on the safe side, we did not steer directly for Hope's nose, the northern promontory of Torbay, but hauling our wind again in some degree, rounded in the coast towards Teignmouth and Babbicombe, in order that we might be able to make sure of landing somewhere in case anything should happen. Nor was this an unwise precaution, as the boat was not only very small, but untried and imperfect, her gear was slight and the ballast so badly stowed owing

to the addition we had made to it at Topsham, that the platform would not go down into its place, and we scarcely dared to rest our feet on it, lest we should force the rough iron through the bottom. Had anything gone, it would have been quite impracticable to struggle against the off shore wind, and I was not easy until I found myself so far embayed, as to render it improbable that we should be driven out to sea, even if disabled. Besides, I had not quite made up my mind where to go, and it was not until we called a council of war off Teignmouth that we determined, notwithstanding the weather, to bear up at once for Torbay. The coast now assumes a very different aspect, the red cliffs are far higher and gradually merge into the lofty marble rocks of Babbicombe; and the smooth sandy beaches of Dawlish and Teignmouth, soon give place to the white pebbles that line its strand. We did not however approach it very nearly, but careered along dead before the wind, at about two miles distance.

More and more angrily rose the sea behind us, and more and more swiftly did we fly before it. Our little mizen-boom bending like a whip, and obliging me to go out upon the after cuddy, apparently not two inches above the water, to secure the sheet. Had we known that, from a neglect in not putting in the stop-waters, our after compartment was leaking fearfully, we should scarcely have rejoiced so much in the bounding motion, looked with such complacency at the following waves, or exulted as we felt the boat rise with a forward rush cleaving the seas into two green surges, and dismissing them on either side, foaming, sparkling and jostling one another, to recover again from their temporary prostration and follow in pursuit. As it was however we did enjoy all this, and gazed with admiration on the varied and romantic coast, which glistened in the warm aerial tints of a sunny afternoon.

Truly it was a scene of wondrous beauty! Here all was life and motion; and the joyous, leaping waters, shot with every variety of hue, from the most transparent green to the deepest purple, tossed their white crests in triumph to the winds. There stretched the land, calm and motionless, but marked by the most characteristic forms—sometimes undulating, sometimes rugged, sometimes level; now rising in turrets of venerable sandstone, now retreating into shadowy mysterious valleys, now descending to white, shingly beaches that held converse with the deep. Dotted with villas, clothed with foliage, bright with corn-fields, frowning with lofty limestone cliffs, scarred with quarries, pierced by caverns, hollowed into grottoes, this charming district presented almost every variety of tone and outline until it gradually subsided into the low grey promontory and rocky islets to which we were hastening.

Our pace was so rapid, that this beautiful scene appeared to pass before our eyes like a diorama ; and if it delighted me, to whom it was so familiar, no wonder that it had a still greater effect upon my companion. " I have never," he exclaimed, " had such a beautiful ride in my life !"

As we approached Hope's Nose, I began more fully to realize the strength of the breeze, for I could perceive the loaded stone-boats under reefed mainsails, hitting the water very hard as they passed the great rock, close hauled, on their way back to Exmouth ; and, as they are looked upon as emblems of stability, it was plain that we should have quite enough of it when we hauled over wind. My consolation was, that, though it would be impossible to return, we should find shelter the moment we rounded the point, and that if it proved impracticable to work up to Torquay, we might at least make sure of a safe landing on the north side of the bay. Comforted with this idea, I shot the boat between the flat rock and the main, opening first the well-known Berry and then the Thatcher, and found myself in smooth water and almost becalmed under the land.

*" Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes geminique minantur
In coelum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late
Aequora tuta silent."*

The nearest and most sheltered course would have been to keep inside the island, but I knew that the ground was rough and the wind baffling, and, notwithstanding some little information I elicited from a fisherman, the only one we spoke, I determined not to put the boat's capabilities or my own skill to so severe a test. We took the plain course therefore, and steered for the lee side of the Thatcher, with little wind and no sea, anxiously expecting the moment when our wee barkie would be called upon to shew what she could do against the nor'-wester which we momentarily expected to burst upon us. And sure enough, when we were clear of the island, we began to feel it. Had I known what the boat would do, or been less interested in her behaviour or responsible for her actions, I should undoubtedly have worked up the north shore ; but I felt a natural diffidence, after all I had been told as to the probable results of putting the helm a-lee under such sail, and preferred standing on towards Paignton, and making a longer leg, though at the risk of encountering more sea and wind. We were now close hauled, and, though occasionally very much pressed, made good way, and, what was still more satisfactory, hung well to windward. The short angry chop washed our decks, and my companion, as the spray dashed in his

face, became gradually enlightened as to the fact that beating to windward was a very different affair from sailing with a flowing sheet.

The mast bent, and the mizen-boom still gave me great uneasiness; it seemed impossible that such a slight, crisp bit of deal could stand it. I made up my mind at last to attempt the dreaded evolution of tacking. It was a critical moment; but if my naughty child refused I could at any rate humour her round with an oar, wear her, or even succumb to her self-willed airs, when we were alone together in the middle of the bay, where no one, not even my mate, would be a bit the wiser, with a much better grace than when in full view of our Topsham friends, who would doubtless have enjoyed a laugh at the expense of my fond paternal solicitude.

Having, therefore, as I say, resolved upon tacking, the next thing to be done was to give orders to that effect. "Ease off the fore-sheet; helm's a-lee; haul the foresail to windward; round she comes; let go and draw," are words of command that sound very smart, and might almost be expected to make a boat stay of her own accord; but unfortunately they were altogether unsuited to the present emergency. They would have been Greek to my friend the carpenter, and had to be translated accordingly into his mother tongue, something after this fashion, "You see that string which fastens the foresail to the lower side of the boat; well, when I tell you, ease it off, but do not let it go altogether. Now, then, let go!" And as I put down my helm, and the boat flew up into the wind, shaking the said foresail violently, he turned a look of unfeigned astonishment upon me, which seemed to say that something was wrong somewhere! "Haul in again the same rope;" and as the sail took aback and the boat fell off from the wind, "Now, then, let go again, and haul in the rope on the other side; make fast; all right," and away we went on the other tack, having come about so smartly that I lost all my nervousness on the subject, and felt rather proud, when a great pleasure boat belonging to Torquay came roaring down upon us with three reefs in the mainsail, to show them what we could do. Dripping with salt water, almost blinded with spray, cramped with our confined position, for we scarcely dared to move, I cannot say that the latter part of our voyage had been altogether pleasant, still we kept up our spirits through it all, inspired, I suppose, by the encouraging sentiment of the pious Æneas, "*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*" We were now in full view of our port, and Torquay, with all its villas, shone before us. Another tack or two, and our voyage would be over; the water became smoother every moment, and weathering the pier-head at last, we threw the boat into the wind, lowered the mizen,

and, putting the helm up, took in the jib, and allowed her to drift down upon the steps under bare poles, in truly professional style. We were now no longer afraid of nautical comments or long-shore chaff. To the questions, as to where we had come from, we replied, with a pardonable exultation ; and notwithstanding the expressions of astonishment that our adventures elicited, it is to be hoped that we bore our honours meekly.

Doubtless, with all our professed indifference, we were glad it was over—a sentiment in which our readers may probably sympathize.

. “Magno telluris amore
Egressi, optata potiuntur Troes arena ?”

C.E.S.

RAMBLES ROUND THE CINQUE PORTS.

“Ex his omnibus longè sunt humanissimi, qui
Cantium incolunt, quæ regio est maritima omnis.”

DE BELL: GALL: LIB, V. CAP XIV.

On your way by rail from Ramsgate to Sandwich you pass through Minster. There is a legend that Egbert, King of Kent, instigated by his minister Thunnor, put his predecessor's two sons to death ; but that afterwards repenting, he prayed for pardon of their sister Domneva, a nun at Canterbury. She forgave him on condition that he bestowed as much land to found an Abbey at Minster, as a deer would run over, before being run down.

On the appointed day the King and Court assembled, and Thunnor deriding their superstition, rode to and fro at full speed athwart the deer's course, till “the ground opened and swallowed him ;” or till more probably perhaps, the momentum of his horse, carried him into some of the mud pools and gullies, that then lay along the shore of Thanet.

“The deer,” the legend says, “ran from Westgate to Birchington, circling Eastward and then South-westward across the island, over forty-eight plough lands.” The ruins of the Abbey thus founded, are now partly turned into a pretty retreat, having a trim lawn in front. The church, recently restored, is the handsomest as well as the oldest, in Thanet. Minster is about four miles from Ramsgate, and its lanes teem with fruit. “It's bin a rare year for plums !” said a rustic, whose ideas were confused as to whether he was a “Kentish Man,” or a “Man

of Kent" to us. And indeed the damsons clustered like bees, about the trees as we passed. Nectarines, plums, and peaches of all the hues in the rainbow, hung lusciously, fifteen and twenty in a bunch, against every cottage wall. Pears, large as one's fist, either depended from the white house fronts ; or else dangled from the drooping boughs of trees, which were kept from positively stripping off, by strings stretched from limb to limb. Grapes in huge bunches, obscured the very vine leaves, and the walls. Apples and walnuts temptingly overhung the roads on all sides ; and flowers blooming everywhere, filled the air with fragrance. Such fruit, such crops, and such rustic prosperity, are well worth a yachting man's while to stroll from Ramsgate to see : whilst should the day be clear, from the hill beyond "the Union," near Cleave, he may distinguish Calais, Deal, Sandwich, Richborough, Canterbury, St. Nicholas, the Essex coast, the Reculvers, Margate, the North Foreland, and almost the whole horizon, round again to Calais Cliffs. Where the smoke now ascends, from a clump of trees surrounding the little farm &c., of Hoo at the right, was "the Harbour of Refuge" of old, where, said our bucolic informant, "he'd yeard as how King *Knut* once lay with all his fleet."

From Minster to Sandwich, the rail crosses broad flats, some centuries since a broad estuary, but now bristling with rushes. Myriads of rooks now and then rise in clouds, like starlings in winter, and sweeping round, settle again and again, in this veritable "Croyland," whither they daily resort from Ashe, and other distant woods. Wherever there is a slight elevation, marking either a quondam sand bank, or the ancient shore, rich sheaves of red corn will perhaps be studded thickly about.

You pass within a dozen yards of the vast ruins of *Richborough*, which once on an island, commanded the chief port in England. Till as the Stour, a corruption of *Æstuarium* ? silted up, Sandwich took Richborough's place. This Cinque Port is the runtiest little daub of bricks and mortar you can imagine : and has some of its fortifications, and two of its old gates, still standing. Opposite the one leading to the river, are two stone arches, with an intermediate swing bridge, allowing craft to pass up and down the Stour, which laves the broad quay along the eastern side of the town. Half a dozen schooners and sloops are generally seen, either alongside the quay, or floating in the now narrow stream. *Canute*, (our bucolic friend's *Knut*,) his Charter of 1023, confirmed to the monks of Christ Church (the Cathedral) at Canterbury, who officiated here, the right of levying dues on shipping and merchandize, as far as a "*Taper eaz*" could be cast from a ship's deck at high water, in mid stream ; and all *flotsam* that could be reached with a wooden "*spreot*;"

also half the value of whatever was found derelict at sea, and brought to Sandwich ; and for their sustenance, 40,000 herrings a year, were to be furnished by the fishermen, a couple of whose descendants' smacks we saw in frame on the outer quay. Market gardens now occupy the fosses, below the ancient inclined plane of the ramparts, westward of the town ; whilst eastward extend flat marsh lands, from which spring here and there a few poplars.

We entered a neat looking Inn, and after for some time waking its echoes, heard a tripping down the stairs, and beheld a buxom landlady, a perfect Widow Wadman. "She could recommend a steak, she got them from her own butcher's, she would order it, and dinner should be ready in half-an-hour. Some draught ale ? Ah, she would send for some, she could strongly recommend, she had not yet laid in her stock." There was some credit in her looking so jolly under the circumstances ; for the pumps were dry, the larder bare, and travellers were certainly few and far between in Sandwich. The beef however proved tender, and the ale sparkling, and the refectation induced a feeling of contentment, as we stepped forth into the solitude reigning in the quaint street ; a solitude perhaps heightened in this case, by a gaudy escutcheon stuck over the door of a tiny brick house. The defunct might have been a Cinque Port Baron, for "at the coronation of the Sovereign 32 inhabitants, called Barons, are chosen by the Cinque Ports, and for their fees have the canopies with the silver bells, and a table well spread and furnished, allotted them on the King's right hand in Westminster Hall. They have to find a suit of scarlet at their own expense, their expenses in town are borne by the King, and their travelling is defrayed by the Ports, who also find the cloths of silk, or gold, each on four staves overlaid with silver, and each staff having one little silver bell overlaid with gold, four Barons supporting each canopy, under one being the King, under the other the Queen. The Barons of Hastings were wont to have one cloth, staves, &c., and to give it to St. Richard's of Chichester ; and the Barons of Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich the other, and to give it to St. Thomas Becket, Christ Church, in Canterbury. The staves and bells being divided amongst themselves."

We ventured to remark to a staid looking old gentleman, who seemed to have vegetated in Sandwich all his life, and with whom we took shelter under a hedge during a shower, our wonder how the place lived. "Live sir !" said he testily, "Sandwich is a thriving place. People make fortunes here if they are industrious. We have a large foreign trade ! *three*, aye *four*, timber ships a year, and several ships too

with corn, and with cotton seed to grind into cattle food in the mills yonder! Ramsgate sir, is under *our* jurisdiction," added he, with an air of conscious pride.

St. Bartholomew's Church, with sixteen detached almshouses round it, stands just outside the town. We entered a freestone church in course of restoration, the sexton saying its pepper-box dome was to be like St. Paul's; and that there were two murderers in Sandwich gaol, as fumbling with his keys at the side door, he chuckled at Sandwich looking up. The oaken stalls used by the old herring fed monks still remain there. The brasses have been stripped from most of the tombs, of which, that to one Rawe, dated 1500 and something, is the oldest in preservation. The sexton pointed out a slate grave stone, telling us it was once the high altar; that the five small crosses typify the wounds of Christ, and that Mr. ——— when he visited the church knelt down to kiss them. He shewed us the church registers for 300 years, and drew attention to the beautiful caligraphy on the early parchment. The entries about the time of the plague shew many burials of folks from London, and how swift was death on their heels. People are entered as old Father ———, old Mother ———; and there are degrees of comparison between a "poor," and "a very poor, man." Respect being paid to lucre even in death, its quondam possessor being dubbed a Mr.——. "Dark men," dark maids," and "dark women," (black people?) seem to have once abounded in Sandwich.

A gorgeous coat of arms surmounts the corporation pew, and the font of the reign of Henry the 7th, is embellished with his arms, those of the town, and those of the person who presented it, a fourth shield exhibits the "merchant's mark," which had to be stamped on all goods passing through the Cinque Ports. The jurisdiction of "Sandwich extends N.E. from North Foreland into eleven fathoms water, being about six miles from the shore. South to the North head of Goodwin, and south in a line along it, to opposite Sandown Castle, from this to the Goodwin, being E.b.S. five miles. Then S.W.b.W. up to Baldock's Quay, in 1794 called Upper Key, at the mouth of the Gestling, up Sandwich Haven. In the third year of Elizabeth the refugee sayes "baize, and flannel makers from Brabant, were allowed to settle in Sandwich, and for some time succeeded in restoring a little life there. The silk weavers settled at Canterbury, and the thread-workers at Maidstone."

From Sandwich you run through more wooded country to Deal, a quiet place, chiefly remarkable for the many waifs and strays, in the shape of anchors and cables, lying about on the green at the back of the

street ; in front of which latter dozens of luggers, gigs, and other boats, are hauled up stern foremost on the steep shingle. A chain being passed through a hole in the keel of each, and attached to a stout rope, passing through a snatch block, to a small capstan at the top of the beach. A schooner lay high and dry, end on, discharging coals, borne in sacks to the shore, along planks resting on trestles, of heights graduated to the slope. The cliffs, from which the Britons threatened to hurl their javelins down on Cæsar, are now some distance inland. The shingle worn out of the western cliffs, having formed a flat foreshore extending from their base to the steep Deal beach. Sandown Castle is no more, and a wooden passenger-pier juts out from near Deal Castle : opposite are the Downs "in which the fleet lay moored ;" with ships, sometimes scattered about, all the way up to Broadstairs. A couple of miles off Deal, you get a good idea of what Thanet must once have been ; its silhouette being perfectly defined, as well as that of Richborough ; the latter standing up like an island from the surrounding flats, which extend in width from Cliff End on the east to west of Sandwich, and in length all the way up the valley of the Stour to Canterbury. Within two miles of that city an anchor and sea shells, were found at a depth of 20 feet when digging for a well. Through these flats the now sedgy Stour meanders, in an almost uniform width of 12 feet, with occasional branches, and steep mud banks of four feet or so in height to the grassy margins above ; till from Minster, running over to Sandwich, and then turning directly back again to Cliff End, it winds through two miles of sand into the sea at Pegwell. Dapper little craft like Cowes pilot boats, and having C on their bows too, you perhaps see beating to or from their dredging grounds to the westward. These are Colchester oyster smacks.

At this distance you see Ramsgate Church standing boldly out against the sky. Passing the low fore shores of Deal, and tree embosomed Walmer, where the Duke died, the coast outline becomes undulating : now sweeping the shingle, with corn sheaves bristling up the vallies behind ; then swelling into bluffs, with perpendicular sea cliffs, occasionally declining in steep slopes landward. Velvet-like turf alternating with corn, and the whole coast life-like as compared with the iron bound cliffs of Devon, Cornwall, &c. ; with their scanty vegetation, and brakes of furze. After passing the South Foreland, with its two lighthouses, and clusters of cottages, you sight the out-works of Dover Castle ; and soon the pier and town open gradually to view. The Castle with an old Norman keep like Rochester, Canterbury, or the Tower, in its midst, frowning from the hill crest ; and

gratings, doors, and windows, peeping through the vegetation on the steep cliff front, indicating the course of the subterranean passage to the fortification above. The eastern ditch ends abruptly at the sea cliff, and shows a perfect profile of parapet, berm, scarp, ditch, counter-scarp, inner slope, and glacis.

Dover extends from the foot of the Castle Cliff far up the vallies behind, and across the harbour to West Cliff; which rises perpendicularly at the backs of the houses, and has a tunnel cut in it to the fine barracks, on the side of the steeply sloping hill above. Running on past the shingle beach, so steep that one is out of one's depth immediately on sliding from the bathing machines,—past the esplanade, the harbour of refuge, and the entrance to the commercial harbour in the distance; and rounding the Admiralty pier, with its piles cross girdled together, and stayed by mooring chains sloping into the water at the outer end still in progress, we bring up alongside one of the three or four short, narrow wooden jetties. The granite pier on this side, bulges outwards to the water, like the sides of an old line of battle ship; the curve turning outwards again aloft, in a freestone moulding, running like a huge chock channel its entire length, and having a parapet above. The interior of the pier behind the granite, is concrete. We pass from the jetty through an entrance-port-looking aperture, and ascend the steps to the platform. This is about 12 feet wide, with a parapet seaward, and iron railing towards the harbour. A plate iron screen about three feet wide outside the railings, and sloping slightly upwards from the platform, keeps the spray from the trains, one of which, in waiting for the Ostend boat, is now hissing beneath.

Here she comes skimming along, with carpet bags, trunks, and packages of every description piled high aloft abaft the foremast. The female passengers with their hair in confusion are all pale, and huddled shivering together aft. She slips alongside, and while the steam is blowing off, some of the passengers mount the brow, whilst others are seeing their luggage passed up by the crew. What a motley set they are! Here a poor shivering *bonne* drags herself up the steep ladder, and has her cadaverous face kissed, and warmed into a glow, by a pretty girl who breaks from her mother to welcome her. These swarthy Belges, a dullness still lingering in their eyes, are jabbering and gesticulating, with a fat moustached and pulled about French matron. Pretty English Misses in chignons, hats, stripes, and feathers, trip lightly up, mingled with Alpine tourists, some of whom, venerable beings, in earwig caps, and more fitted for hot water and treacle possets, than Alpine Clubs; yet have Alpine stocks,—burnt in all over with the Hol-

born Hill, Ludgate Hill, or any other terrible hills they have ascended—to astonish the weak minds of the untravelled provincial friends they are returning to. The head gear of the passengers generally being of the most motley description. Previous to this pier being built, the shingle used to wash eastward and protect the town ; since its construction, a slope has had to be built for that purpose. The Lord Warden faces you as you quit the pier, and another fine hotel, with a high square Campanile, forms a prominent object in the middle of the town. Large stones lie huddled together among the black piles at the entrance to the commercial basins, the inner and outer of which, communicate by gates. Numerous English and Belgian iron, two funnelled packet boats, and some merchant craft, lying there. The newer portions of Dover are extremely well built, in broad handsome streets, villas and terraces ; and elegant, fashionably dressed people are seen sitting at the windows, or promenading the Esplanade. The shops are good, and there is a fair market, having a museum of the regulation type above it. In the latter however are a couple of ten or more, inch stone shot found at Hythe, and presumed to have been some of those ordered to be made by forced labour, for use in *Edward IVth's* French wars. The streets have old-fashioned names, such as Rochester, Trevanion, Stroud, Maison Dieu, Snargate, Cannon, Bench, Town Wall, Biggin, Woolcomber, &c., Street—"New Street," being apparently the oldest in the town ; how suggestive !

The Maison Dieu built in *John's* reign by Hubert de Burgh is now the Town Hall. The Castle contains British, Roman, Saxon, Norman, and English remains. It was annoying that for having indulged in a bath before scaling the heights, we should have been refused admission. But so it was, the clock had struck one, after which no visitors are admitted. So there we stood in the dripping rain, glancing at Calais, showing like a black cloud through the watery atmosphere ; and across the bay at Shakspeare's Cliff, in whose day this must have extended further seaward, and have been much higher than now, as from its summit, where a watch-house is posted, it slopes steeply inland.

Every frost, and gale, carries away a portion of the cliff, and unless protected, it, and the two tunnels that pierce it side by side, must eventually disappear, and be worn back to the level of the valley behind ; and so on in ages to come, till another Shakspeare Cliff is formed against the bluff next in succession. The sea soon licking up the low lands intervening, and the pholades tunnelling up the chips. Each headland in turn being subjected to the buffet of the waves, and yielding, till its place knows it no more.

One doesn't carry a library, Cæsar's Commentaries, or a geological manual about with one, and having been struck again and again with the parallel lines of flints in the sea cliffs, by the black spots like a *Times* leader, near the South Foreland, and by the number of high rounded bluffs with deep intervening vallies between, seen on all sides from the Castle heights, it was a treat to see a Bakewell in an old bookshop, and to read chapter 18. Turning to the right by the road leading from the Castle gate, along the foot of the glacis towards the King's entrance, and plucking some wild thyme from the bank where it grew, we descended the zig-zag road, noting the abrading of the chalk by the rain, which scoured it away in milk white streams to the Dour, winding through flats, ages since the harbour, into "The Pent," and inner basin. Crossing this stream, which would have been a fortune to a Peckham dairy-man, and envying the ducks in the green close at its side, "gabbling like boon companions o'er their liquor," we took shelter in a doorway from the torrents then flooding every street, and affording a fleeting investment for some G. S. N. C. A weird being niched beside us, whom we hazarded the trite remark to, of the advantages offered by such weather to the younger palmipedes, replied gravely, "and fine weather for me too!" extending his palm as he said so. The door behind us just then opened, and a little man with a heart more erect than his body, begged us to enter from the rain, "good gracious me," said he, "you'll catch your death a cold;" and as we stood dripping, he stole limpingly away, and disappeared among the piles of books, papers, and goods, with which the place was littered; and we saw him no more: so that we never think of Dover, but we remember it when "*es donnerte und fiel ein gewaltiger Regen.*"

H. N. P. W.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MATCH.

SATURDAY, the 4th of April, 1868, will be quoted by the "to be" oldest inhabitant of that quarter of London suburbs, commencing at Putney and ending with Mortlake, as the day when a vast proportion of the inhabitants of London town (some say half, others all!) went out upon the banks of the Thames, and witnessed the worst race that ever had been rowed between the representatives of the two great Universities.

A facile journalist bestowed upon the estate of which he is a worthy and distinguished member the title of "the ingenious publicist."

Another emulous of the fame, and perhaps aspiring to be his "*facile princeps*," cudgelled his brains for a more impressive appellation, and termed it "the eye of the people." This "ingenious publicist," or "eye of the people," has had a very bad "quarter of an hour" of it recently, in endeavouring to satisfy itself and its constituents as to the reason *why* so vast an assemblage was attracted upon this occasion in particular, to witness the performances of the athletes from the Isis and Cam. 'Tis a happy rejuvenescence this—a pleasing relapse into infant simplicity, when, after promulgating the doings of the sixteen elect to the four quarters of the globe even from the moment the same were chosen, the ingenious "publicist," or "eye," covertly indicates its power by seeking a reason for the inevitable result of its own activity. But the eye-cum-publicist must not negatively arrogate all the glory. There were many concomitant circumstances actively influencing that surging multitude of four-and-a-half miles of human beings on foot, (to say nothing of bipeds, super-quadrupeds,) and on wheels, both chairs and perambulators inclusive. We nervously abstain from even hinting at the contingent afloat, or the nature of its support, individually or collectively, and as cautiously avoid a surmise at the density of either class when in column or fleet. Five hundred thousand has been stated! What an ubiquitous brain must have been abroad that day—*fruit* Bidder.

Hark back, however, to this compound gordian knot; it must be remembered that the race this year was contested at a christian-like hour, when the world (*i. e.*, London) is thoroughly awake and aired, and when Lares and Penates need not be ruthlessly sacrificed at the shrine of St. Putney! Well, then, the spring fashions were just hovering in, too, and a day to exhibit them on the beautiful banks of the Thames, that legend-fraught classic portion of it between Putney and Mortlake, an opportunity opportunely created—delicious! We ask, and pause for a reply, could the strongest-minded *alumnus* of woman suffrage resist the temptation—a correlative temptation—of physically displaying a *bit of blue*?—A colour, moreover, so effective in these pre-Raphaelite-garment times, the prevalence of which attenuated apparel by-the-way, seems gently, but forcibly, to point to that finality of fashion that shall leave man bereft of singularity in lower integument, and crown heroic woman as the "person" for the situation; a "result" of the "period."—*Vide, Sentimental Review*. To a dweller in this wilderness of a city, the myriads assembled were astounding, for no Derby crowd we ever remember was, to use a trite vulgarism, "a patch upon it;" and yet journey north, south, east, or west of British Babylon on that same 4th of April—aye, a diameter of twelve good

honest statute miles—and notwithstanding the legions abstracted for the nonce, not one drop could be missed from the mighty cauldron of humanity. Perhaps it was the peculiar massing of the people at certain points that struck habitual observers of great assemblages so powerfully; but this we know, that even veterans in such scenes were utterly bewildered, and exhibited what seemed as nearly akin to awe as wonder. The weather was lovely, albeit a fog did prevail, but which, varying and capricious, now lifting to permit a flood of sunlight to gild momentarily the whirling wavelets of the speeding tide—anon lowering darkly as though the crack of doom were at hand, lent a wild, weird aspect to the wondrous scene, in which the pencil of a Turner might have revelled as it reduced it to a picture—and *Turneresque chaos*.

The varieties of life, as of scenery, were as equally chaotic. You might rub skirts with princes, and hob-knob with costermongers within a biscuit's cast. The upper "ten" and the lower "million" were genuinely "out for the day." The irreproachable "four-in-hand" aped humility side by side with a pair of well-groomed "mokes," tooled tandem-fashion by some Tollit of Bethnal Green. Laurie and Marner, Hooper and Peters, Silk and Thorn, consorted modestly with suburban Hodgsons', Mullens' and Griggs'. The "drive" allowed itself for the nonce to rub "tires" with Mile End and Hackney Road; whilst the "row" assumed a benevolence of fraternity that the vagaries of Hampstead and Blackheath sorely tested. The most democratic leveller had not a peg left to hang a cavil upon; and the only polemical observation we heard during the day was that made us by a jolly old market gardener, who asseverated that he "did not know what religion he was, *beyond* that he hated biscuits!"

A critical observer of the occasion needed to be hydra moulded, for giving four heads to the land, the remaining three had all their work to study and analyse the phases of life riverwards. Here fizzed away, "fit-fop, fit-fop, fit-fop," the saucy little high-pressure steam yacht. There glanced along a thorough-bred-looking "four," which, with hands "well over their toes," "legs well spread on the forward," "a ripping heave," and the venomously jerked out treble of the manikin "cockshumite," "Well rowed, No. 3!" "Pick her up!" "Bravo, stroke!" sent her launching over the waves, and right into the hearts of impressionable feminine Putnenian primroses and Chiswickian cowslips, who were mentally working smoking caps and rowing belts, all in "blue," for dearest "Chawles" and splendid-looking "William." Anon came lumbering along happy-go-lucky tide-borne billy-buoys and coal-flats, whose crews, animated by the popular elements of patriotism and polite-

ness peculiar to the day and the latitude, loudly vented their wonder as to what "sanguinary elysium brought so many rose-coloured wise folk to witness sixteen ruddy choughs : a-tryin' to bust a wein'!" Next appeared the infallible family, "Trireme" indigenous to the Thames, without possession of one of which *Pater-familii* dwelling on whose banks think their "noomerous" little families unprovided for, and in which, on such festal occasions, *Mater-familias* will insist upon rowing, in order to show the indomitable pluck of the British matron (sixteen bursting boys and girls to the fore, notwithstanding), to the imminent danger of permanent suffusion setting facewards, to say nothing of fracture to stay-lace, likewise the head of the man who will insist upon the right of paddling his own canoe right under the blade of her highly-up-lifted oar, when—Ugh, chop!—down it comes ; served him right, the "imperant fellah," to laugh at a respectable British matron's legs ; what if she did tumble back on her "ead," she had as good a right to use her legs as any other oarsman ! And the laugh and *badinage* is echoed hollowly from the ghostly lips of a phantom figure in white, oscillating rapidly on the upper edge of a petrified flash of lightning that flits rapidly past in the midst of the "scrimmage," and which little "Billee" assures his *mater* is a "sculler," which *mater* thinks as how little Billee is poking fun at her "ead," from which she is scratching the pain, and so the pain flies off at a tangent of finger tips to Billee's head, amidst a grand crash of approaching steam whistles and other warlike music of the age. Confusion becomes more general afloat and ashore, for, lo! an awful something floats upon the air ! At first, a hoarse murmur in the distance ; then hollow—deep—echoing—thundering—and thousands of throats swell the mighty roar from Putney, that tells the news to Hammersmith, to Chiswick, to Barnes, to Mortlake, and even to Kew ; the human wire vibrates—the message is rolled along—a deep, majestic diapason of sound culminates in three monasyllables, "They are off !"

At 11h. 46m. 48s., the well known voice of Mr. E. Searle gave permission to the following gentlemen "to go."

OXFORD.				CAMBRIDGE.			
	st	lb			st	lb	
1. W. D. Benson, Balliol	10	12	1. W. H. Anderson, Trinity	11	2		
2. A. C. Yarborough, Lincoln	11	8	2. J. P. Nicholls, Trinity	11	3		
3. R. Ross, Exeter	11	7	3. J. G. Wood, Emanuel	12	6		
4. R. G. Marsden, Merton	11	12	4. W. H. Lowe, Christ's	12	4		
5. J. Tinné, University	13	8	5. H. T. Nadin, Pembroke.....	12	11		
6. F. Willan, Exeter	12	6	6. W. F. M'Michael, Downing...	12	1		
7. E. S. Carter, Worcester	11	6	7. J. Still, Caius	12	1		
8. D. Darbishire, Balliol	11	2	8. W. J. Pinckney, Trinity	10	10		
C. R. W. Tottenham, Ch Ch (cox)	8	7	T. D. Warner, Trinity Hall (cox)	8	4		

Cambridge having won the toss, the first time for eight years, had the favorite station, respecting which a vast amount of rank nonsense has been written and uttered ; for any advantage presented by the Middlesex side for starting from, on a winding course like the Thames, is counterbalanced at other points, even if such did exist.

Both crews chopped in their oars blades 'ere the sounds had died upon the lips of the starter, but stroke of Oxford missed his grip and Cambridge blue was launched to the fore, amidst resounding cheers that told the omen was accepted, and which were renewed with tenfold enthusiasm when off Bishop's Creek a clear space of water confirmed a triumphant lead ; Oxford was rowing very wild and flurried indeed owing to the mishap at starting, and Cambridge was anything but steady ; off the Creek one of those disgusting specimens of lubbers afloat got in Cambridge's course, and compelled Mr. Warner to starboard his helm, which Oxford most courteously acknowledged ; at this moment the latter crew seemed suddenly to recover steadiness and settled to their work with a will ; the result was evident in a moment, inch by inch and foot by foot they drew up on Cambridge, on whom the effect was pitiable, as they lost all head and were rowing all over their boat ; this was the crisis of the race—here it was won ; at Craven Cottage the die was cast and all doubt removed ; up to the Soap Works another exhibition of rowing took place, which however miserable, eventually told in favour of the more powerful heave that Oxford obtained by the free use of thigh muscle, the only remarkable beauty of form they possessed, and which proved its effectiveness on the spurt from Dorset Villa to the Surrey point ; at this period Oxford was in the "situation" and Mr. Tottenham launched his crew through the Surrey arch of Hammersmith, which Mr. Warner fancying also but somewhat fearing, ported his helm a *leettle* too late and nearly got his crew in irons across the tide by winding his boat suddenly for the centre arch, and losing ground in consequence. However, it did not matter much ; the struggle was over ; Oxford had now put two lengths of clear water between herself and Cambridge ; and for all further purposes of testing the question Chiswick was a deceit, Barnes a delusion, Mortlake a snare ; and John Phelps might just as well have smoked his pipe comfortably on Hammersmith chains. Nearing Chiswick Ait, the Cambridge crew made a grand effort to get together again, their stroke making a gallant charge to turn the tide of victory, and with such effect that nearly a length of clear water disappeared from Oxford's stern ; it was the dying effort of brave spirits, and they deserved and got a rattling cheer for it ; but Oxford proved, happily for themselves, equal to meet the threatened

danger, and to our notion showed the only bit of respectable form and style throughout the race ; they were not however pressed, and were rowing within themselves, and if men could not make a decent show of questionable training under such circumstances, with the radiance of victory shining full upon them, too, they certainly deserved not the laurels ; one short spurt more, and *finis coronat opus* ; Oxford, to use an Irish hunting phrase, went "powdering" along past the winning flag off Kew meadows, rather more than three lengths a-head, receiving Mr. Phelps's expressive signal at 20m. 56s. from the time of starting. Cambridge followed suit in a neat, gentleman-like stroke and feather, sufficient to show a decent regard towards the etiquette of oarsmanship, but which it needed no Solon to decipher was the inherent politeness of a spirit badly defeated, but by no means disgraced. A young sprig at our elbow declared that "Oxford had ended with a feast of foibles roughly exposed, and Cambridge with a famine of fancies discreetly concealed."

Although the merits and demerits of this contest have been discussed *ad nauseam*, yet will we venture to throw in our quota of remarks, believing that free and candid discussion of the subject will eventuate in arousing the great representatives of the school of British rowing, from the supineness and self-confidence that must eventuate in making them the laughing stock of the world. Such an exhibition of rowing as this last has been would lead a novice to believe that the renown hitherto attached to Oxford and Cambridge was gained under most questionable circumstances ; time was when Cambridge taught Oxford, and now the victors manifest a decadence which, unchecked, will lead both into the slough of despond. We unhesitatingly say that two finer, more gallant, or dashing crews than those which came to their starting buoys on last 4th of April, have rarely been seen on the Thames. Nor were two *more murdered crews* ever sent away by the voice of starter ! This seems strong language and bold assertion, but the surgeon who knows his case is desperate, cuts to the core of the disease. We have heard a large amount of what "Yanks" called "bunkem" talked about the merits of the crews, individually and collectively, but to our mind the *bull's eye* has not yet been made *plumb centre*. The gallant gentlemen whose names have been so much mouthed, and whose proceedings were so closely commented upon up to the eventful day, are by no means responsible for the results that too plainly declare, the palms for rowing deservedly held by their respective universities for so many years, are decaying in rotten chaplets of withered leaves. We must probe a little behind the scenes for the seat of the disease—the breeding

place of the foul blot that threatens one of our noblest of sports with annihilation; the fact that, under circumstances which it is unnecessary to recapitulate, Cambridge came to the fore this year at all, shows there is no falling off in public spirit, firmness of purpose, or physical capacity on the banks of the Cam; but that victorious Oxford should indicate abused opportunities, and exhibit but too plainly the symptoms that have so sorely plagued Cambridge by successive defeats, engenders a conviction that unless both are aroused by plain homely truths, we are in danger of losing our grand annual contest, and an Institution of the land. We are not a people fond of change; we cling tenaciously to established customs, and our pastimes constitute no mean portion of them. When anything, therefore, threatens the fountain head from which a popular and dearly loved sport derives its inspiration, the alarm is sounded in the porch, and "to the rescue" is the watchword. We love the Oxford and Cambridge boat race; 'tis one of our established customs now, and as such the public which views it deems itself as much interested in its permanency and success as the actors in the contest themselves.

We deem it necessary to make these observations, as the question may be mooted "Why interfere at all?" Oxford and Cambridge have a perfect right to do as they please! Granted; but having accepted the situation and courted a place in public estimation—a place freely granted to them with hearty welcome—they must not lightly cast from them public opinion, the free expression of which is the palladium of a free nation—the bulwark of its happiness.

To begin then with our remarks, which shall be short, sharp, and decisive. The disgraceful falling off exhibited by Oxford and Cambridge from the glories of former years, must be traced to first causes, and to do this we must seek further than the eye can reach. What a regiment without a Colonel, an army without a General, a ship without a Captain, or a fleet without an Admiral, might be supposed to achieve, these Universities are now attempting, induced to the effort by the want of a system; our readers will have no doubt remarked in the accounts with which they have from time to time been copiously regaled, the number of Mentors, or as they are technically termed "Coaches" through whose care and tuition Oxford and Cambridge crews pass before they are declared fit for the annual race; which of these gentlemen is responsible for the fitness, or is there any standard whereby to judge, as to a crew being fitted for such an important struggle by such a course of proceeding? We utterly repudiate the idea, at least if perfection is to be aimed at. We believe it to be an incontrovertible axiom that no

two men ever thoroughly agreed upon any one particular point : and therefore it is surely impossible to establish any system of rowing, form, training, or confidence in each other, in a crew of oarsmen so prepared, which above all combinations of men require a fixity of idea, a resolution of purpose, the nicest unity in physical exertion, and the most implicit faith not only in each other, but in their individual powers ; when they are handed from one to another of well-meaning, highly honorable, and no doubt pains-taking gentlemen, each probably labouring with some particular crotchet of his own and anxious to impress it upon his pupils ; why it would take the eyes of Argus, the arms of Briareus, the patience of Job, and the wisdom of a Socrates, to carry out the behests of such a phalanx of teachers, if even the one fourth of them could be remembered. A crew of fresh, jolly, large limbed, big hearted, gallant sons of the Isis or the Cam, brim full of exuberant spirits and the ardour for dashing deeds of physical daring, to accomplish which prurient youth must submit itself to a long and trying course of training, involving the exercise of resolute self control, stern denial, abnegation of the instincts that prompt to the indulgence of the table, and the flask ; endurance of physical discomfort, and the utter disregard of many little items that go to make up individual idiosyncrasies, above all that ease and pipe that early manhood doth dearly love, require far different preparation. In the first place they require to be judiciously and carefully prepared for violent physical exertion, the state of the health of the body being the keystone to success ; they require to be shewn how to exercise their strength to the greatest advantage, when to tax it, and how to husband it ; and when these preliminaries are established then comes the real work, the training of the materials so prepared ; we should like to know how these materials have been mangled under the present system, or rather no system : a crew must have respect for and confidence in the personal qualifications of their mentor, otherwise they will never have confidence in themselves or feel that they know their duty, but where there exists a plurality of mentors, as at present, there can be but one result, or succession of results, and that is failure and decay. Therefore the first measure of reform for the University crews to pass is to do away with amateur trainers ; let them procure two professional trainers, Thames watermen of repute and standing, whose bread of life depends upon their business ; amateur trainers are pretty ornaments but totally useless ; and in many cases have never practically formed the theories they endeavour to inculcate ; but with professional trainers it is their business, the occupation of their lives, learned and improved upon by hard and well earned ex-

perience : what amateur trainer we ask plainly has ever gone through the work, aye or one-hundredth part the work of a professional waterman ; can the momentary experiences of an hour or two at most on the Cam, the Isis, or the Thames, be pitted against the knowledge that a shrewd intelligent man must have acquired in the earning of his daily crust ; in constant and oftentimes violent exercise of those powers of body, the proper maintenance and government of which represents his capital for commerce. Besides what gentleman would sacrifice the pursuits of his rank in life, to fit himself for such a task, and if he is not thoroughly fitted for it, is it not a piece of imposture not only on those who suffer under his, so called, training ; but is it not an imposition of selfish vanity and egotistical arrogance upon the public, to be deprived through such means of a grand and exciting struggle, that prepared for under proper authority and competence assumes the importance of a national spectacle.

Our readers may accuse us of somewhat selfish vanity and egotistical arrogance, in giving expression to those sentiments without proving our right of knowledge to do so ; but we speak not without book, we have graduated under a professor whose name and whose deeds have conferred imperishable renown upon the name of a Thames waterman ; have treasured his maxims, and hidden away his precepts in our storehouse, and now in the sere and yellow of life, take them out occasionally, (as now) compare them, gloat over them, and reverence all that remains of one than whom we never met the man in his humble sphere who had so thoroughly mastered the secrets of his calling, or more thoroughly understood the application of the powers of the human frame, so as in applying the minimum of muscular power to earn the maximum result of effort, and at the same time secure an amount of endurance that enabled thew and sinew to assume proximate relationship with the regularity and force of an iron machine. There are many now living in whose memories that of Robert Coombes is still green ; the little Bob of those days when rowing was "*some*" on the Thames, and the bright laurels tumbled about his little square bronzed visage, as if Fortune would never tire of her favorite. Robert Coombe's maxims ought to be written in letters of gold and hung up at the bed's-head of every true votary of rowing. We can fancy his voice ringing in our ears as many a day it did, when with hands upon his knees, and his almost comically earnest face screwed at an angle that was meant to fix attention, if not by force of argument, yet by singularity of expression, he would give vent to half addressed half soliloquized instruction. "No. 1, sit square upon your thwart, let your arms hang easily and level

from the shoulders, look aft—right aft, not a wink to left or right, head well up, chest forward, lungs will act then ; No. 2, now shoot out your arms like lightning well over your toes, open you thighs and let your body well down between them, clip your oar sharp and wicked into the water, blade deep—no more, now heave back with an even strain, thighs, body, and arms all together, rip the blade through the water—work your legs best of all, pull your oar well home to your chest, deliver it the moment the blade is abreast your row-lock, no heaving your back into the bottom of the boat—sit up to your work like a man, that's it, all easy, every part of you doing its duty, moving with the regularity of a bell-crank, and like lightning. No. 3, now remember—its the boat you want to send ahead, not the water from the boat, and just do your best to heave her bodily out of the water ; as you shoot your arms forward, and your body drops between your thighs, keep your face square aft, head well up, take your breath and see how easy it comes, now heave, thighs well mind—up with her out of the water if you can, long in the water, out of it no time—but let everything work silky and sweet, no straining, no sudden jerk, no tumbling to look right or left, bell crank—bell crank for your life !” No. 4—so you'll find in a short time you'll work a long day through without trouble, and doing honest work, and the strain on you being evenly distributed, no part of the machine will give up, but everything silky and sweet you know, out of the water be like lightning, in the water—long, powerful, and yet quick. You can't catch a crab if you tried, and you can't help being cool and steady.” And these maxims we have tested not only in river work, but the open sea, and little Robert was right, let any one who doubts it try !

We should have liked to elicit what the feelings of the respective members composing the crews were on the 4th of last April ; certainly appearances very much indicated a total absence of confidence in one, and an entire want of system in both ; but we think much more has been said and written than circumstances warranted ; that all did their best was plainly seen, and we think the singling out of certain gentlemen for praise or censure, implied or understood, was most invidious and unfair ; as a body both crews suffer for the vicious systems that obtain at their respective Universities, and until they are swept away individuals must stand blameless. Let the boating men of Oxford and Cambridge take time by the forelock and select their trainers for the coming year, for that this match should be given up is a notion most preposterous ; we believe that the words “pusillanimous” and “impossible” are not to be found in the Dictionaries of either Universities up to the

present ; may they long remain as innocent. With such trainers as we have suggested, competent, active, shrewd, steady men, with whom, when the respective crews have been selected and committed to their sole care and guidance, will rest the entire charge and responsibility of bringing the gentlemen to that perfect state of training and style which we expect and look for at the University boat race, and not as the melancholy sacrifices of this year were : it may, and perhaps will be urged that professional training has been tried ; but we ask has it been tried in its entirety, without suggestion or interference on the part of amateurs, or "University coaches ? Let such get but one year's fair play, and we err much if two crews of gentlemen so trained will not revive the palmiest days of the Cam and the Isis.

In our foregoing observations on training and preparation, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we disclaim utterly allusion to any gentleman of either University who may have taken part in the onerous, and we should say unthankful, office of assisting to prepare the crews heretofore ; it is the system we find fault with of allowing instructors to be changed, confusion of ideas to prevail, and the utter absence of a reasonable responsibility ; what is everybody's business ends in nobody's business. Even if with the system of amateur training one gentleman alone of each university could be got to undertake the office, the difference, we feel assured, would be very striking. Above all things, we disclaim any allusion to a gentleman who at the eleventh hour took charge of the crew of his university, and of whom the most unwarranted and unwarrantable observations have been made ; the errors of training and faulty form *that* crew suffered from no human being could eradicate in the space of time it was under his charge ; were the members of it committed to his sole charge from the outset, Kew meadows might have witnessed, if not a different, at least a closer issue : his reputation for experience and practical knowledge is, however, so well known in the rowing world, that he can afford to treat such observations with the amount of consideration they deserve.

A habit has become prevalent of late years of timing the number of strokes a crew row in a minute, and these seem to be taken as the data for estimating how near to perfection and efficacy they have arrived. Such a notion, emanating from the brain of an enthusiastic observer of human energy, is amusing as an idiosyncrasy ; but to regard it in the light of sober reason as a *fact* would be eminently ludicrous, were it not calculated to inflict most formidable injury by its acceptance. We can quite understand how, in a piece of machinery, by increasing the revolutions of its cranks and arms, certain effects of speed, reducible to

mathematical formula, may be produced ; but in such a case the motive power which moves these cranks and shafts is constant and under control, and can be increased or diminished at will ; in the human machine, on the contrary, motive power is a variable condition, dependent on the health, strength, constitution, and training of the individual specimen ; a man's thews and sinews are not iron, moved by steam : his strong exertion of will may enable him to move them in order to fulfil the conditions of time, but he may not be doing a particle of work ; his power exhausted, he but preserves an outward semblance. But the still more grievous influence of such a fallacy will be found, should a young crew imbibe the notion that such is the standard of excellence—the *acme* of efficacy in propelling a boat—they may row to form and time beautifully, and not pull an ounce weight, and the worst result is, that if such a principal obtain in training, they inevitably will come to regard the number of strokes as the aim and end of their training, instead of the best method of applying their power in propulsion : thus, a stilted jerking form and style will be perpetuated to the sacrifice of speed, and, what is as important, coolness and steadiness at critical periods, when both become of vital moment in a close struggle. We ask any man who understands what rowing should be, how Cambridge or Oxford looked this year, or what work were they doing when forty strokes a minute were rowed ; where was beauty of form and efficacy of style then ? And what led to such a pitiable exhibition ? The farce of counting strokes per minute as the indication of work done ! !

Much has been said of the Cambridge crew, and the fact of their boat hanging or stopping when the stroke was rowed out ; this has been attributed solely to their faulty style by those countless “hurlers on the ditch,” who always find out the secrets of the “game :” those infallible prophets whose hallucinations culminate in the dismal “night-owl screech of woe”—the horrid words, “I told you so.” It does not seem to have entered the “noddles” of any of these “inspired” commentators, that a good deal, if not the whole, of this “hang” or “stop” might, with as much reason and more fairness, be attributed to the boat herself. There is such a thing as overweighting a boat as much as a horse ; and it would be a subject of not only immense interest, but instruction, if the Messrs. Searle would give us the calculations of the respective immersions of the Cambridge and Oxford boats on the recent occasion, and if both fabrics were equally calculated to carry the same weight at the same lines of floatation, for there was but 12lbs. difference between the crews, according to the scale return furnished to us. Moreover, a weak boat that will give and twist under a flurried crew, is

not the craft to carry them out of their dilemma, and we are informed the Cambridge boat had to be strengthened during the practice ; could any of this "hang" be traceable to the boat, her crew were "*dragging*" instead of *rowing* her along : *Fiat justitia!*

We are told with a semi-serious air, that *this* is to be the very last year of the existence in our land of *this*, one of its institutions ! *Quid enim ? Post hoc, propter hoc !*"

Well a far more serious reason has been put forth by a most talented member of the surgical profession why the time honoured boat race should not take place at all !

With the most profound respect for both authorities, the latter especially, we claim the right of every free-born man, *particularly* every independent Editor. We deny both their premises in the most unqualified manner ; their assumptions are entirely borne down by the weight of evidence, and by the daily habits and customs of a small portion of the globe, called Great Britain and Ireland. So we must *agree to differ*, and beg of many others to follow so good an example.

A much more serious evil to our mind, and one more prejudicial to the permanence of the race, especially to the Cantabs, is the fact, if fact it be, that the "Cam" is becoming shallower. This must be looked to in the rowing interests of Cambridge, for rowing in shallow dead water, *is like rowing in mud* ; under such circumstances the state of the Cambridge crew this year is satisfactorily accounted for. The efforts of the most accomplished trainer could never put men into condition or form to face "*living water*" after "*dead.*" But this cannot be an insurmountable difficulty.

One word more to Oxford and Cambridge, only think of the myriads of bright eyes that sparkle, the legions of rose-bud lips that smile, the true English hearts that beat responsive, and for a whole fortnight too ! and would ye—could ye—deny them their glorious April treat ?—Never ! Deserve not—*Magni nominis umbra* ; but remember always *Virtuti nihil obstat.*

GLOVER'S SAFETY CONTROLLING ANCHORS.

In our January number of the current year, we had the pleasure of bringing to the notice of our respected clients the merits of an invention due to the quick-sightedness of the Rev. Mr. Glover, the effect of which is, to cause the anchor, on its fall from the ship, so to profit by its weight, in combination with its form, as that it shall enter the soil by its beak the instant it touches the ground.

Although the theory seems perfect, we felt it our duty, while commending the Anchor Falls most earnestly to the attention of our valued subscribers, and to yacht owners in especial, to say that, "as things connected with improvements in nautical equipages look well on paper, which very often fail in practice, we looked forward anxiously to have the true test of actual and hard work applied to this invention to prove it, in order that the inventor might have a practical confirmation of his plans, as well as we ourselves enjoy the benefit of his experience."

At the time that our words were being printed, it appears that a tug at Havre had been already hired to experiment on the anchor falls on the sands opposite to Fascati—where, according to advertisement given the week before in the Havre journals, on the 26th of December, at high water, anchors having been dropped, the world repaired, at low water, to witness the success of the experiments.

In order to bring this experience into the presence of all interested, the screw yacht, *May Flower*, of Poole, R.T.Y.C., is about to make a round of the ports to exhibit the Anchor Falls in action, and to demonstrate that the system of handling the anchor by them is as facile as the result is sure; effected, also, without touching the anchor by a tool, or at all altering the relative disposition of the cat-head and hawse-holes, whatever the shape either of the palm of the anchor or of the fore part of the ship. When this, as matter of fact, shall be favourably placed within the reach of all—man-of-war, merchantman, or yacht—we shall feel justified in repeating, *and without limitation*, that "Mr. Glover's invention is one of the most important to marine interests that the country has produced."

The *May Flower* is now at Poole or Southampton, but will be within a week at Wivenhoe, where some yachts are awaiting the arrival of the *May Flower*, with all her gear ready, to illustrate the result of the difference between letting fall the anchor as at present, and when let fall by the agency of the Anchor Falls, that they may profit by the same, and be among the first in the coming season—to help practically to spread the knowledge of this useful invention.

THE PROPOSED YACHTING CONGRESS.

It is expected that the meeting of flag officers of the different yacht clubs, suggested by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, will come off this month. I think the sailing men of all the different clubs should make up their minds on a few leading rules, and then let those sent by them as their representatives back those rules—as it seems to me that it would be a ridiculous thing for any one to come to the meeting as a sponsor for a club, and then merely broach his own individual opinions, which might be adverse to the sentiment of his club. If there were a definite code, comprising the “rules of the road,” “a rule of measurement,” “a scale of time,” and “a classification of sizes,” I think all other questions connected with match sailing might fairly be left to the local committee. As to the rules of the road, they are all pretty well settled, save the one referring to “luffing.” The question was fully discussed last year in *Bell's Life*. There were three views of the case then :—one party backing up luffing through thick and thin, totally regardless of collisions ; the second party wishing to prevent luffing when a collision seemed imminent ; and a third advocating the abolition of luffing, obliging the boat in process of being overtaken to keep her course, and allow her antagonist to pass to windward if she had speed to do so.

If the object of match sailing be to encourage fast boats, this latter view is fairest of all. But as a little manoeuvring adds interest to a race, luffing may perhaps improve sport, but then at once the door is opened to jockeydom, which adds nothing to sport whatever, and prevents many joining in matches who otherwise would. I see the Thames have adopted in their new code the intermediate view, and allow luffing as long as it is a trial of sailing between boats ; but when it comes to a question as to who can stand the hardest knocks, then their rule steps in, and prevents the luffing being carried to this extreme. The time allowance is still unsettled : the classes differ, and the relative handicap allowance between cutters, yawls, and schooners differ : all these points should be settled. I merely wish to draw the attention of the different clubs to these points, hoping that nothing that seems good in one club's rules will be rejected by others through jealousy or any unworthy motive ; but that for once all will give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and give to the world a Code of general rules that will put an end to all the small bickerings and snappish protests and disappointments which arise from the multitude of different Codes and customs in vogue at the several racing stations.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A meeting of the Institution was held on the 2nd April, at its House, John-street, Adelphi; Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., Vice-president in the chair. There were also present—Lord Henry Cholmondeley, Sir E. Perrot, Bart., W. A. Harton, Esq., Admiral Sir W. Hall, K.C.B., Alexander Boteleur, Esq., Admiral Ryder, Eugene F. Noel, Esq., Admiral M'Hardy, John Griffith, Esq., Colonel Fitzroy Clayton, Captain Ward, R.N., Inspector of Life-boats to the Institution; Captain D. Robertson, R.N., the Assistant-Inspector; and Richard Lewis, Esq., the Secretary.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, a reward of 25*l.* was granted to pay the expenses of the Caistor large life-boat, the "Birmingham," in putting off during a heavy gale of wind on the 8th ult., and after considerable difficulty bringing ashore the crew of fifteen men and a large ship's dog from the barque Sparkling Wave of Sunderland, which had stranded, and afterwards became a total wreck on the South Seroby Sand. The same life-boat was also instrumental, on the 28th ult., in saving the schooner Wave, of Boston, and her crew of four men. The vessel had stranded during heavy blowing weather on the south part of the Inner Barber land, where, but for the timely arrival of the life-boat she would have become a total wreck, and her crew would in all probability have perished.

A reward of 22*l.* was voted to pay the expenses of the Institution's life-boat stationed at Penmon, Anglesey, in going off during a gale of wind and rescuing eight of the crew of the brig Jabez, of Scarborough, which had stranded on the Dutchman's Bank, off the Anglesey coast, on the 23rd ult. The master of the vessel having failed to get into the long-boat, from which the life-boat took three of the shipwrecked men, unfortunately perished.

A reward of 18*l.* 13*s.* was likewise granted to pay the expenses of the life-boat at the Lizard, in going off during a fresh breeze from the N.N.E. on the night of the 26th ult., and bringing ashore two men who were found on the fore-topmast of the schooner Selina of Swansea, which was totally wrecked on the Outer Stag Rocks near the Lizard. The master of the vessel and a boy were unhappily drowned before the arrival of the life-boat.

The secretary of the Love Branch had reported that while the life-boat was out for her usual quarterly exercise during a strong wind on the 27th ult., she fell in with a small boat containing two fishermen, who were in great distress, as they were quite unable to pull against the strong wind, and were rapidly driving on the coast. The life-boat at once took the small boat in tow, and brought her and the crew safe to land.

The Wexford and Lahor life-boats had gone off on the 22nd ult., during a fresh gale of wind, and had, in conjunction with some steamtugs, succeeded in getting off the ship Conway Castle, of Liverpool, from the Blackwater Bank, upon which she had stranded.

Rewards were also granted to the Institution's life-boats at Padstow, Winchelsea, Campbeltown, Southport, Lytham, and Courtown, for various

services during the recent gales. Various other rewards were also granted to the crews of different shore boats for saving life from shipwreck on our coasts. Payments amounting to 730*l.* were ordered on various life-boat establishments.

It was reported that the Earl of Strafford had liberally offered to present to the Institution a life-boat to be stationed on the Isle of Portland if one could be shown to be needed there. A lady through Capt. Fishbourne, R.N., C.B., had expressed a wish to present to the Institution in memory of a deceased son, the new life-boat about to be placed at Broadstairs. It was also stated that Mr. Christopher Brown, of Settle, Yorkshire, had collected altogether upwards of 800*l.* for the Institution, and it was decided to appropriate to him the new life-boat about to be sent to Penmon, Anglesey, and to name it "The Christopher Brown."

During the past month new life-boats had been sent to Ross Links, Holy Island; Bull Bay, Anglesey; Penarth, Wales; and Stonehaven, N.B. A hearty reception had been given to the boats at these places. The master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, had readily granted to the Institution a site of ground on which to build the Cleethorpes life-boat house. The Institution had received a legacy of 19*l.* 19*s.*, left to it by the late Mr. Edward Weston, of Leicester, 100*l.* had also been bequeathed to it by the late Mr. Roger Barson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Worshipful Company of Mercers had given an additional donation to the Institution of fifty guineas. Martin Gray, Esq., merchant of St. John's Antigua, and Captain N. Marquand, of the barque Matchless, of Guernsey, had collected for the Institution, in the island of Antigua, 30*l.* The Rev. F. Hutton, chaplain of Messrs. Bagnall's School Church, Golds Hill, West Bromwich, had also forwarded the sum of 5*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.*, being a moiety of a collection made in that church in aid of the funds of the Institution.

Reports were read from the Inspector and Assistant-inspector of life-boats on their recent visits to various life-boat stations of the Institution on the coast. It was stated that Mr. Thomas Brooks, who had previously painted an admirable picture of life-boat service, had now completed another fine painting of the "Launch of a Life-boat," which would probably be included in the forthcoming exhibition at the Royal Academy.

The proceedings then terminated.

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—This club having issued an amended programme of Sailing Matches since our last publication, we have been requested to insert the following:—

First Match—Monday, May 18th, (for R.T.Y.C. cutters of the first, second, third, and fourth classes,) first class any tonnage exceeding 35 tons; prize

value £100. Second class, exceeding 20 and not exceeding 35 tons, prize value £50. Third class, exceeding 12 and not exceeding 20 tons, prize value £30. Fourth class, 7 and not exceeding 12 tons, prize value £20. Course, from Erith round the Nore and return to Gravesend; the third and fourth classes to round a flag-boat in Sea Reach; half-minute time per ton for difference of tonnage in each class. No restriction as to canvas; entries to close at ten p.m. on Wednesday, May 13th.

Second Match—Tuesday, June the 2nd, for schooners, belonging to the R.T.Y.C. First class, exceeding 100 tons; prize value 100 sovs. Second class, not exceeding 100 tons, prize value 50 sovereigns; quarter-of-a-minute time allowance for difference of tonnage. No restriction as to canvas. Course, from Gravesend round Mouse light-vessel and return to Gravesend or Lower Hope; entries to close at ten p.m., on Wednesday, May 27th.

Third Match—Her Majesty's Cup, value 100 guineas.—Wednesday, June 17th, open to schooners, yawls, and cutters belonging to the R.T.Y.C., the first yacht to win the Queen's Cup; the first yacht of other rig to win the second prize, value £50, time allowance, half-a-minute per ton for cutters; quarter-of-a-minute per ton for schooners; yawls to sail as cutters: cutters allowing to yawls one-fourth of their tonnage; no restriction as to canvas. Course, from Gravesend round the Mouse light-vessel and return to Gravesend or Lower Hope; entries to close at ten p.m., on Thursday, June 11th.

Fourth (Channel) Match.—Tuesday, June 30th, open to vessels of any rig belonging to any Royal Yacht Club, for two prizes; first prize, value £100, to first vessel; second prize, value £50, (*if four start*) to first vessel of other rig, quarter of a minute time allowance; yawls to sail as cutters, cutters allowing to yawls a fourth of their tonnage. No restriction as to canvas. Course, from the Nore to Dover; to sail with the usual fittings in ordinary cruising trim to the satisfaction of the committee; a pilot but no extra hands allowed; not more than six friends allowed on board. Further instructions to be obtained of the secretary at the time of entry; entries to close at the club house, at ten p.m., on Thursday, June 25th.

Fifth (Channel) Match.—Friday, July 3rd, for a cup value £100, presented by G. Duppa, Esq., second prize value £25 given by R.T.Y.C., to the second, with a prize value £10 to the third, open to vessels of any rig belonging to a Royal Yacht Club. No time allowance, to be sailed for under the rules of the R.T.Y.C. Course, from the Nore to Cherbourg. To sail with the usual fittings in ordinary cruising trim to the satisfaction of the Committee: a Pilot but no extra hands allowed. Not more than six friends allowed on board. Further instructions to be obtained of the Secretary at the time of entry. Entries to close at the club house, at ten p.m., on Thursday, June 25th.

Entrance 1s. per ton (o.m.) to be returned to R.T.Y.C. vessels competing for the prizes. Vessels entered for the first match must be off Gravesend to be measured on Saturday, May 16th. Those entered for the second match on Monday, June 1st. For the Queen's Cup, on Tuesday, June 16th, and those for the Channel Match on Saturday, June 27th. Yachts pos-

services during the recent gales. Various other rewards were also granted to the crews of different shore boats for saving life from shipwreck on our coasts. Payments amounting to 780*l.* were ordered on various life-boat establishments.

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New Thames Yacht Club.—The April meeting of this club was held on Monday evening the 6th, at Freemasons' Hall. The assemblage of leading yachtsmen being, as on former occasions, very numerous. The chair was taken by Mr. John Dunkin Lee, the Vice-Commodore.

The minutes of the previous meeting and of some committee meetings were read and confirmed. These included the correspondence with the Lords of the Admiralty, which communicated the intelligence that they had been graciously pleased to grant to the club a warrant to hoist the blue ensign of Her Majesty's fleet, with the distinguishing marks of the club.

The sailing programme for the season, as proposed by the Sailing Committee, was then submitted for the approval of the club, and adopted. As an opening cruise was subsequently determined upon we insert it here in the general arrangements:—

Opening Cruise—Saturday, May 23rd, yachts to rendezvous at Erith, at two p.m., and proceed in company to Gravesend.

First Match—For cutters of all classes, June 1st. First class : First prize value £100, second value £40. Second class : First prize value £50, second value £20. Course, from Erith round the Nore, and back to Erith. Time per tonnage 30sec. per ton up to 50, and 20 secs. above 50 tons. Third class : First prize value £30, second value £10. Course, Erith to the Chapman Head, and back to Erith. Time allowance, 30sec. per ton. Entries to close on May 25th between seven and nine p.m., at the Freemasons' Hall.

Second Match—For schooners, June 15th, open to vessels belonging to any royal yacht club. First prize value £100, second value £50. Course, from Gravesend round the Mouse, and back to Gravesend. Unless three vessels of each class start the second prize not to be given. Time allowance, 15sec. per ton. Entries between seven and nine p.m., on June 8th, at the Freemasons' Hall.

The Hon. Secretary then read the names of 16 gentlemen whose applications for enrolment as members had been approved by the committee, including Mr. J. Ashbury, Cambria, schooner, 199 tons; Mr. F. J. Creswell, Wild Duck, cutter, 19 tons; Mr. T. Chamberlayne, Arrow, cutter, 102 tons; Mr. W. J. Rideout, Creusa, schooner, 200 tons; Mr. E. Packard, Anita, schooner, 43 tons. The whole of these gentlemen were unanimously elected.

The Hon. Secretary, in reply to some remarks which had been made respecting the liberality proposed in the amount of prizes, said he was pleased that an opportunity was afforded him of allaying any apprehensions upon that subject. He thought the gentlemen present knew him sufficiently well to feel assured that he would not be a party to anything to peril a society which he had taken so many pains to establish, and in which he felt so much interest as the New Thames Yacht Club. He did not ask for thanks—he was not seeking any ephemeral distinction—he was merely doing his utmost to support the object they all had in view, and he could assure the gentlemen who had very properly inquired whether they were going beyond their means, with a due consideration of the future, that although

they were giving liberally they could well afford it. It was not yet four months since the club had been established; what was their position even now, and what might it not be by next Christmas? During the shortness of the club's existence they had not yet seen many of their friends who might be anxious to be enrolled under their flag, and yet month by month they continued to make large accessions of members, both yachting and commercial men. The club, with its present funds, which would be found considerable, was only fairly and legitimately giving this year the amount in prizes it had a right to do. It was their object to get plenty of sport, and to attain that end they had offered valuable prizes. Their present expenses were of the most limited and trivial character, and they at that moment numbered 175 members, which was but a moiety of what they should have before the close of the year. While now addressing them he would take the opportunity of observing that although he would be glad to see this club seated under a comfortable roof-tree, no advantage would be gained by their being precipitate in their arrangements. Many pains had been taken to obtain a good and comfortable location, but nothing had yet been decided upon, and he was sure gentlemen would agree with him that it was better to wait a few months until they could form a more correct idea of the amount of accommodation they might require than hastily to select premises which might ultimately be found inconvenient and unsuitable. At present all the members were well contented. The club had made a handsome start, and when the time arrived that they were fairly seated under their own roof-tree they would go on upon the old principle, encourage sport to the utmost and enjoy themselves as they had been wont to do elsewhere. The expense of steam-boats to accompany their races, laying down of buoys, and other contingencies had been thought of by the committee, who were all men of business habits, and as such duly considered things before they did them, and would never put the club in a false position. All the points had been duly considered, proper estimates made, and the conclusion would be found in all respects most satisfactory. He would add for their information that the programme had not been made by gentlemen who competed in matches.

Mr. Cecil Long, Mr. Joseph Mills, and Dr. Armstrong were elected measurers of yachts, and it was agreed, on the motion of Mr. C. Tatham, seconded by Mr. W. Rudge, that the Royal Thames certificate of measurement should be accepted where no alteration had since taken place. The following sub-committee was elected to arrange for the hiring of steam-boats and other details in connection with the matches :—Messrs. C. Tatham, J. Mills, W. Rudge, and J. Grey.

The Chairman said he longed for the pleasure of flying their flag, and thought an opening cruise would be a suitable opportunity. To this the club readily assented, and after several days had been named, but all of which in some way interfered with other fixtures, it was resolved on the motion of Mr. W. N. Rudge, seconded by Mr. C. Tatham, that it should be on Saturday, May 23rd, as above stated. Dinner to take place at the Union Yacht Club House, Gravesend, at six sharp. Mr. T. Brassey, jun., a spirited

and thorough-going yachtsman, having been added to the committee of the club.

The Chairman producing the bank book, said he had much pleasure in informing them that there was 735*l.* there to their account, with about 130*l.* to be added.

The Hon. Secretary then read a copy of the letter from Capt. Mackinnon, of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, which has before appeared in *Bell's Life*, soliciting co-operation in forming a meeting of all the clubs to consider the advisability of framing a general set of regulations for yacht racing, and also recommending the adoption by all clubs of the "Commercial Code of Signals." It was agreed that the club should take part in the general meeting first alluded to.

Thanks having been voted to the Vice-Commodore and Hon. Sec., the meeting adjourned until Monday, May 4th.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of this club was held on Monday evening 12th ult., at the Freemasons' Hall, Mr. Cecil Long, the Commodore, in the chair, faced by Mr. Low, the Vice. After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and confirmed, the Commodore adverted to the difficulty in which they suddenly found themselves placed with regard to the fixture of the first match of the season. The sailing committee had intended agreeably with the circular to submit to the club that it should take place on Monday, June 15th, but since that a large race of another club had been fixed for that day. A long conversation followed and it was ultimately determined that as it was impossible to get a day in the requisite tides that had not already a fixture attached to it, the next best thing was to select one which would the least clash in interest, and the Queen's Cup Day of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, Wednesday, June 17th, was chosen. Entries to close at nine p.m., on Thursday, June 11th. Two handsome prizes for yachts of 20 tons and under, time allowance one minute per ton; Course from Erith to the Nore and back. The proposed fixture of the 1st July for the second match remains unchanged. Entries to close on the 25th June, and the time of the race from Gravesend to Ramsgate, Saturday, July 11th, is also unaltered. A letter from Captain Mackinnon, of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, relating to the proposed conference was read, and was met with the following resolution:—"This club fully approves of the proposition received from the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, and will give it support at the meeting.

Opening Trip.—The opening trip of this club was held on Thursday, April 9th, yachts assembling as usual at the Brunswick Pier, Blackwall, whence they sailed in company to Purfleet, dinner being served by Wingrove at the Royal Hotel. In consequence of the inclemency of the weather only two yachts were under way, viz., *Eva*, Mr. Lowe, and *Rose*, Mr. A. Louch. Some 30 gentlemen sat down to dinner, presided over by Mr. Lowe the Vice-Commodore (in the absence of Mr. Cecil Long), faced by Mr. R. Sadlier, the Rear. The toast of the evening, "Success to the Prince of Wales Yacht Club," was deputed to the care of Mr. Percival Turner, the

treasurer, who spoke of the many friendships he had formed during his term of office, seventeen years, and of the kindly feeling which had ever existed among them. This it was which had kept the old ship, never a wealthy institution, sufficiently above water to promote the best kind of sport, and bring forward sailors for larger and more influential bodies. They had no reason to be ashamed of their club, and had on the contrary, every hope that they would do as much this season for yachting as ever, keep a spare shot or two in the locker, and be a united and happy body.—Mr. Turner subsequently proposed "The Flag Officers," speaking in kind terms of all, and Messrs. Lowe and Sadlier replied in their usual happy manner, assuring the club of their determination to endeavour to deserve their esteem, and support their interests for years to come. Mr. Sadlier proposed the healths of Messrs. Turner, the treasurer; Geo. Legg, hon. sec.; and Alfred Turner and W. Massingham, the auditors, all of whom responded in turn. Mr. Dodd was also toasted, and Mr. Gaywood replied for the visitors: a most pleasing evening being spent.

Ulster Yacht Club.—The first meeting of this club took place on March 6th, J. Mulholland, Esq., the vice-commodore in the chair.

The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing season, Lord Dufferin, Commodore; J. Mulholland, Esq., Vice-commodore; — Dalway, Rear-commodore; — Murney, Treasurer; and Nelson Boyd, Esq., Secretary.

Several important alterations in the sailing regulations were proposed and discussed; the rules which had been drawn up on the basis of those used by the Royal Thames Yacht Club, were altered in order to assimilate them to those adopted by other clubs in the north.

The secretary stated that the club had met with a warm reception from all yacht owners and others interested in aquatic sports in the north of Ireland. Upwards of seventy gentlemen had already joined, and he expected a large increase of members before the end of the season. The chairman was glad to find their club had made so good a beginning, he had no doubt it would prove successful, as such an Institution was much wanted to encourage the growing taste for yachting in Belfast Lough, a sheet of water which in his travels he had not seen surpassed for the purpose, he would propose that arrangements be made for holding a regatta at some convenient time during the season, and had no doubt that a large number of yachts would find their way to the Lough to contend for prizes.

J. C. Boyd, Esq., in seconding that proposal expressed his satisfaction at the noble sport of yacht racing returning to their waters, he could recollect what many members of the present club could not, the formation of the old Northern, of which he was an original member, at that time forty-four years ago, a yacht race was a very different affair from what it now was. He once had the honor of being on board a yacht which sailed a good race, came in second, and was only beaten by about four hours. After the foundation of the Northern club, which was intended to benefit both the Clyde and Belfast Lough, the taste for yachting seemed to increase in the Clyde, and decline in Belfast, so much so that eventually the club discontinued holding

any regattas in Belfast Lough, and we have been dependant on regatta committees and general subscriptions for periodical aquatic sport. He hoped that the Ulster Club now successfully started would continue to flourish and be the means of affording many a good day's sport in the Lough.

The day for holding the regatta was then fixed for July 4th.

Editor's Locker.

LATEEN SAILS.

April 7th, 1868.

SIR.—My attention has been called to the subject of Lateen Sails by the last letter of "Nauticus" in your *Magazine* of this month; and as I have had the advantage of considerable experience of the rig both in the East and at home, I beg leave to respond to your invitation by the following remarks; premising that they will hardly be encouraging to your correspondent.

The yard of a lateen sail will inevitably bend; no contrivance will prevent it; and it only remains, by way of meeting the difficulty, to cut the sail with considerable roach, (like that on the luff of a jib, but exaggerated) and bend the yard to fit it by a strong pull on the sheet. And when the yard is in this way made to bend downwards, it will not so readily bend to leeward, which is the tendency so fatal to flatness of sail, and therefore so desirable to avoid. If there is only one mast and sail, the yard will be considerably longer than the hull, (nearly twice the length); but if there are two sails, the yard of each must be about the same length as the boat. These spars should be as stiff as possible; and I may as well say at once that it is impossible to obtain the requisite degree of stiffness in one of our fine spars, without incurring an amount of weight wholly disproportionate to the size of the craft. There is no natural spar applicable but a bamboo. These are about one tenth the weight of our spars, and, up their breaking point, nearly as stiff; so that a bamboo yard 40 feet long and 10 inches diameter, would be much stiffer and lighter than an ordinary spar of the same length and half its diameter. I am under the impression that a suitable bamboo cannot be obtained in England, for I have myself failed in the attempt, and I can only suggest sending by the P. and O. to Bombay for one. A possible alternative is to build a spar of strips cut from the outside of a good sized Riga fir, and this will be nearly as stiff as the original stick from which they are cut. How steel might answer as a substitute I do not know.

By adopting the lateen rig however, your correspondent will—if he intends to sail in English waters—obtain at least but a very poor substitute for the ordinary sailing boat of these latitudes, the lateen being, for several reasons, singularly ill adapted to our wants. I will assume that he has designed

the hull of his boat so as to meet the very peculiar requirements of the lateen rig, and then he will possess a craft whose performance will be tolerably satisfactorily when the water is smooth, and the wind light and above all things steady. But even under these circumstances his crew must be numerous, strong, and clever, for there is no rig which requires so much skill and physical strength to manage it. To set the sail requires great power, for the whole concern hangs dangling by one pair of halyards. Every time the boat is put about (supposing it is not necessary to wear her, which is the usual course) the monster yard has to be dipped, that is, the tack has to be hove aft and got to the other side of the mast; and the same thing occurs when wearing. And when it is necessary to reef the sail, it takes a more than ordinarily clever sailor to scramble up the long swaying yard to tie the reef points. This latter operation may be avoided by cutting off the tack of the sail and having a short luff to it, and reefing it at the foot; but the sail no longer remains a lateen, but becomes a settee; and if the luff be made sufficiently high to include all the canvas that is ever to be reefed the sail is little different from a lug.

Much as your correspondent inveighs against the "truly conservative individual," for not "observing" the boats of other countries, and for not following his example (that of the "practical man") in adopting their peculiarities, I still pride myself on belonging to that despicable class. Although he doubtless has good grounds for carrying out his experiment, I do not consider the one he adduces, namely novelty, a very satisfactory reason for building and rigging a boat after a fashion, which, though excellent in the tropics during a part of the year, will make her useless in the least bit of a sea, and always necessitate the assistance of a stalwart crew.

The least unsteadiness of wind threatens annihilation to the lateen rigged boat; for there is no tack that can be triced up in a squall, or peak that can be dropped so as to spill all the wind out of the sail; and no fore or jib sheet that can be instantly cast off to relieve a boat from an impending capsize. A brail to the mainsail is the only safeguard, and then several stout hands must stick to it with a will or the unwieldy sail will master them. But at best, with the sail braided up, the boat remains helpless in the trough of the sea, and filling is the pleasant alternative to capsizing.

I conceive that the "truly conservative" men who have ignored the lateen rig for our variable winds and rough seas, observed well the peculiarities of these boats and drew sound conclusions from their observations, while the "practical men" who want something they are not "sick of," only heard tell of them and then jumped at conclusions. I would by no means wish to depreciate the practical researches and theoretical conclusions of your correspondent "Nauticus;" but judging from my own experience of the lateen and settee, I imagine that his present effort to improve the rig will leave him, after a year's trial, a wiser and sadder man.

I am sir, your obedient servant,

E. B.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

April 24th, 1868.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—In my remarks on lateen sails, I stated that roached sometimes means rounded. The term is almost universally understood by sailmakers to mean the arch curve, or hollow in the foot of the topsail, but in those capital papers "Yachts and Yachting," in the eighth volume of your *Magazine*, and in some works on Sailmaking, it is explained to mean the round in the luff of a jib. Surely it may apply to both, as if a roach means an arc or curve, it may be either convex or concave.

I am, &c.,

To the Editor H.Y.M.

NAUTICUS.

TONNAGE ALLOWANCE.

March 14th, 1868.

SIR.—Your interesting accounts of the performances of the various yachts that added so much beauty to the last year's scenery, would be more interesting still, were you to give in addition to the *tonnage* of each yacht, the *number of square yards of canvas* it can spread, just as in steamers the *horse power* is stated. To accurately state the *merit* a yacht has in winning there should be an allowance per square yard of canvas as well as per ton.

Yours, &c.,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

BURGER.

ON BALLAST.

April 8th, 1868.

DEAR SIR.—Feeling much interest in all matters connected with yachting, I have perused with pleasure the various able articles in your valuable *Magazine* by "Red, with White Maltese Cross," especially that of this month, where he gives the dimensions of hull and spar of some of our crack schooners, and also of the *America*. But I should like to suggest to him the desirability of adding another column with the amount of ballast carried by each vessel, if such information can be procured, as that would give a better idea of the relative displacement of these vessels as compared with their power of carrying sail, as shown by the dimensions of their hull and spars—small displacement and great stability, being I take it one of the great elements of speed.

Yours, &c.,

BLACK WITH SKULL AND CROSS-BONES.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

THE LIMIT OF YACHTS' CREWS.

Royal Londonacht Club House,

April 17th, 1868.

DEAR SIR.—I regret to see that your correspondent "Red with White Maltese Cross," in his interesting letter in your last number has misunderstood the meaning and intention of the club, in their proposed alterations of the

sailing regulations, and as his remarks based upon this misunderstanding, are calculated to injure the club in the eyes of the yachting world, I am induced to ask you to kindly find room for this reply.

At page 169 he remarks that "The Royal London Yacht Club, when recently re-framing their sailing regulations, could have but little experience of large racing schooners, inasmuch as they cut their allowance of hands down to one for every ten tons, allowing cutters one for seven, while the fact is, that large schooners in sailing over a regatta course with cutters, practically require a larger crew in proportion, as so many sails and ropes have to be attended to at one time, and their gear is quite as heavy—and sixteen men all told, would be a wretched crew for the *Egeria*."

Now in the first place, it was never the intention of the committee that schooners should sail with cutters as your correspondent infers, and in the second place the proposed alteration ran thus:—

Schooners—One man for every 7 tons or fraction up to 100 tons, and one for every 10 tons or fraction above, now this together with the friends, etc., allowed by the rule would give *Egeria* a crew of twenty-six hands, instead of sixteen viz:—

One man in seven tons up to 100 tons.....	15
One man in ten tons above.....	6
Captain and pilot.....	2
Friends	3
	—
	26
	—

Quite sufficient I think to handle the *Egeria* in any match, and I think this entirely does away with your correspondent's accusation, that this club didn't know what they were about when they framed their regulations. In conclusion, I would only ask if sixteen hands are not enough to sail *Egeria*, how is it that she sails, and sails well to, in the Solent, where the allowance of hands is strictly limited to the ordinary crew, which crew in her case consists according to your last year's *List*, of twelve men.

I am, &c.,

To the Editor H.Y.M.

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

ON DIMENSIONS OF YACHTS.

Plymouth, April 22nd, 1868.

SIR.—I find in your April number, a letter from your frequent correspondent "Red with White Maltese Cross," containing a tabular statement of dimensions of the hulls and spars of some six or seven yachts, your correspondent may well say "I cannot quite vouch for their accuracy," who indeed possessing the slightest knowledge of yacht statistics will hoist in his statement, that the *Lufra*, yawl, 205 tons, has a mainmast of only fifty-nine feet, or two feet shorter than the *Mosquito's* mast, or at all events two feet shorter than the stick she had in her a few years ago? or that there is a

disparity of eighteen feet between the mainmasts of the *Aline* and *America* equally powerful vessels. I think that some of the builders, or owners, who furnished the information for your correspondent, have given the whole length of their spars from head to heel, as in the cases of the *Alarm* and the *America*; and the others have given the measurement from deck to hounds only; leaving out the mast-heads and housing, a most important difference. Again, a few months ago the same writer gave us in your pages the dimensions of some cutters, the *Vanguard*, 60 tons being one of these: now, Sir, if he can make a craft that he says measures 72ft. 6in. from stem to stern-post, and 14ft. 6in. beam, only 60 tons Thames measurement, I for one shall be very much enlightened by the process he adopts to attain this end. I maintain that either the tonnage is too small or the dimensions too great, if he can show to the contrary, let him "forward his figures" to the pages of the *Magazine*, and he will illuminate the scepticism of your subscriber *ab initio*.

ULTRA MARINE.

To the Editor H.Y.M.

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB.—CORINTHIAN RACE.

We have received the following which has been sent to the members:—
18, *Pembroke Road*.

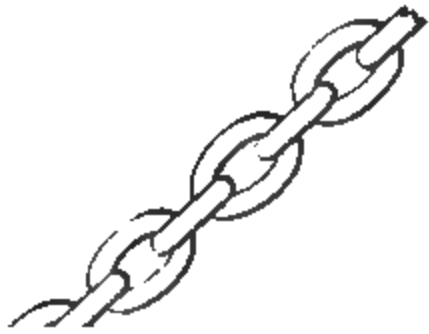
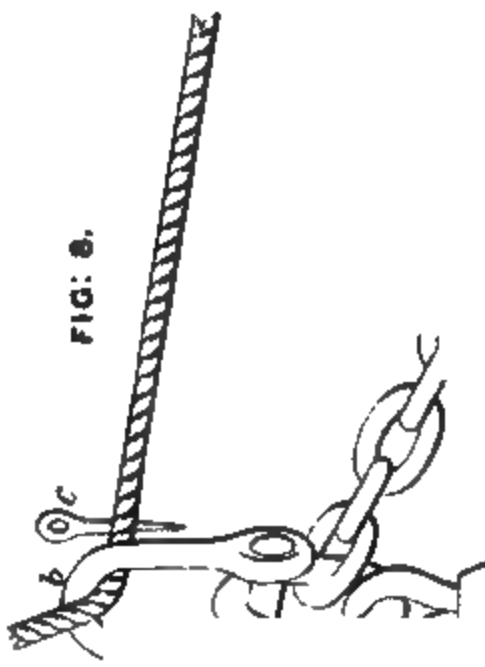
DEAR SIR.—I have the honour to inform you that Mr. George B. Thompson, the Rear-commodore, has given a cup to be sailed for by vessels of this club, of all rigs and classes, on whatever day is appointed for the celebration of her Majesty's birthday (about the 24th May next), under the club rules and sailing regulations, with but two exceptions, viz.: "that no paid hands be allowed on board, and that, should only one yacht be entered, she is to be entitled to sail over the course and claim the prize." The committee, being very anxious that this liberal offer should be met by the club in the same spirit, have desired me to send notice thus early to all the yacht owners belonging to it, informing them of the intended race, in order that arrangements may be made for forming crews, &c., &c.; and I am directed to request that, if convenient, your yacht should take part in the match. The committee think that if local crews were formed at the various ports to which the yachts belong—as Liverpool, Glasgow, Cork, Belfast, and Dublin—the competition between them would add much to the interest of the race, and tend to the general welfare of the club. All arrangements will be made, and the course fixed (which will not be a Channel one), at the first general meeting, on 4th May; and in the meantime I shall be happy to afford any information in my power.

Yours truly,

JAMES A. LYLE,
Hon. Sec.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- May 18.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—cutters of all classes—Erith to the Nore, and back to Gravesend.
 23.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Corinthian match.
 30.—Royal London Yacht Club—first class match—Erith to the Nore and back.
 30.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club match.
- June 1.—New Thames Yacht Club—cutters of all classes—Erith to the Nore and back.
 2.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—schooner match—Gravesend to the Mouse and back.
 4.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club—Channel match to Isle of Man.
 11.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Cantley.
 13.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club match.
 15.—Temple Yacht Club—first class match.
 15.—New Thames Yacht Club—schooner match—Gravesend to the Mouse and back.
 16.—Royal London Yacht Club—schooner and yawl match—Rosherville to Mouse and back.
 17.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Her Majesty's Cup for yachts of all rigs, Gravesend to the Mouse, and return to Lower Hope.
 17.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club—first class, Erith to the Nore and back.
 30.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Ocean match—Nore Light to Dover.
 30.—Royal London Yacht Club—second and third class match, and cutters and yawls, handicap, Erith to the Nore and back.
 30.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club regatta.
- July, 1.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club regatta.
 1.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—second match
 2.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club.—Regatta at Wroxham
 3.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Channel match—Nore to Cherbourg, Mr. Duppa's prize
 4.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—schooners and yawls, at Bangor.
 4.—Ulster Yacht Club regatta—Bangor and Belfast Lough.
 7 and 8.—Royal Northern Yacht Club regatta.
 9.—Clyde Yacht Club.—Regatta at Largs or Holly Rock.
 11.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club—third match—Gravesend to Ramsgate
 13.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club match.
 13.—Southampton Yacht Club regatta.
 16 and 17.—Royal St. George's Yacht Club regatta.
 22 and 23.—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club regatta
 23 and 24.—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta.
 25.—Royal Southern Yacht Club regatta
 27.—Temple Yacht Club—second class match.
- Aug. 3.—Royal Squadron Yacht Club (supposed.)
 10 to 15.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club regatta.
 18 and 19.—Royal Albert Yacht Club regatta
 22.—Clyde Yacht Club—Corinthian match
 24.—Temple Yacht Club—third match.



HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1st, 1868.

AUXILIARY STEAM CUTTER YACHTS.

SIR.—“There is no rose without a thorn,” and there is no sport without its special disappointment. It is questionable however whether hunting without a fox, shooting without game, or a walk over, can equal the misery of “Yachting” without wind. But let us ask, what are the pleasures of Yachting?

In this question we will not enlarge upon the conviviality below deck, nor the happiness we derive from the sweet smiles bestowed upon us there (the weather being very moderate) by the gentler sex when they honour the yachtsman on board with their society, nor the enjoyment of the *cuisine*, nor even what an imaginative mind would ascribe as the poetry, or romance of yachting.

They comprise then first of all (and to some minds this is not the least fascinating of the many pleasures this pastime affords,) the deep interest experienced in planning and superintending the progress of the building of your boat ; then, its navigation, or sailing—(match sailing if you will)—and the opportunity, and freedom, when time and water permit, of going where you choose, to the improvement of your knowledge of geography, the exercising the useful faculty of locality, and the enjoyment of Nature’s beauties, in a superlative degree, you cannot otherwise command.

It must not be said that all the pleasures of yachting are here enumerated, yet not forgetting the invigoration of health, and the occupation or recreation of active minds, the before named are among the chief advantages to be derived.

But these, (and here comes the *but*) after even your yacht is built, fairly fitted out, and honoured with the companionship of your heartiest and most welcome friends, all enjoyment depends upon that uncertain element the wind!

And, Mr. Editor, do you, or does any yachtsman like yachting when there is no wind? Can you praise the sport, or extol its pleasures when your boat is drifting like an useless, helpless, log upon the water, and you are therein "cabined, cribbed, confined?"

And suppose you are a man actively engaged in business, and (as our retired gentlemen, non-trading-yachtsmen must understand,) you are *obliged* to be punctual in your engagements and appointments,—and you take to yachting for the reasons before given; but especially because you seek health and relief from your occupation and labour ashore, what is your feeling upon yachting, when without a breeze, or *cats'-paw* you are far away from shore, and not a shadow of prospect of landing, to catch the desired train?

My object in penning these lines is not to depreciate this pursuit, nor to deter the hesitating, hard wrought business man, or the sportsman fond of excitement and adventure, from building or buying a yacht; nor to underrate the enjoyment which a fine sailing match occasions, for this has its special charms (*when there is wind*), but to indicate, from experience, a plan by which the chief delights of yachting may be secured, under all ordinary circumstances—WIND OR NO WIND.

That is the question; this the desideratum, yachting WITH WIND or WITHOUT. We have already considered yachting with wind, and will take for granted that all agree, that the chief disappointment incidental thereto is the unhappy state of existence on board *without wind*.

Now for the remedy! I am not going to advocate a "Steam Yacht, nor a Steam Launch"; but simply, and only a means of propelling *existing Sailing Yachts*, Cutters, Yawls or Schooners, at a moderate rate of speed in a calm; without detracting from their sailing qualities, diminishing their accommodation, or entailing any appreciable discomfort or dirt.

Before detailing the arrangements by which I have succeeded in obtaining this desirable result, it may not be uninteresting to some of your readers if I give a little of my experience in search of a yacht, and also a cursory description of my little cutter, as she was when I bought

her ; as well as something of her history and doings from her first being launched to the present time. And in order that I may in no wise be misunderstood as one who would disparage *Match Sailing*, (which I contend is indispensable for the encouragement of our sailors, and a great incentive in bringing out their nautical prowess and skill,) I must premise that the object I had in view when I purchased the Dewdrop, was not so much sport, or mere amusement, as the renovation of health which my medical adviser urged necessitated complete change and rest. And what more calculated to afford these than the sea, sea air, and a life on the ocean.

I had been long accustomed to open boats, but these being considered ill adapted to the furtherance of my object,—the tonnage, the rig, style, and dimensions of the decked yacht I was desirous of bringing into my service were items to be determined simply by the corresponding measurement of my purse.

First of all, I wished a staunch seaworthy craft, in which on an occasion three or four might have sleeping accommodation, and which in ordinary weather would not require (in addition to your own assistance) more than a man and a boy to work. Now I contend that no owner, if he is able-bodied, can appreciate yachting thoroughly, unless he be disposed to give a helping hand in the management of his boat.

With these views and intentions, the Thames, Cowes, Southampton, Birkenhead and the Clyde, were visited and overhauled in turn; yet without luck; until after awhile, with limited leisure at command, I almost despaired of finding a craft suited to my wishes.

My first inspection was that of a S Steamer, which the owner desired to part with for "*no fault* of her own," but simply from a "spirit of change". Originally built as a sailing schooner, too long for breadth of beam (22 tons) the aforesaid "spirit" had converted her into a Screw steamer. The "screw" a fixture, the shaft thereof (enclosed in a box) was an ugly feature above the floor in the cabin. This latter much reminded you of the abodes of that fine "*pisantry*" which usually go by the same cognomen. Well, good sir, but I could not sleep here, even in harbour! And therefore after seeing, that an enormous boiler (which primed awfully) and a ponderous engine monopolized the major part of the *ci devant* schooner, and rendered her exceedingly dangerous in a seaway; and having unmistakeable proofs that a low funnel out of which belched forth unconsumed carbon, was not conducive either to health, cleanliness, or comfort, I had to thank the polite and kindly owner, and to reward the engineer, for the opportunity they gave me of deciding, that "*she was not my first love*"

Then came a real unsophisticated Sailing Yacht. "A cutter is she not"? "No" said the knowing ones on the pier, "She's a sloop sir, and crossed the Atlantic, a real Yankee". So I boarded the sloop, and a comfortable boat she was, below deck, when at anchor. But she had a "hatch" right amidships, and extending quite across from port to starboard bulwarks. Fortunately for me (I will not presume to say if equally so for the seller). There was a strong breeze and a heavy jump of a sea on in the Solent, for the "*Elm of Columbia*" had an ugly habit of shipping water over her bows, and through the hawse holes, which, being arrested by the "hatch, or booby hatch" remained for a considerable time lodged in statu-quo in the well, thus formed, between the bulwarks and the hatch, until eventually it was slowly drained away, through insufficient scupper holes. This same process was repeated each time her bows rose before a sea, and my only wonder was how she ever managed to reach Cowes at all. "Well, my American lady, I guess, you have your good properties but I dare not take *you* either for *better* or *worse*!" And thence straitways to the "builders" I went, and soon had visions of "The Boat" I wanted.

Alas! the old adage awoke me up from my trance, for a still small voice seemed to whisper in my ear—"Fools build, wise men occupy." And yet there was but one impediment, or I should then, as I would now, have discarded the words of the wise, and have had a boat *built* to suit my own ideas; that one impediment, being, the measurement before alluded to, that of the purse. My next inspection was that of a 27 ton "cutter," at her moorings in Southampton Water. The man in charge produced an extensive "Inventory"; and viewed from the pier at a distance of 2000 yards, the *ne plus ultra* appeared just what her name would lead one to expect. She was soon boarded, and this same party who took *care* (?) of her informed us she had "won many matches, was a good sea boat, a real clipper, and in capital order." A good character however without corresponding appearances is not always convincing. Further evidence therefore was necessary, and this we soon had, but of a strong negative kind.

A racer she might have been, for she was long, narrow, and sharp; and a tall heavy spar shewed that she carried a large mainsail. A "racing machine" however, was not the thing wanted, and after finding that there was not head room in the "cabin,"—that from leakage or neglect she had become waterlogged, with everything rusty which could rust, and the "furniture" in the most dilapidated condition, I left "*ne plus ultra*" meditating upon the excessive "*care*"(?) which some servants take of their employers property, and, whether in cases of

this sort, a severe penalty should not be imposed by law, for gross neglect of duty. The "fitting out" here would be something considerable, and I again expected I should have to give an order to a builder.

The schooners were either too big or too little, too old or too costly ; and I despaired of spending any time on the water, but in my old open boat,—for another season at least. Luckily I still determined to wait and see what would turn up ; for bye and bye an intimation reached me from Messrs. Pearce and Co., of Leadenhall Street, Yacht Agents, that they had that day received orders to sell the very craft which would suit me ; and I was not disappointed. Built regardless of expense, 18 tons, oak timbers and planks, coppered and copper fastened. A roomy cabin, pannelled throughout with solid mahogany, and fitted with four capital sofa berths, and a handsome swing table, the body of which formed an excellent cabaret. "There were most convenient lockers for crockery and light groceries, and a handsome mirror fixed against the pantry bulkhead, lighted up cheerfully the whole interior ; in short, as far as the *accommodation* was concerned, she was replete in every respect, furnished in the most substantial manner, and in a craft of her tonnage, (an advantage rarely to be met with) had plenty of head room."

So far her description came up to my wishes. Then as to her qualities and belongings as a vessel. "She was about 46ft. over all, 11ft. beam, drew 7ft. 6in. aft, 5ft. for'ard ; modelled somewhat similar to the "America," fair speed, had been to Norway, Plymouth and other distant places, proving that she had been well tried and trusted, remarkably handy in a narrow Channel, and a first rate sea boat for her size ;—there were two suits of new sails by Lapthorn, wire rigging, and other gear all in first rate order ; heavy solid iron keel, and lead ballast," (the latter accounting for the surprising head room in the cabin.)

Here then at last, (on paper at all events), was the very thing I wanted, and I did not therefore neglect Messrs. Pearce and Co's recommendation, to run down to Harwich at once, have a sail in her, and see for myself. "The man who hesitates is lost"! was a motto I had often seen applied with much truth, therefore a telegram was soon despatched to the owner ; and a minute or two after the arrival at Harwich of the first train the following morning, I found myself in the dinghy, being rowed from the pier towards the "Dewdrop," then at anchor in the Stour.

As this account has entirely a practical object in view, I will not attempt to describe feelings, which most yachtsmen experience when they *think* they see their first yacht, nor to explain that curious process

of "making up your mind," to purchase when you think you have seen the yacht you want. In my case, the first footstep on deck,—going below,—the entrance aft,—the passage through the cabin, the pantry, the forecastle,—accompanied by an instinctive yet comprehensive stock taking,—a glance at her timbers under the forecastle floor,—and exit through the forecastle hatch, occupied five short minutes, which also included my decision ! One important consideration remained,—*the price !*

"Shall we get under weigh"? asked the jolly owner,—as prompt was the affirmative reply, and soon my decision was strengthened. The return with the flood tide, a substantial luncheon in the cozy cabin, (where many times since I have relished a hearty meal,) and the landing occupied the remaining hours of daylight. The next time I boarded "the Dewdrop," she was mine. As for the "*price*," or the necessary amount of bargaining, which was done, it would be out of place to refer to these matters here, suffice it to say, that in this instance as in all other cases, where two parties differ upon one point, concession, and compromise by both, were proved to be the best means towards obtaining the solution of a difficulty.

Now came the responsibility of ownership,—the examination of the hull and timbers to prove soundness,—fitting out and preparations for the passage round the Land's End (in March) to Scotland. Very early also came the first experience of the fact, that yacht owners are treated and considered fair game for being victimised by unprincipled tradesmen. And why, should one pound sterling paid by a yachtsman, only be recompensed by six and eightpence worth of real value ?

Honorable exceptions there are, where you get the "*quid pro quo*," and if all central associations are formed of the various yacht clubs, before whom in addition to other business, information of instances of imposition might be laid, and if necessary resisted and exposed in a court of law, by an appointed general agent, examples of extortion would soon become the exception and not the rule.

After a short sojourn in the Thames "Dewdrop" made a safe passage to Liverpool, touching at Cowes, Plymouth, and Holyhead,—and right well did she behave in encountering the rude March winds. Wigton Bay was the next rendezvous, though a locality by no means recommended for yachting. Thence Belfast Lough was visited, a decided improvement to the shelterless bay we had left. Here occurred an event. After weighing anchor off Carrickfergus on the afternoon of a fine May day, wind E., (and plenty of it at 4 p.m.) and bound for Londonderry, but intending to anchor in Lough Larne for the night, we

made a long tack towards Bangor, and fell in with half dozen more craft on their opening cruise. On approaching the northern shore of the Lough, to our disgust a *dead calm* prevailed, whilst our previous companions with whom we had made several boards together, keeping to the southward, were bowling away under a fine topsail breeze.

Guess our surprise when in "*the Field*" a short time after, the audacious "Ironmaster" in a letter challenging all creation to sail for £200, notified the fact that he left us "four miles to leeward." Twice after this however in Loch Ryan, with wind enough for both of us, and *rather too much for one*, "Ironmaster" had the satisfaction of seeing "Dewdrop's" boom end many miles in advance. Thus becalmed with the "Maidens" staring at us long after midnight, did we whistle for wind, and wish for the moment, when, resting from the weary oar, we might let go the anchor in Lough Larne.

This was yachting "*without wind*," and, with not much satisfaction. Derry, Port-Rush, Giants' Causeway, Campbelltown, Stranraer, Belfast, Wigton Bay, Gourock. Loch Long, Rothesay, Ardrishaig, and "the Otter spit" in Loch Fyne, were afterwards passed in succession, and a glorious summer's day in July, saw the "Dewdrop" again *becalmed*, within sight of Minard Castle, and within an unpleasantly short distance of the Paddy rocks. These almost block up the loch in this part, and in the mind of the owner who values his boat, and has some concern for his own individual safety, induce vivid pictures and imaginations of "*Torpedoes*."

"John," said I, after having *turned in* at one a.m., and now *turning out*, at five o'clock, and, going on deck, found we were half-a-mile astern of the very spot we had reached the evening before, owing to the ebb tide,—"*this won't suit me, I shall put steam into this boat.*"

"Why sir," answered my skipper, "*she wasn't built for a steamer, and a'fore i'd be bothered with coal and smuts, and a boiler and ingines a'board, i'd leave y'r sarvice.*"

"Very well, John, you will have to seek "*sarvice*" with an employer whose time is no object, and who likes yachting in a calm." And doubtless John has his reward.

So to work I went (after sailing as far as my time and the *wind* would afford during that season) to lay plans for the future. First—rough sketch made, o.B. Then dimensions, exact, filled in. After this, many were the pleasant hours I spent during the long winter evenings in drawing "Dewdrop" as she was and as she was to be, to proper scale. Red ink denoted additions; comprising boiler, steam and exhaust pipes, pumps, engines, shafts, propellers, and my plan of

shipping and unshipping the same. Blue ink showed the alteration in the cabin fittings and interior divisions of the hull.

I was very loth to change the cabin arrangements, which afforded four very roomy, comfortable berths. Nor did I wish to disturb the handsome solid mahogany casings, fixtures, and panelling. Above all, it was necessary not to injure the proper trim of the boat. It was desirable also that the engines should be placed where they would be under control of the helmsman on deck without the intervention of a *third party*, whose duty is simply to bawl, "Stop her," "Back her," and such other telegraphic language, which disgraces our mechanical age, as witness the Thames boats, A.D. 1868.

Then again, "the boiler !" For the ladies' satisfaction this should be *very strong*, and above doubt or suspicion. Special attention was needed here, and extra thought bestowed. So I determined to arrange accordingly, and designed a boiler of peculiar construction, which should occupy little room, raise steam economically and quickly, and the same was tested to withstand with safety over 200 lbs. per square inch. Now, as it was not requisite to work above 60 lbs. upon the pistons, here was a liberal margin of safety.

Next came the question of smoke. How was this to escape without being objectionable to white muslin, or to "John," the skipper's successor ?" Down came the wooden mast, and up went a light, but (immeasurably) stronger iron one of similar dimensions and appearance when painted. This, stepped upon the upright boiler, supplied us with a funnel, with a draught like a blast furnace, and, from the outlet being so elevated above deck, relieved us of all smoke and smuts. Often had we been amused when some stranger on the quay has in his ignorance suggested and exclaimed, "Why, look ; that cutter's rigging is on fire !"

The fact was, smoke issued there when we had no steam up, but quietly at anchor in harbour. The cooking-stove funnel instead of passing through the deck, and terminating with a wind-guard to prevent smoking below, was connected direct with the fire-box of the boiler by a suitable aperture, and thus all the nuisance of smoke and heat was avoided by its escape at the mast-head. It mattered not how the wind blew ; five minutes sufficed to have a roaring fire, and consequently our tea-kettle was soon performing its desired functions.

"But the heat in the fo'castle ?"

"Ah ! there you will be disappointed." So was I, but agreeably so ; for, the boiler being upright, every portion of its heated exterior was covered by hair felt and patent non-conducting cement. The whole being effectively encased by a sheet-iron cover, effectually prevented

radiation of heat, so that the forecastle, from these precautions, and the draught which the furnace occasioned, was positively cooler than previous to the introduction of steam, when we had the stove-fire only going.

As already intimated, the mast formed the funnel of the boiler, and the latter was placed between the cabin and forecastle bulkheads. This portion had been previously occupied by a pantry and wash-stand, and the "*double, you see.*" The arrangement, notwithstanding the ventilation, had always appeared to me inconsistent with sanitary rules; and so long as we did not lose the necessary conveniences, but simply removed them to a more convenient and better ventilated portion of the boat, neither skipper nor owner could regret the change. Clean coal bags, painted white, could thus be stowed on both sides of the boiler, and by scheming a few lockers above these bags, in which to stow away our side and riding lights, with oil-cans and such other necessary (although not usually considered cleanly) commodities on board yachts, ample compensation was made by the removal of the "pantry" to a more salubrious quarter. The engines were fixed abaft the main cabin, in the *ci-devant* cock-pit. The latter was transformed into a snug little ladies' cabin (of course covered in by skylight), containing two very roomy berths, and by robbing a slice from the sail-room, and extending the coaming a little further aft, an ample and most convenient cock-pit was preserved. From this the helm could be handled and the engines controlled, and wherein at other times, under sail, heads were not liable to be knocked against booms, or *vice versa*. When I informed an old acquaintance of "Dewdrop" that I had been successful in propelling her in a calm at five miles an hour without introducing any projection in her hull so as to impede her sailing or to arrest her progress through the water, he at once supposed "magnetic power."

"But, my dear sir, I assure you it is nothing of the sort, neither is there mystery nor witchcraft connected therewith, simply the simplest propellers, easily shipped or unshipped at sea in ten minutes, and when unshipped 'Dewdrop' is as good or a better sailer than heretofore, and the same plan can be adopted in fishing smacks."

"Ah! then the machinery must be very costly?"

"No, also not excessive in this respect, for there is no ugly hole to cut in the ship's stern frame, in which her propeller has to work, and no 'trunk' to construct through her deck, up which it has to be hoisted when unshipped; and what is a further proof of simplicity, the whole apparatus was applied, and the alterations made, without even the expense of ever going into dry dock, or the yacht being a-ground be-

yond what the tide would afford." Precisely the same sails are used now as before, and without alteration. All the running gear has been retained, and the standing rigging, with some slight addition, remains the same.

Now the actual economy of the thing is thus : Sixty pounds of coal per hour will propel us along five miles. We only expected and aimed at four. The reason is this—instead of the propeller of a steam launch revolving near the surface (as, they, from the light draught of water, necessarily must), and churning the water without effect, or at all events without obtaining tractive power sufficient to tow a moderate sized yacht more than two miles per hour, "Dewdrop's" propellers are buried five feet under water, and hence revolve, as it were, in a solid medium, the water having density in proportion to depth from the surface, and thus every revolution of the shaft exerts a substantial amount of propelling force.

I am not going to affect or profess profound engineering knowledge by discussing that mysterious trick which propellers have of either "positively" or negatively "*slipping*," but I will assert that whereas yachts have usually great draught of water or depth of immersion, it does seem a very superficial way of obtaining towing power, by having to lower a two or three ton weight piece of machinery, in the shape of a launch, from the davits to scratch the surface of the water with their fans, when you can obtain a much more economical and effectual result, by simply shoving a propeller shaft out of a hole in the run of a yacht in deep water where the resistance must be immeasurably greater.

Resuming "Dewdrop's" history, the plans were completed—boiler, mast, engines erected, the last connecting steam pipe affixed, and at length the fire prepared and the match applied. Half-an-hour elapsed. "Jack, how's your steam?" "Fifty pounds," answered my trusty mechanic (not "*John*," the skipper, who wouldn't have steam even in a Loch Fyne calm), "and in fifteen minutes, sir, she'll treble it."

"Open your door, and bank up, and let us blow off at 100lbs." Now Jack, having all faith in Low Moor plate, wanted to start at 200lbs., but implicit in obedience, screwed her down to centum only.

What yachtsman, winning the highest prize or the costliest cup ever experienced half the delight I felt when, with tiller in my right, and a turn of the steam valve by my left hand, with one propeller only shipped, Cutter "Dewdrop" steamed up to her mooring buoy, impatient of restraint ; and on being let go, sped away a good five miles an hour in a dead calm.

"Bravo!" exclaimed my good friend, Tom Blow, who believed hitherto only in wind, and who for a week or more had been quietly awaiting the result: "I am *now* a convert to your ideas of 'yachting'; let us drink to the success of '*The Auxiliary Steam Cutter!*'" and away we went across the bay, let us believe also, with Tom's assurance, making the fellows envy our lot who were arduously labouring at the oar, endeavouring to tow, at half a mile per hour, the celebrated cutter "Matchless" clear of the point, towards which the tide was fast drifting her.

Soon, however, came another experience. Before reaching our destination, about ten miles distant, we had to pass through a very narrow and, for sailing boats, a dangerous channel, in consequence of a strong tide running through it and a ledge of sharp rocks jutting out on either side. By the time we approached within a half mile of the passage, a breeze had sprung up right a-head, and, had we depended solely on our sails, should have hesitated before attempting to beat through, for the tide was then at its strongest. Being, however, determined to face it, though not without a secret feeling that there was a certain amount of risk, (being the trial trip,) of some screw or other giving way at the very moment when you wanted everything to go right (as they very often do). The skipper instinctively got his anchor ready and his halyards prepared, that we might fall back upon our cable or sails in case of need. But no such precautions were necessary. The engine kept on going, and the "Dewdrop" advancing steadily and slowly, but surely, until we were soon out of harm's way, when we let go within a yard of the desired spot, without any mishap or disappointment whatever. Towards evening the wind freshened, and on our return was too tempting for us to resist hoisting the sails, and trying the experiment of steam and wind together.

Right merrily we bowled along, with the wind on our starboard beam, and the port engine whirling round, as if the steam had suddenly risen to "Jack's" idea of high pressure, nearly 200lbs. But no such thing. The speed of the boat overrun that of the propeller, and on shutting off steam the latter still revolved, carrying round with it piston and shaft and all. Of course this large amount of friction arrested the progress of the boat; but as our apparatus for unshipping the propeller was not yet completed, we had no other means of avoiding dragging it through the water. By, however, disconnecting the propeller from the engine, we soon reduced the friction, and round spun the shaft at double speed, without any appreciable disadvantage to our sailing.

Having kept up the steam, connecting the shaft with the engine

again was the work of a moment. Two blows of the hammer, and a steel pin is fast through the coupling, and away you drive direct for the moorings.

"Lower away, boys," cries the skipper, "let us furl the sails before we get into the bay."

"Hold hard," interposes Tom; "let me have a hand at the tiller, and leave the sails alone; we'll practice a little circle sailing!" And with helm hard a-port, away went "Dewdrop," spinning round like a top. Now the sails flapping, dead in the wind's eye—soon on the port tack; and again, after rounding before the wind, and requiring the main sheet hauling close in, to prevent a crash when gybing, we had quickly the wind on the starboard hand. A few seconds, and on we go, straight for the mark. No beating nor missing stays, or heaving to, or coming foul of your neighbours, nor sailing past and letting her drift a-stern, but easy a-head it is, and soon the mooring buoy floats under your port bow, and is easily picked up.

Tom expressed himself delighted, and could he have had his own way, we should have been off the following morning, before even the starboard engine and propeller were completed, for the Clyde, Kyles of Bute, and Ardrishaig.

"How independent we should feel in steaming through the Crinan canal without a towing horse, like Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.'s 'Gondola Linnet.' And do you remember what a pickle we were in last autumn, on our passage from Oban, when we met the first of the flood at 'Dhorus Moh,' and, but for the providential breeze, should have been carried through 'Corrievreckin' itself? In fact, she's the very ticket for the 'Highlands' or Lowlands either." So said friend Tom, but this proposed journey—the prompting of his enthusiasm—did not suit our arrangements; we, therefore, steadily persevered in completing the plan originally laid down, increasing our experience every cruise.

On more than one occasion, when wind has failed us, have we felt the great advantage of steaming into harbour, and more than once have we felt thankful in having, by our auxiliary power, *reached harbour*, and avoided *too much* of this fickle element.

Our last excursion was into dock. There, with ten feet water under her keel, ("Dewdrop's"), port and starboard propellers were both quickly and safely unshipped for the last time in season 1867, and stowed away in the fore-castle to await the coming year.

GEO. LEACH.

CALAIS AND COCKNEYS.

With joy impetuous, to the port I speed :
The wants of nature with repast suffice,
Till night with grateful shade involv'd the skies.

POPE'S ODISSEY, Book iv.

THE steamer from Ramsgate, touching at Deal on her way, and then standing across Channel to the westward of the South Sand Light, reaches Calais in about two hours and a half. Cape Grisnez soon looms forth, seeming much loftier than the English coast ; but the undulating white cliffs to the right of it gradually decline, till lost in the moderately high ones seen from Dover. These high sea cliffs, however, subside landward into low flats, that stretch back for many miles to the distant hills ; and that eastward, running in flat lands far into the sea, extend beyond Grave-lines. After sighting Grisnez, the Phare, Cathedral, and Hôtel de Ville of Calais, show up against the horizon ; and as a covey of black duck, which abound here, scuds past us, we run up between two long wooden jetties, and, turning into the Basin on the right hand, bring-to along side the Southern Quay, close to the Railway terminus. Two hundred Cockney excursionists bundle on shore, and disperse about the town : and passing through the drawbridge, and crossing a square, we enter the *salle à manger* at Meurice's, to refresh ourselves after this long sea-voyage ! The table is laid for some thirty guests, and while looking into the still street, we see a corner of the white curtains opposite lifted, and a pale, sad-looking *mère de famille*, in a white-frilled cap, sneer, and say something to a *fac simile*, a quarter of a century younger than herself. The two then flatten their noses against the glass, and a very ancient progenitress, appearing at the side door, scowls down the way. A loud clattering of tongues is soon heard, and an English party, headed by *materfamilias*, in a draggled black and red check shawl, comes sweeping into the hotel. They clatter and patter through the passage ; they rustle and bustle through the court, and flounce and bounce into the hall, other excursionists following behind them. *Paterfamilias*—one of those fat, fair, grey-eyed little creatures, full of self-sufficiency, great men in their own country, and always working at high pressure, the steam, as it were, blowing in haloes off around them—shuffles stiffly along the table, regardless of everyone but himself, and turns down seven plates in succession. British pluck and

self-reliance seemed unappreciated by the Frenchmen present, and there arose a perfect hubbub. "*Chacun pour soi*," said we, hurrying round to the opposite side, followed by a Gaul, who too had been dispossessed by this energetic Briton. The uproar then waxed furious. English pluck was important, and importunate ; seven seats it must have, and those seven seats all of a row, anything to the contrary notwithstanding. Other English pluck, thinking this the thing, imitated their august prototype. In vain the head waiter, an atrabilious Briton, vigorously expostulated on behalf of the *habitues* of the hotel. Expletives hurtled in the air.

The din grew terrific. The French people—albeit those of Calais are probably somewhat "*educated*" to this kind of thing—seemed aghast ; and the old fellow who had accompanied us in our circumnavigation of the table, sliding into a chair, murmured, "*Comme vous le dites, Monsieur, chacun pour soi, me paraît l'ordre du jour !*" The dinner being thus delayed for half an hour, and two of Augustus, his friends, having eventually to dine in an adjoining room, he sat down, as might have William Penn, or His most Sacred Majesty. After awhile he gracefully moved his hat however, and in a supercilious tone talked gibberish to the waiter. This awoke the cachinnatory muscles of a neighbour, who loudly remarked, "Hanged if he ain't trying his French on the waiter !" The same observant, hypercritical cynic commenting, it is to be hoped, to his *better* half, on the mode of expression by another individual, by saying, "speaks quite affectionately, don't he ?"

A terrible *basso profundo*, accompanied by viol, violin, and harp, here awakened the echoes of the street with Kafoozleum, and a supernumerary performer, with fiddle under his arm, entered, and made an eleemosynary tour of the table. Moustaches are occasionally over long, and then become inconvenient, especially over that sorry—sorrel, we should have said—parsley poultice compound, ycleped *soupe maigre*. This fact seemed to strike a little Frenchman, who sat perched like an owl over the way, and he drew the attention of a German lady and her husband to his discovery, remarking that a day or two previously he had seen a man with moustaches "so long," suiting the action to the word, and extending his podgy hands about a foot on each side of his queer little face. We blushed : but were silent. The feast of Pentecost being, however, at length fully come, and the old Frenchman beside us labouring under the impression that meat was always eaten half raw in England—that potatoes appeared at every meal—that tea and beer were always being drunk, and that no fruit was produced there save a trifle in the hot-houses—we ventured to dispel those delusions, when it became the turn of those opposite to blush. The lady grew scarlet ;

her eyes wavered unsteadily, and her breathing quickened, as adding insult to injury, she murmured to her youthful husband, "*Er ist in der polizei!*" while the owly little bagman looked bounceable, and seemed dissatisfied with the seat of his chair. Strolling forth, we of course found the Museum utterly devoid of interest, save in the stone that commemorated the landing of Louis XVIII., and now lies reserved for future emergency. The Cathedral is a strange old building, with three decent pictures. The "Beggar offering to Smite Christ before Pilate," and the "Chief Priest," are fine figures in one. "The Re-capture of Calais by the Duc de Guise" is a showy affair; and a well-painted "Holy Sepulchre" is the third. At every step we took hence to the Phare, we were beset by droves of children who rushed on us from every door and alley, whining "*Monsieur! monsieur! un petit sou.*" It was quite a relief when this troop of brats was dispersed by a handsome matron with a child in her arms, shrilly asking them, "were they not ashamed of themselves to pester a stranger like a pack of beggars, as they were?" Passing through the surrounding fortifications, we found a brazen-faced, fine-shouldered hussey, touting on the bank at the foot of the Phare. On entering which latter, her sister pounced on our umbrella like a kite, and, barring the passage, said, "You give me pay first!" Complying with her soft appeal, we wound up the slate staircase till our very calves ached, and got out on the gallery surrounding the lantern, through which a wild swan flew one night, smashing the thick plate glass, and bending the strong bronze frame, as if it had been wickerwork.

From this lofty stand there is a splendid view, extending many miles in every direction. Northward jut forth the long black jetties: and east and west of these, sands steal far into the sea, with a line of surf breaking the whole way along them. Vegetation begins at the limits of the tidal influence, and whilom sands, now covered with gardens, hedges, poplars, cottages, hamlets, and churches, stretch far inland to the hills,—once perhaps the sea-shore. The town, surrounded by bastions, wet ditches, horn-works, and cavaliers, lies at one's feet. Behind, and outflanking this east and west, is *Saint Pierre*, or "*la basse ville.*" And between the lighthouse and the fortifications, adjoining the sea, is the Fishing Village, with its quaint narrow lanes; some not over six feet in width, and one winding up the face of a low cliff once the sea-shore. Here the fishermen's wives are all busy. Some mending nets, others clearing the tangled hooks of the long sea lines. Some squatting in the door-way, surrounded by clusters of little children seated in a semicircle round them: others, Japanese fashion, tubbing their little ones

in the street, or else rocking them with their feet, whilst seated knitted or working, in their snug, tidy little rooms. You see no beggars in the fishing village! "*C'est notre eglise, vous pouvez y entrer,*" said a tiny little fellow, every inch a sailor, whom we asked what a quiet school-room-looking place was? and as we came out, after glancing at the offerings of ships, boats, pictures, and other votive offerings, hanging by hundreds about, he smiled delightedly, and, catching our hand, said, "*C'est jolie, n'est ce pas?*"

The outer basin lies westward; and beyond this is the Commercial Basin, where lay many Norwegian and other craft, discharging timber and deals, and some filling up their water from the *source d'eau douce*, through long iron tubing, like gas-pipe. North of these Basins is some rising ground surmounted by a pavilion, past which rumble the omnibuses on their way to "the Sands." The bathers, after being taken out half a mile or so, having the supreme felicity of being able to duck themselves, in water perhaps reaching their waists. A barometer, and a bulletin of the weather on the coasts of France, together with particulars of arrivals and sailings, we found posted against the *Douane*. *Chasse Marées* lay alongside the quays, with their huge trawls triced up to dry: and out between the jetties, small boats, with large shrimp mesh square nets, extended by A-shaped boughs crossing each other at right angles, and lowered and hoisted from little derricks, were catching sardines; with which, all alive oh! boys baited the hooks of a long sea line; and women on shore strung half-a-dozen together, through the eyes, on the larger hooks of another. We heard a military band, seated all of a row in a loft near the western ramparts, practising the waltz in *Faust*; and every now and then hushed, for two or three of the musicians to repeat a passage, till they pleased the critical ear of the conductor. Fruit women, seated on wooden boxes turned on end at the gates of the town, arranged their gradually decreasing shows of pears, peaches, and plums; and now and then exchanged a pinch of snuff with some passer-by. As six o'clock approached, we strolled past the *guingettes*,—where the blouses were pouring out their beer, and clinking all their glasses together before drinking,—towards the *Quai du Marais*, and re-embarked. The pier was thronged with loungers, to whom, in such a city of the dead, the arrival or departure of a steamer, must be quite an event in their otherwise monotonous lives. The bell clinks; the passengers all huddle on board; the hawsers are cast off; the engines slowly turn; the water splashes and foams; the rowdies cheer and make uncouth noises; the French good humouredly reply; and after a scrunch or two and a bump, off we steam between

the jetties, to retrace our morning's course. Buoyant little schooners and luggers are prancing, and small ships, with studding-sails set, are rolling, westward over the undulations of this pea-green sea ; so different from the milky one over the water. The sun, like a golden disc, is setting at half-a-dozen apparent diameters eastward of Dover *Castle*, whose outline it clearly defines against the purple sky. The French coast slowly wanes. Uncouth noises fall on the ear. Pallid passengers try to steady themselves, and, from laughing and smoking immoderately, sink into states of dismal coma. Augustus, still imposing, smiling in a tweed cap, and bearing brandy-and-water to his failing spouse, extorts an Ugh ! from the cynic of the dinner-table, who now, wan and shuddering, balances himself against the companion, and, exclaiming "I couldn't do that," hurries away to leeward. The crew of the South Sand Light cheer us lustily as we pass within biscuit throw, and are answered in accents modulated by brandy, and circumstances over which we have no control. Night closes in. The green light at Ramsgate glares fiendishly at us, till, after considerable backing and filling, we bump alongside, and disembark : a babel of voices breaking the stillness of the night-air, and the Custom House officers' sounding high above the din : "You've another bottle there, sir ; I must have it."—"Sshall right !" being the reply.

H. N. P. W.

THE ENGLISH YACHT SULTANA, R. Y. S.

"SAIL HO !"

"*Bismillah* ! Ships from Thanet and the Isles have arrove," in the language of King David, coupled with that of Artemus Ward, and a foreign flag floats over our waters.

In a sheltered, cosy little land-locked bay, just above Hoboken and "off" the Elysian Fields, nautically speaking, where yachts most do congregate, and where the saintly Maria of aquatic memory whilom has anchored, a dapper little English craft lay yesterday morning snugly sheltered from the ocean winds and river breezes, and calmly reposing, on the placid bosom of the "lordly Hudson." She is a new comer—the little pirate—a sprightly phantom withal for a Sultana, albeit her "lines" are not so fine as those to which the yachting public of the Empire City are generally accustomed, and her hull is certainly more in keeping with the dimensions of the prized beauties of the Bosphorus ; but she looks elfish and sturdy and defiant, and, with her tapering spars

and snowy canvas, appears so very English, that the white ensign of St. George, to be seen floating over her stern, seems hardly necessary to endorse her Brittanic origin. Yesterday morning she came up the bay and cast anchor, where she now rides gracefully "like a thing of life." The Sultana is she—one of the honoured members of the Royal Yacht Club of Cowes, and owned by Mr. Ashworth, her captain of that ilk—a vessel which may be said to have navigated the Gulf Stream, and added another page to the historic annals already so amply filled by the yachting fraternity of the day. She has "sailed the seas over, and crossed the wild ocean" some three thousand and odd miles from Albion to the Western world *via* the Southern passage, and has now cast anchor off our shores—a worthy imitator of the gallant craft in which those sturdy American yachtsmen perilled the dangers of the Atlantic little more than a twelvemonth since.

On the 23rd of last October the Sultana, with a crew of fifteen hands, including "captain, cook, and cabin boy," weighed anchor off Cowes, and set sail for a long cruise of some months' duration. The boat herself was in every way qualified for her voyage. She is schooner-rigged, is ninety-five feet in length over all, has good breadth of beam—more than seventeen feet—and is seventy-nine tons capacity by register, and one hundred and thirty by builder's measurement. She was amply equipped for her cruise, with a regular outfit, extra suits of sails, a good stock of provisions laid in, and every precaution taken to make her taut and staunch before starting. With light southerly and westerly winds the yacht set sail for Madeira towards the latter part of October, just when the English fogs were coming into season, and all on board must have been glad to quit Albion's shores at that disagreeable period of the year. A rapid run was made across the Bay of Biscay, but owing to the winds first falling light, and a dead calm coming on, in the course of which the little boat lay "like a painted ship on a painted ocean," as described by the "Ancient Mariner," a rather slow passage was made.

The Sultana at length arrived off Maderia, and here again a gale sprang up which prevented her from entering the harbour until the 10th of November. After a short cruise on shore and a liberal patronage of those donkey boys and orange vendors who haunt that tropical and consumptive-curing-isle, the captain directed his vessel towards Teneriffe, whence, as *pratique* was denied the yacht by the health officers, her course was changed to Cape St. Vincent, which she sighted on the morning of the 26th of November. The vessel here underwent a second overhauling; and everything being again satisfactory the Sultana bid farewell to the East on the 28th of the month, and, putting her

head directly across the Atlantic, made for Barbadoes, the "Little England" of the Western isles.

The weather during the entire voyage across the ocean was propitious in the extreme, and the wind favorable as the yacht managed to get directly into "the trades," with steady although light easterly and north-easterly winds from first to last. Not a stick nor a yard of canvas was carried away throughout the voyage; and although a very high rate of speed was certainly not attained, the boat made very respectable headway. The Cape de Verde Islands were left on the 28th November, and the Sultana arrived in Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes, on the morning of the 12th December, having been about fourteen days on the trip.

The first day's run saw 151 miles on the log, the second day's was 135, third 109, and fourth 91, while the remaining days reeled off 88, 88, 128, 180, 167, 178, 136, 131, 171 and 167 knots respectively. These distances being calculated by dead reckoning, it was found on the arrival of the Sultana that she had overrun the distance between the two ports by 150 miles, which, being added to the other averages, will give the mean daily to be about 144 miles. The highest rate of speed per hour that she made was eleven knots. The crew of the Sultana found the Badian boys really too brave, as usual, and some of the crew had the pleasure of attending a dignity ball, while Mr. Ashworth, the captain and owner, and his friend the Honorable Colonel D. Finch, who accompanied him in the yacht, accepted the hospitality offered by the Governor of the island.

From Barbadoes the Sultana next directed her wayward footsteps towards the Lesser Antilles, calling at most of the Leeward islands down to the Gulf of Paria. She touched at Trinidad on the 22nd of December, and at the Island of St. Vincent, which has a volcanic mountain that in 1830 did as much damage as that of Mauna Loa did so recently in the Sandwich Islands. She arrived at Martinique on the 18th of January in the present year, and after a short stay at Fort Royal and St. Pierre started for Dominica, Guadaloupe and Antigua. On the 15th of February the Sultana arrived at Laguayra, and during her visit her captain went up to Caracas to see the progress of the insurrectionary movement there which was being pushed forward at the time. Curacoa was the next port looked at, and then Jamaica, the vessel arriving at Kingston on the 1st of March. From Kingston she went to Clenfuegos, where she was placed on a slip and had her bottom thoroughly scraped. The barnacles and oyster shells were covering every spot below her water line, and her sheathing, said one of the tars on board, looked more like a thrum nest than anything else, for you could scrape them off with a rake.

The yacht subsequently left Cuba for Havana, from which port she arrived at Washington on the 18th of April, getting a pilot off Cape Henry on the 16th. Here the men had a good run on shore, and were given an opportunity to listen to part of the impeachment trial. One of the officers mentioned that he liked Mr. Ewart's argument very much, but thought Bingham's not only prosy but without point. The Sultana left Washington on the 5th instant, and being favored with a fine wind came up in good style. She was hailed by the Herald steam yacht off Sandy Hook on Sunday evening about seven o'clock, and hove to within the bar a couple of hours later. Yesterday morning she came up the harbour without a pilot and with the tide, and is now to be seen off the Elysian Fields in all her glory.

The yacht is a very fair specimen of the shipbuilders' art, but as she is some twenty-three years old, she must not be judged by the modern standard. She is a first rate sea boat, and being built more for comfort than speed has capital accommodations on board, possessing fine sleeping cabins, a cosy cuddy, pantry and cook's galley, a good "foresail," closets and storerooms—in fact, every atom of space has been economized and utilized. It is said that the Sultana was once a small yawl-rigged craft and has been since lengthened. In her former capacity some twenty years ago, she belonged to Mr. Naylor, who, it may be recollected, won the Derby with Maccaroni, beating all his aristocratic competitors in 1863, and this purchaser sailed her once round the coast of Ireland for a wager of £500 against a full-rigged merchant bark in a stiff gale.

The Sultana has had a splendid cruise, and one would think that the account of her voyages amid those golden islets of the West, whose tropic beauties are beyond the painter's pencil or poet's pen to portray, would be equally if not more interesting than Lord Dufferin's well known "Letters from High Latitudes," which is the best extant story of yacht craft and yacht travels. It is a pity that she will not stay long enough to have a contest with some of the fleet winged squadron of the American Yacht Club in the coming summer; but her owner at present intends to get back home before the yachting season commences at Cowes, and the Sultana will probably sail for Halifax *en route* for England in three weeks' time at the latest.—*New York Herald*, May 12th, 1868.

GLOVER'S SAFETY CONTROLLING ANCHORS.

WE are enabled, in this month's issue to lay before our readers the details of the invention known as Glover's Anchor Falls. It is hoped that they will be found to be so stated, as to enable any intelligent smith to form the parts, and any smart seaman so to apply the same to the anchor and the anchor also to the ship, as to secure all the advantages to be realized by the use of this most important tho' simple invention.

In our last number, we called the attention of yachtsmen to the assertion of the inventor, viz., that, whatever, the form of the anchor, whatever the disposition of the parts of the ship, with respect to the relation of the cat-head and the hawse-hole, no alteration whatever was necessary either in anchor or ship to enable any captain or owner to apply the apparatus to his craft.

Examination of the details in the accompanying plate, will prove the first of these assertions, FIG. 1 to 7. The dispositions apparent in FIG. 9, will make it equally clear, that neither expense or alteration are required to make the anchor so fall on leaving the ship, that it may enter the ground by its peak as it reaches it; and that *also* controlled as to whatever direction the sailor chooses the shank to lie in.

The apparatus necessary to form the essential triangle, which, being held vertical from the ship till it reaches the ground secures the instant entry of the anchor's peak, are simply a shoe, a stirrup, a bodkin or pin, a painter shackle and painter bit, with two or three patent links, all of which may be applied to anchor and cable, without any other aid but that which every ship's crew may be expected to furnish.

These things are represented in the accompanying plate,—first singly, secondly connectedly, and thirdly as applied to the ship.

FIG. 1, represents the form of the shoe, which is so made as to lie under the entire length of the palm of the fluke, and over some certain sufficient portion of its thicker end. This shoe it will be observed by reference to FIG. 8, is elongated beyond the peak of the fluke, in a sort of flat and looped hook bent forward and *downwards*; and at the heels of the palm *upwards* and *backwards*. The *loop* forward is for the purpose of admitting the bodkin or pin which holds the shoe and stirrup connection. The loop backwards is intended to overlies the arm or blade of the anchor close to the thick end of the fluke.

The shoe thus formed, is to be put on over and under the edge of the fluke. It will be found to grip firmly by its hinder-bight or curve, the thickness of the heel of the fluke, while in the fore-part the

peak of the anchor is made so to bed itself,—in an indent *v.* 2, in the thickness of the shoe iron—as to confine the peak within a fixed limit. The palm is in that manner prevented from shifting sideways in the shoe, when once the shoe has duly received the peak of the anchor in its bed *v.*

The hinder loop of the shoe must be so made as to width—*m* to *n* and *r* to *s*—as that it may allow of being passed up and down the arm of the anchor, from the fluke to the throat, freely, in order that it may *at any instant* become a mere loose piece of iron whenever the vicissitude of the moment may require its instantaneous detachment from the fluke, to which it is only temporarily, *though firmly*, fixed—a provision very necessary, as it will be readily seen that such an instrument as this shoe, immovably fixed to the fluke of an anchor, would be a serious impediment to its peak entering the ground if the soil were of any other but the muddy sort. The action of the shoe, consequent upon this provision, with respect to its form backwards, will be, that the arm of the anchor may fall through it the instant that the weight of the anchor is due to force the peak to enter the ground. The shoe iron must then become a mere loose piece of iron, and be found, on the heaving up of the anchor, to have lain on the surface of the soil between it and (immediately under) the throat of the anchor.

FIG. 2 represents the stirrup iron and link, which link, by means of a patent link (FIG. 7), is fastened to the swivel link, that forms part of the ship's cable.

This stirrup iron is made to carry the weight of the anchor, by means of the form given to the shoe at + (FIG. 1), which admits of the peak of the fluke so obtruding through the shoe below as to bring the peak itself into contact with the stirrup, that the shoe may be relieved from bearing the entire weight of the anchor.

It is to be particularly noted that the stirrup must be freely less in breadth than the narrowest dimension of the hawse-pipe, as in raising the anchor the whole of the gear may have always to be brought through the hawse-pipe.

FIG. 3 is the bodkin or rod, which is used to key the lock formed by the junction of the stirrup iron and the hook loop of the shoe. *This is only necessary during the time that the anchor is not slung at the cat-head.* When once the anchor is in position to fall the bodkin may be withdrawn. It will, however, withdraw itself, so to speak, if it be fastened to the side of the ship.

FIG. 4 is a swivel link, which is, *and ought always to be*, part of the cable.

When the swivel has not been made a *part* of the cable, it—that safeguard against kinking—may be introduced into any cable by the use of two patent links (as FIG. 7).

The swivel in this arrangement is not *absolutely* essential. But it is an *absolute essential* in all cables. It is invariably found in the cables of men-of-war, and was always formerly in use in the merchant service. It is owing to the neglect of this essential that so many chain cables kink, and are so permanently damaged, and later give way in storm time.

FIG. 5 is the painter shackle, which is attached to the cable at the link above the swivel link.

FIG. 6 shows the shackle painter, looped over the hawse-bitt and the stop-bit at *c*.

FIG. 7 shows a patent link.

FIG. 8 shows all these details in due connection, just as the anchor is about to be dropped from the cat-head.

FIG. 9 shows the different positions of the anchor and cable, and painter and cable as the anchor is descending from a cock-bill to the time when the weight of the anchor, by change of position, transfers itself from the power of the painter to be sustained entirely by the strength of the cable. So soon as this happens, the stock end of the painter, held in the hand at the cat-head, is let fly, and the anchor descends to the ground in the same position and direction as that in which it is when the slack of the painter is cast off.

a a.—The Cat-heads.

b. b'.—The Painter Shackle.

c c.—The Painter Bit. This is to hinder the anchor, when brought close to the cat-head or derrick, from running down the painter towards the hawse-hole.

d d'.—Bitts over the hawse-hole.

e.—Hawse-hole.

f.—The Cat-head Cleat, to belay the painter.

a b c d.—The position of the Painter before "let-go."

When the anchor is turned in the swivel link as it hangs from the cat-head, it secures the descent crown sternmost, so as to be ready to take the ground, in order that when the ship swings the anchor may be ready to resist the pull of the ship by the biting of the anchor.

The faint lines in FIG. 9 are to indicate the position of the anchor as it passes from above, at the cat-head, to below the hawse-hole.

It will be seen that there is a material alteration made in one detail of the Anchor Falls that appeared in their first notice in our pages, Jan. 1, 1868. By that mode of action, a great good was proposed to be ob-

tained by certain manipulations of the anchor's fluke ; but in the form then proposed it was applicable only to certain shapes and forms of fluke. It was not applicable to flukes of the bay-leaf form, nor to the barbed fluke of Rodgers' improved, nor to anchors whose palms were made with the faces turned the wrong way.

By the new disposition, the principle is applicable in all cases and varieties of palm, whether the old Dutch palm, the new Admiralty, Rodgers' (so-called) "palmless anchor," or that with the palm very wide, and barbed and inverted, with a wonderful broad angle instead of a sharp peak—an anchor now much used in the great packet services.

In order to make one character of Falls applicable to every sort of palm, the change has been made, and is attended happily with many advantages, as, for example, by bringing the detaching apparatus in front of the fluke, according to what was the original idea, instead of bedding it behind the palm. The contingency of a hitch arising from the indisposition of the sailor to pay out his cable is now rendered impossible.

It is manifestly *always* impossible for an anchor to do anything else than merely *kiss* the ground if the anchor be kept at short scope before it is allowed to enter. To make "a good anchor," *abundant* cable should always be paid out. If, therefore, enough were not paid out, and the anchor were dropped with the falls alluded to—that is, with the ear loops acting against the heels of the fluke—it would no more enter the ground than another let fall in the ordinary way, would. And moreover, as this stinting of the cable would hinder the ear-loops from falling off by their weight, the anchor would, as soon as checked by touching the ground, under the action of being pulled forward, be hauled crown-over-stock, and so endanger the fouling of the entry, and provide for a foul anchor, and at any rate not enter at all. But by having the action of the decoupling in front instead of in rear of the fluke, the inventor has guarded against the idleness of the sailor in stinting the cable ; and the contingent accident of hauling the anchor crown-over-stock is prevented, even should any hitch hinder the due action of gravitation, by the flat form of the looped hook of the shoe ; in that whenever the cable, under the influence of the action of the ship, would be dragged forward, with it would come the stirrup off the hook. This would not be the case were there any *curve* in the coupling hook, hence its straightness.

Hence it will be seen that the only possible mischance which could befall the anchor in the use, or rather misuse, of the former plan of action for developing the vertical triangle, which is inverted, to the

securing the vertical descent of the arms of the anchor, has been eliminated by this improved arrangement—a mode which effects at once the threefold good ; 1, of making the system applicable to every sort and shape of fluke ; 2, without touching the anchor by a tool ; and 3, in enabling the sailor to be rid of the trouble of fixing a double prong in the holes made in the fluke, by pushing one strong bolt through an opening large enough to be felt even by ice-cold fingers in the frozen zone, while the original character of simplicity of action in the whole affair has been rather increased than diminished.

With respect to the change made in lowering the anchor and catting it ready for its fall, the only new disposition is, that one end of the painter is fastened to the bitt immediately above the hawse-hole, and, that a short bolt is introduced into the plie of the rope, (or, one of the links of the chain, if chain painter be used,) just so far from the end of the painter fastened to the bitt as the eye of the cat-head.

As it is found, that, in whatever direction the anchor lies, as it is let fall from a height *with impetus*, that direction is exactly maintained, until the weight reaches the ground, although the cable be as twisting as a skein of worsted, used often for a roasting jack, and which anchor, if let fall or raised slowly would turn as much as the meat that is being roasted ; it is only needful in order to ensure any given direction to the shank on its fall, to arrange the lie of the anchor, by the agency of the swivel before it is allowed to descend.

It is this action of the swivel, coupled with the triangular and vertical mode of fall, secured by the Anchor Falls that constitutes the controlling powers, to which the title of the system alludes, as “ *controlling anchor fall*,” and which freely justifies us in having asserted as we did in our first note of this invaluable discovery, that it opens to the sailor a new era in the science of navigation, of the importance of the discovery on this point, it is our purpose to enlarge in our next publication.

TIME AND MEASUREMENT.

THE contributions of “Red with White Maltese Cross” always command attention. His desire is evidently to advance the true interests of yachting ; and on the eve of a great meeting, when it may have a permanent effect, for good or evil, his opinion founded as it is, on long experience becomes doubly valuable. Still, it is desirable that others should express their views on the subject, and if they cannot speak with the same authority, their sentiments ought to have some weight, as representing the interests of the class to which they belong.

There are two particulars to which I desire to call attention, tonnage allowance and measurement, subjects on which I have bestowed some thought, and written many letters, which have appeared in these pages. With respect to measurement I may refer the reader to a long letter, which appeared in the January number, and I am happy to say met with the approval of many persons, and among the rest of Tack-Tackle, who adds at the same time some very good suggestions of his own, with respect to the advisability of adopting the loadwater line as a basis of operations. One sentence in the proposed code which provides that *any part of the vessel* which projects below the water line, beyond the length taken in the ordinary way, meets with my hearty concurrence, this is what I call shutting the back door, but whilst the cellar door is still left open, or in other words depth is not taken into account, I conceive that the checks on deceptive measurement are totally inefficient. The suggestion that $\frac{3}{4}$ be counted as a ton, and any less excess passed over I cannot quite understand, it appears to me to be only staving off the difficulty. Weight is of such vital importance in small craft that, undoubtedly, if this rule were adopted, every builder would endeavour to approach to that limit as nearly as he now does to the entire ton. We should find every 10 or 12 ton boat built to measure $10\frac{3}{4}$ or $12\frac{3}{4}$ respectively. A friend suggested, on my alluding to this difficulty, that it would be far better, in small classes to reckon by half tons, and I cannot help thinking that he is right. But however that may be, I feel sure that if owners of large vessels would condescend to consider the interests of small craft, they would not fail to see that the rules of time allowance and measurement tell very much against them. It may be true that in light paltry winds a small boat may scarcely require any time from a large one, but in a steady breeze it is a different thing. I have been compelled to build again this year in order to put myself on a par with the 8 and 9 ton boats, and should I be obliged to enter with 12 ton boats all my pains and expense would be thrown away, as nothing short of two or three minutes a ton would save me from certain defeat, in fact no sliding scale exists which can test the relative merits of boats which differ much in former tonnage. "Tack-Tackle" I am sorry to say does not agree with me on this latter point, but I cannot help thinking that if he found himself compelled to sail his 9 tonner against the Folly or the Buccaneer, he would see my arguments from a different point of view. With respect to allowance for rig it would suit me remarkably well, as my little 8 tonner is a nondescript which would I presume come under the class of lugger, but I cannot help feeling that it is an admission of inferiority—and that if any gen-

the man adopts a rig which is less speedy than a cutter's he should be prepared to take the consequences.

In support of these arguments I may perhaps be allowed to quote a few lines from the letter of a very experienced yachtsman. "In my opinion when there is a difference of two or three tons in boats under 10 tons, they ought not to sail together under the present allowance of time, which simply amounts to *nothing*—a boat of 6 tons sailing against a boat of 9 tons would lose half-a-minute in stays in a fresh wind, I mean each time they went about; to difference of power and weight shooting into the wind, a minute a ton is no allowance in such a difference of small craft, and whenever the smaller is within two minutes a ton of the larger one at the finish, I consider her a superior boat." Again with reference to measurement, "*length, beam, and depth*, must be proved to determine a boat's actual size, and this leaves the builder the proper means of showing his talent in modelling."

I am pleased to find that X in speaking of the rules of the road, remarks "if the object of match sailing be to encourage fast boats this latter view is fairest of all, viz., the one which obliges a boat in process of being overtaken to keep her course." Now it would scarcely be possible to doubt that this should be the object of match sailing. Seamanship is certainly a quality to be esteemed and cultivated, but it can be displayed in many ways to greater advantage than in jostling a competitor, and thus rendering ineffectual the science and skill which has produced a faster vessel. Our idea of sport should give way to, or rather consist in a fair trial of the merits of respective systems, and I hope that the present consultation may have that tendency, and thus raise yachting as a scientific amusement and rational pursuit, in the estimation of all thinking men.

C. E. S.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE programmes for airing the battle flags of our pleasure Nelsons this season are very tempting, and in every way pretty well up to former occasions; but we look for more than this—they should far surpass them. From what source the notion has originated we know not, but there seems to prevail an idea that this will prove but an indifferent season of yacht racing, except at the great centre of the sport—the Solent. We have however so often heard similar prognostications from the Solomon Cheerables of the Universal Intelligence Clubs, that we must

be excused for expressing our utter want of confidence in such sources of information ; we believe it will be a good steady average season, as other seasons similarly be-propheted have been before ; but we have been so disturbed by sensation voyages and matches *en Espagne* at fitful periods, that many imagine if some such "stimulant" is not lurking upon the horizon, the season is about to be stale, flat, and unprofitable. We have on previous occasions so often, and we flatter ourselves so forcibly, expressed our opinion upon the "what" that will constitute a great and remarkable season from our point of view, that until we are assured of at least an attempt being made, we shall conclude upon jogging along in a quiet sort of way until the "fresh blood" that *must* come realizes our notions that yacht racing amongst us has recovered the noble enterprising spirit which now seems fashionably dormant.

Be these matters as they may the season on the Thames has opened feebly, but we suppose the flight of racers are reserving themselves for more peculiar opportunities, as it seems rather an "idea" now for the "cracks" to portion off the Coast, as by a tacit understanding not to run their "furrows" too closely upon each other in the summer seas, and thus leave more space for laudable ambition to burnish up neat speeches if not neat sailing ; for above all things what can be more pleasureable than returning thanks for "the beautiful prize," the winning of which renders "that day" the "happiest" of the orators existence, the more especially as having been won under the lightning glances from the diamond orbs of the fair daughters of "A'hem-shire" &c. &c.; and a very good plan this seems to be, but how far calculated to maintain the aforesaid spirit of yachting we leave more astute chroniclers to realize.

On Monday, the 13th of May, the Royal Thamesians held their first class cutter match ; when the Fiona, Vindex, and Sphinx were the only starters for the 100 guinea prize. With the wind east and by north, veering north-east occasionally, the gun sent them off at top of tide as Benson's chronograph showed 11h. 26m. 34s. As might be expected from such a veteran light weight, the Vindex was all life at the flash of the gun, whilst an equal smartness on board the Fiona showed how sensible her skipper was of the formidable little clipper's allowance of time : watching her principally as the most dangerous to allow away, the Fiona lay down the river with her on the starboard tack, whilst the Sphinx made a board across the little bay to gain more room to veer and haul upon. Many of the knowing salts thought that on such a day with a beating wind to the Nore, and over the Thames course that her crew knew so well, the little Vindex would give the

pride of Fairlie all she knew to exhaust the store of time she had coiled down in her chronometer box, and as tack for tack they worked merrily down the tide, appearances went far to justify the opinion, for the *Vindex* was doing nice work, every thread and yarn humming like a harp string, and the mahogany visage that peered above her tiller-end giving spasmodic but stealthy symptoms that things were going well: but the Scottish lassie, like the belle of many seasons, was not to be hurried at her toilette, a lady of her distinction must be allowed to shake out the folds of her "jupon," to smooth the wrinkles in her "corset" gently, and gradually to adjust her fair form to that nice propriety of full dress, which perfect skill and good taste can render so ravishing—and at the same time effective; so wrinkle after wrinkle disappeared, slack cloth here and there seemed to be sucked up by the wind, the lifting luffs grew rigid as ivory, and each quivering leach wavered itself to sleep; one by one sunk down the busy crew about that favorite spot of deck called the "Travellers rest," and all at once dame Fiona seemed to discover she was bound for the Nore, and had a wicked little "wind-hoverer" busy on her weather.

Now the *Vindex*, as is well known, is blessed with as respectable an appetite for eating into the wind as any fore-and-after of her inches; when, therefore, a vessel of nearly double her inches begins to walk out upon her weather, and in the short boards of a Thames turn-to-wind, doubt dissolves into thin air, and what is not always safe, a fore-gone conclusion, may be fearlessly indulged in. So it was on this Monday. The *Vindex* did her *goodest* well and gamely, but her bolt was shot at Rosherville, off which the *Fiona* showed she meant to stay the pace by disposing of half the time allowance. During all this time the *Sphinx* was working that weary chase—a stern one. The sea and the wind were not to her liking. She could enjoy half a "cyclone" more, and then might be doing a passage; but with such weather—she was almost in the "doldrums." Entering Sea Reach, the *Vindex* disposed of her gaff-topsail yard, and a smart bit of seamanship was displayed in the celerity with which the square was shifted for a jib-headed sail, which, above all other lofty canvas, the little ship seems to take pleasure in when the water is smooth and the wind restrictive. But the *Fiona* had the net paying over her taffrail very fast, and the minutes were tumbling into the meshes like herrings off the Calf of Man; and when the Nore was reached by her at 3h. 11m., the *Vindex* at 3h. 24m. had only three minutes to go and come on, and was beaten, barring accident, on her best chances; whilst the *Sphinx* was all "a quarter" on the wrong side of the log; it is but fair to say that this was partly owing to her carry-

ing away the head-earing of her mainsail, but at what period of the passage down we cannot say. On the run up, the usual superfluity of running canvas that has earned the cognomen of "Thames towelling" was fully displayed, during which operation the Vindex had another "bad five minutes," by carrying away her balloon yard, so was obliged to make shift with a jury spar and narrower headed sail; in the Lower Hope the running canvas had to be momentarily handed. At this period the Fiona was leaving dark water in her wake; it had no time to fix or curl, for both Vindex and Sphinx had touched young flood, and she had no time to study or conform to the natural laws of fluids, which, to say the least, regarding the subject through a scientific medium, was very "on-handsome;" however, custom is everything, no matter what philosophy holds to the contrary.

At 5h. 25m. 45s. the Fiona drew first "silver" for the year 1868, in the latitude of Gravesend, where the match terminated, defeating the Vindex, who it must be remembered in all reason suffered two severe mishaps, by 1m. 45s. Had not the latter met with these accidents, there can be no doubt in our mind she must have won. Still it was a grand performance for a vessel of Fiona's tonnage, in such narrow waters, to live the pace with a craft of the Vindex's capabilities over such a course, with a dead turn to windward for one-half of it. With regard to Sphinx—it was not her day.

The Luna sailed over the course for a prize of £30; this is a new feature in yacht racing, and it redounds to the honour and credit of the noble Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, the prompt manner in which he acted on this occasion. We sincerely trust the precedent will not be forgotten by other flag officers upon similar occasions. We cordially recommend it for adoption as a standing rule by the Yachting Congress.

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB.

THE opening cruise for the season of this club, from Kingstown Harbour to Lambay Island, seven miles to the north-west of Howth Head, came off on Saturday, 16th May, and, owing to the beauty of the weather and the number of vessels which took part in it, was attended with marked success. Indeed a more lovely day, or one better adapted for the purpose, could hardly have been imagined, and we trust it may prove an omen of equal good fortune for their matches throughout the season.

At ten o'clock the Blue Peter was hoisted at the topmast head of the

Secret, 31 tons. **Thomas D. Keogh**, esq., who, as Vice-Commodore (in the unavoidable absence of the Commodore, **Fielding Scovell**, Esq.,) took command of the fleet, and at 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ the signal to get under weigh set all the crews on the alert. Most of the decks were crowded with members and their friends, either tempted out by the beauty of the day or practising their amateur crews for the match on 23rd inst. The yachts which flew the red burgee and ensign of the club were the **Pleione**, **Aquiline**, and **Bianca** schooners; **Echo** and **Minna** yawls, and **Xema**, **Charm**, **Wavecrest**, **Syren**, **Sappho**, **Snowdrop**, and **Torch**, cutters, besides which the **Leda** schooner, **Royal St. George's Yacht Club**, and **Meta**, cutter, also weighed anchor, and joined in the excursion. The commodore hove to off the mouth of the harbour to allow his followers to come up, and, having formed them into line abreast, with their heads to the north-west, gave the signal 143 to sail for the rendezvous, which sent every man off as hard as he could, carrying largest topsails and big jibs before a nice S.S.W. wind, the **Wavecrest** taking the lead, **Secret** and **Xema** next, the rest in a ruck together. Of course, it was a regular race, and the large troop-ship the **Marquis of Abercorn**, which had arrived during the night with the 14th Hussars on board, and was waiting for water to cross the bar, got up steam and came out to watch the yachts, as with a light breeze, they went away for **Howth Head**. As they neared it, the fastest and lightest vessels began to single themselves out, **Xema** and **Secret** going to the front, attended by **Wavecrest** and **Syren**, with **Echo** coming through the fleet, the heavier and larger schooners dropping astern. Off **Ireland's Eye** the leaders caught a fresh westerly puff, which brought their booms close in, and set them well on towards their destination, the sternmost vessels still dead before it, with their booms on different quarters. As **Xema** and **Secret** neared the island, the breeze fell off, and the rest brought up a fine steady southerly wind, which continued the rest of the day. **Xema** was the first to round the perch on the **Burrin** rocks, and, running round the western shore of the island, dropped her anchor in **Swallow Cove**, on the northern side, about two minutes before the **Wave-crest**. **Syren** and **Secret** were next, but all arrived soon afterwards, and came to in order, except **Minna** and **Bianca**, which continued their course round the island, and back to **Kingstown**; and **Aquiline**, **Foam**, and **Leda**, who did not anchor, but continued under weigh, cruising about. The crews of each of the vessels landed, and walked about the island, enjoying the view both north and south from the top of the hill, with the yachts all lying together at their feet, and forming a most striking and lovely picture. The tide turned about four o'clock, and as a steady fresh

southerly breeze had set in, and evidently meant to continue, preparations were made for a beat back, by sending down large topsails and shifting jibs, most of the racing vessels also sending down their topmasts like athletes stripping for the coming struggle. At half-past three the *Secret* signalled "Form line abreast to starboard of commodore," which was obeyed by *Xema*, *Pleione*, *Wavecrest*, and *Echo*, the two smaller ones, *Syren* and *Sappho*, thinking a good start to be at least half the battle, and discretion the better part of valour, going straight away at score for home; while *Aquiline*, *Leda*, and *Meta* took their passage by the eastern shore of the island. When they started it was a tight match between *Secret*, *Xema*, and *Echo*, who stood tack for tack for several miles, first passing *Sappho* and then *Syren*, the latter sailing remarkably well throughout the day. *Xema* at last drew away from *Secret* and *Echo*, to which latter she was sparing a topsail, and took the lead, passing through the Sound between Ireland's Eye and Howth, where they met the *Norma* cutter, bearing the colours of the club, and having on board his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and a party who had come out to see the yachts return. Off Howth, *Secret* and *Xema* determined to exercise their amateur crews by sending up their topmasts and topsails, which was creditably performed, and, the breeze having freshened, they were not long in crossing the bay, where they arrived at seven o'clock, *Xema* some three minutes before *Echo*, which was one in advance of *Secret*, the rest soon following, and No. 50 "Dismiss" sent them to their respective moorings, much pleased with the day's proceedings.

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

New Thames Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of this club was held on Monday evening, May 4th, at Freemasons' Hall, Mr. J. D. Lee, the Vice-Commodore, presiding.

Mr. R. S. Wilkinson, the hon. sec and treasurer, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were duly confirmed, went through the list of candidates for enrollment, 12 in number, including Mr. A. Ridgway, of the *Alexandra* cutter, 12 tons; Sir Bruce Chichester, of the *Rosebud* cutter, 56 tons; and Mr. R. G. Sampson of the *Watersprite* cutter, 20 tons. The whole of the gentlemen named were duly elected.

Mr. C. Tatham, on behalf of the sub-committee, adverted to the sport of the forthcoming season in that club, and stated that he had secured the *Prince of Wales* steam-boat to accompany both the matches. He then intimated that there would in all probability be at least nine starters for the

cutter match, and that arrangements must be made with respect to their moorings, which were accordingly done. The following gentlemen were then appointed stewards for the supply of steamboat tickets, &c:—Dr. Armstrong and Messrs. Hooper, Mills, Barber, Nalder, and Sheffield. It may be as well here to state that no money will be received at the gangway, but the same course will be adopted as in the R.T.Y.C.

Mr. J. Mills pointed out that prizes and the mode of giving them had from time to time been a matter of dispute, and inquired whether the committee had determined upon the course to be pursued at the two forthcoming matches?

A long conversation followed upon the subject, which resulted in the following very satisfactory arrangement upon the suggestion of Mr. Arthur Wilkinson:—Four silversmiths to be named by the committee, from either of whom the winner of the race may select plate to the stipulated value, according to his own taste. The usual inscription to be placed upon it, denoting it to be a club prize; and upon its being sent to the club with the silversmith's bill, the latter to be defrayed by the club, and the plate to be handed to the owner.—Mr. Joseph Mills having been unanimously elected cup-bearer to the club.

The Chairman said he should be most happy to accommodate any of the member or their friends on board his yacht *Nettle* on the occasion of the opening trip, and he hoped he should have the pleasure of meeting a good muster at the dinner at the Union Club House, Gravesend.

During the evening the hon. sec. produced the club bank-book, showing a balance at the bankers' of £824 5s.

The next meeting of the club is fixed to take place on Monday, June 8th, instead of the 1st, which is the day of the cutter matches. Thanks were voted to the chairman and hon. sec. for their valuable services.

Royal London Yacht Club Opening Trip.—The opening cruise of the season took place on Saturday, May 16th, the rendezvous being Erith, where the following yachts were assembled:—Major Brandram's twin screw, *Wolverene*, bearing the Commodore's flag; the Rear-Commodore's *Irene*, yawl, 36 tons; Mr. G. F. Moss's *Julia*, yawl, 122 tons; Mr. Allison's *Loadstar*, yawl, 63 tons; Mr. Boutcher's *Fiona*, cutter, 77 tons; Mr. T. Grove's *Phryne*, cutter, 55 tons; Mr. Borrass' *Watersprite*, cutter, 38 tons; Mr. Vigers's *Gannett*, schooner, 90 tons; Mr. Ridgway's *Santry*, yawl, 25 tons; Mr. Low's *Eva*, cutter, 23 tons; Mr. Mumford's *Maid o' the Mist*, cutter, 37 tons; Mr. Johnson's *Andax*, cutter, 54 tons; Mr. Tremayne's *Egidia*, schooner, 133 tons, and another or two. At first the wind was "down the mast," but there sprang up a nice breeze from N.W., and the fleet sailed in company to the Chapman Head, and lay up to Mucking on their return, when the wind chopped round to east, and soon brought them to the Union Yacht Club House at Gravesend, where the members to the number of nearly fifty sat down to an excellent dinner. The Commodore, Mr. Arce-deckne, presided, and the following were, amongst others, present:—Messrs. Alex. Crosley (cup bearer), G. W. Charlwood, Rear-Commodore; Major

Brandram, Charles B. King, C.E. (Chevalier of Portugal); T. N. Talfourd C. Borrás, J. Brown, jun; J. W. Wilson, T. J. Walton, and J. A. Silk. The cloth having been cleared,

The Commodore proceeded without delay, and in a style worthy of imitation at opening season dinners, to the disposal of the usual toasts allotted to him. In giving "Prosperity to the Royal London Yacht Club" he took occasion to remark that the club might fairly challenge competition with any other in England. Its finances he was happy to say, were in a most flourishing condition, as they had a large reserve sum invested in Consols, and were enabled to offer such a prize list this year as they had never done before, one award of Victory alone being of the value of 100 guineas.

Major Brandram proposed "The health of the Commodore, and said he had much pleasure in placing the Wolverine that day at his disposal. He regretted that he had not had the pleasure of making the Commodore's acquaintance until recently, but he hoped now to have the honour of retaining it. He was proud to meet him, and hoped to see him long preside over the R.L.Y.C., which was one of the leading clubs of England.

The Commodore, in replying to the toast, said that so long as the club was true to its Commodore and the Commodore true to the Club, so long would the friendly relations which have existed between them for so many years be maintained. He was very proud of his position, and was ever ready to do all in his power to serve the club.

The Rear-Commodore (Mr. Charlwood) gave "The Other Yacht Clubs," which was responded to by Mr. Earle.

Mr. Talfourd proposed "The Health of the Rear-Commodore" in most complimentary terms, not only for his services to the club, but as being one of the most practical yachtsmen in the kingdom.

The Rear-Commodore, in response, congratulated the club on the success of the opening trip, and hoped it was an earnest of a successful season.

Other toasts followed.

Ranelagh Yacht Club.—The opening cruise and dinner of the above Club took place on Saturday May 9th. The rendezvous was at North Woolwich, the newly elected Commodore, Mr. A. J. Otway M.P. for Chatham, hoisting his flag on board Captain Phelps's *Starling*, and the Rear Commodore, F. H. Lemann, on board Mr Wrangham's *Ranger*. The *Vindex*, *Eva*, *Ærolite*, *Novice*, *Clara* and two or three others also were underway. Arrived at Gravesend, they were greeted with a salute from the *New Falcon Hotel*, where nearly 50 members and friends sat down to an excellent white bait dinner, remarkable for its profusion. The cloth having been cleared, and the usual loyal toasts given

The chairman proposed the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Ranelagh Yacht Club." In the course of a very capital speech, in which he pointed out with much fidelity the maritime superiority of this country, and the part that institutions like that over which he presided took in contributing to that greatness, however small their dimensions and pretensions in the beginning, he thought that the modest institution that had met there

that day made anything but a discreditable show of members all desirous to promote that good feeling and harmony so essential to the success of any association. As far as his interest would go he could sincerely assure them any exertions he could make would be very much at their service, and he flattered himself that since the time the connection had existed between the Club and himself it had progressed in numbers and position.

Mr. Walker proposed "The health of the Commodore". They were all aware that that gentleman had come forward and joined them as their Commodore at a time when it was most important that they should receive such support as he had kindly extended towards them, and for which he was entitled to their warmest thanks.

The Commodore thanked the club sincerely for this mark of their esteem, and said that although circumstances prevented his taking the active part in the club which he could wish, his good will and desire to do all in his power was never wanting. He could sincerely say that if any gentleman would point out at any time the way in which he could help the club, or any individual member, he should be happy to do it, and any request of theirs would always receive ready and willing attention: he then proposed the health of the Rear,—jocosely remarking, in reference to his not having arrived until the dinner was some way advanced, that next time he hoisted his pennant as Rear Commodore he hoped it would be in something a little faster than the Ranger.

Mr. Lemann in the same spirit, replied that he was much obliged to the owner of the Ranger for bringing him down. As rear-commodore he had kept his position well.

Other toasts were proposed, in the course of which it was stated by Mr. Lenthall that this was the most successful meeting of the kind ever held, that the club was in a sound state of prosperity, and that they had taken a proper step towards the welfare of the club in choosing their present Commodore, who had increased its strength by bringing in friends, a proceeding which it was competent and desirable for them all to do.

The usual monthly meeting of the club was held on Wednesday evening, 13th ult. at the Pier Hotel, Chelsea; Mr H. Lenthall, Treasurer presiding. The first match was announced for June 16th, for prizes value £25, £15, £10 10s., £6 6s. Course, from Erith to the Chapman and back. First class, exceeding 12 tons, and not exceeding 16 tons; second, those exceeding 8 tons, and not exceeding 12 tons; and third, all boats not exceeding 8 tons. To the winning yacht in each class will be awarded the prize of the value and in the order above stated; and if in any class four or more yachts start, a prize of the value of £6 6s. will be awarded to the second yacht. Entries to close on the 10th June, at 10 o'clock p.m. Yachts to start from their own moorings, and not allowed to slip anchor. The officers of the club and the sailing committee were appointed stewards for the steamboat (the Oread) for the first match. She is to start from Westminster, calling at London Bridge.

Editor's Locker.

LIMITATION OF HANDS, ETC.

Dublin, May 12th, 1868.

DEAR SIR.—The letters which appeared in your last month's number, commenting on some of my statements and figures in the "Notes on Yachts and Yacht racing of the past season" which you were good enough to insert in the previous Magazine, require some explanation at my hands, and I must begin by apologising to "One of the Committee" for anything I wrote in any way calculated "to injure the Club" which he represents (the Royal London), than which nothing could have been further from my intention; my remarks in the Article alluded to were altogether aimed at the policy of a limitation of sails and hands on board yachts when sailing in matches, and having been penned while I was absent in the country, and unable to refer to my note book, I own I was under the impression that the proposal of the Committee of the Royal London when reframing their Sailing Regulations, was to limit the crew of a racing schooner to one man for every 10 tons all told, and this I remarked, and again fearlessly assert would be quite an inadequate allowance, and that in a 160 ton schooner 16 men owing to the quantity of sails and gear which have to be handled at once, including shifting triatic and topmast stays, foresheets, &c., would be a worse crew in proportion than eight in a 78 ton cutter, an amount which would never be even proposed.

I am very glad to find I was wrong in the idea I had taken up, and hasten to make the amende honorable; but am still more pleased to find that the good sense of the Club rejected the proposed limitation, as I trust the Congress of Yachtsmen will also do, and leave each owner free to employ as many hands as he and his skipper think necessary, by far the most rational, and I am convinced in the end quite as economical a course; while as to sails, although their proposals took the more rational shape of a limit on the size rather than the number of those to be employed as is usually done. I am equally glad in the true interest of yacht racing they were defeated, and honour Mr. Duncan and Mr. Broadwood for their firmness and discretion in resisting the imposition of a shackle on all experiments and improvements in the make or shape of the propelling power, which must tend to make English yachts subject to defeat whenever a Yankee or other foreigner comes over to challenge them.

Before concluding this part of my letter, I may ask *en passant* where did your correspondent find out that the Egeria sailed in the Solent with only 12 men, as the Sailing Regulations of the R.Y.S. allow one for every 8 tons, besides the master and pilot, and this allowance was found fully short enough in the squall which struck her when racing for the Queen's Cup.

I come next to "Ultra Marine," who takes me somewhat sharply to task about the measurements of spars, which I gave as those of various vessels in

the same Article, while he also twits me as to those of the hull of the *Vanguard* inserted in a previous number of the Magazine. I confess that with respect to *Alarm* and *America* he is right, and that I did by inadvertance give the whole length of their masts in comparison of that "from deck to hounds" of the other vessels, a mistake I perceived only when too late, and which must have been clearly apparent to all who studied the table, and was caused by the wrong filling up of a form sent last year to a friend. The proper measurement of *Alarm's* mainmast from "deck to hounds" is 66 feet 6in., foremast 62 feet; boom 66 feet; dimensions which it will be seen go very well with those of the *Aline* and others, allowing for her comparative shortness, and therefore extra length of boom (25 feet) over her taffrail.

As to *America* I cannot speak positively as to the corresponding lengths, she having gone "to the bourne whence no traveller returns," but as she was both a shallow vessel and had short mast heads I think an allowance of some 17 feet may be deducted from the dimensions given, bringing them to 64 feet, and 59 feet respectively, which cannot be very far from the truth. In comparing the mast of *Lufra* with that of *Mosquito* I am amused to find that "*Ultra Marine*" has fallen into the very same mistake of which he convicted me, and if he will turn to vol xv. p. 116, he will see the length of the latter's stick given by me and as measured by myself (43 feet 8in. from deck to hounds) which agrees very well with *Lufra's* 59 feet, when it is remembered that she is only equipped for cruising, and has neither lead ballast nor racing spars, while "the old lady" has always been remarkable even in these days of gigantic muslin for the size and weight of the spars she carries.

In the matter of the *Vanguard* I can only say I gave the measurements as given to me by one who ought to know them, and was quite aware what size they would make her; I only called her 60 tons as being her commonly recognised tonnage, and not as a racing measurement, he will see if he refers to the article. To "*Black with Skull and Cross Bones*" I need only say I would willingly have given the information as to ballast, which he wishes for, if I could have procured it, but found it impossible to do so with any degree of accuracy, and even was prohibited by some owners from saying how much lead was on board their craft. Now, Sir, hoping that before this letter comes to be printed some new light may have been cast on the matters to which it refers by the meeting of yachtmen held in London under the auspices of the Royal Cork, and Royal Victoria Yacht Clubs; and thanking you for the insertion of my Draft Code of General Sailing Regulations,

I remain yours truly,

RED WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

YACHT MEASUREMENT.

May 18th, 1868.

SIR.—In your last number appeared a code of regulations proposed by "Red, with White Maltese Cross," for consideration at the forthcoming

Yacht Conference. I can see little to find fault with in them, if I except his rule for measurement, which is nearly identical with that now in use by the R. T. and several other Yacht Clubs. This rule, although a great improvement on the "old," or "builders' measurement," still admits of a great deal of cheating, and does not at all bring vessels of the same *nominal* tonnage fairly together. For instance, taking half the beam to represent the depth, is simply absurd, as some of our long, deep racing cutters draw nearly as many feet as their entire beam (e. g. "Laura," 20 tons, beam about 10 ft. 6 in., draught about 9 ft. 6 in., which by the present rule of measurement is represented by 5 ft. 3 in.) Why not multiply by the draught of water taken from load line to bottom of keel. And instead of calculating the length from stem to stern-post on deck, take the greatest length of immersed body in whatever part of the vessel that may occur? This measurement would prevent any craft sailing at a smaller nominal tonnage than her real displacement,—e. g. of length, I will instance the "Quiver,"—a vessel longer on her water line than from stem to stern-post, and which sails as 12 tons; but if measured along her load water line, I think would be found nearer 14 tons—tremendous odds against a real 12 tonner. I have merely thrown this out as a suggestion for abler men to act upon if thought worthy of their notice.

Yours, &c.,

BLACK WITH SKULL AND CROSS-BONES.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

LATEEN SAILS.

Torquay, May 25th, 1868.

DEAR SIR.—I am inclined to think that your correspondent, E. B., has trusted to memory in his answer to my letter, the advice which he gives with respect to the cut of lateen sails being almost identical with my suggestions. But recollections seem to have failed him, as he proceeds to quote and comment on my remarks!

I by no means presume to call myself "the practical man." I spoke of no class in terms which should suggest the idea of their being "despicable," but, on the contrary, say that there is almost always something to be gained from their opinion. I do not use the expression "sick of." I do not "jump at conclusions," but especially guard against doing so. In fact, I hope that I inveigh against no one, but only state the generally admitted fact that the prejudices of practical men are the chief obstacles to the successful introduction of anything out of the ordinary course.

With regard to the rig, my letter claimed for it no superiority, rather the contrary. However, last year's experience was sufficiently encouraging to induce a trial on a larger scale; and if any further apology is due to the world for venturing to indulge a taste for novelty, I may say that *beauty* has considerable influence, when considered from an artistic point of view.

To the Editor H.Y.M.

NAUTICUS.

YACHT MEASUREMENT.

May 18th, 1868.

MR. EDITOR.—Observing that suggestions are being made in your columns with regard to matters for discussion at the forthcoming Yacht Conference, I shall feel obliged if you will allow me a small space that I may make a few remarks on measurement. I do not profess to adduce anything new, but I am anxious that my hints may be the means of drawing the attention of abler hands to this subject. The rule at present in use by the Royal Thames and other yacht clubs, is certainly an improvement on the "Old," or "Builder's measurement:" but from observation I am inclined to think that a loop-hole is still left open, which allows room for cheating, and that yachts are not so fairly classed as they might be. To begin with "the length from stem to stern-post on deck." Has not this been the means of inducing builders to try how many feet of counter they can get below the line of flotation? Again, "half the beam" is supposed to represent the depth. But do not many of our long racing vessels draw nearly as many feet of water as they have in beam? Surely, then, a little alteration is required! Now I would humbly suggest that in place of taking the length on deck, the greatest length immersed, wherever that may occur, shall be taken; and instead of the *half breadth*, the depth from the load water line to the bottom of the keel shall be substituted. I fancy if some of our practical yachtsmen at the conference would give this a thought, a rule might be drawn up which would be found more fair than the one now in use.—Yours &c.,

Bell's Life.

J. D. B.

ROYAL SYDNEY YACHT CLUB.

Launch of the Minstral.—This beautiful yacht built to the order of Mr. Dangar, was safely launched on the 27th of January last. Many of the principal members of the Royal Sydney Yacht Club of which Mr. Dangar, is Commodore were present, together with a fashionable attendance of ladies and gentlemen including Commodore Lambert and party. Miss Dangar, sister of the owner officiated on the occasion, carrying out the usual ceremonies in first rate style, and as the lady wished success to the yacht she gradually began to move down the ways and finally plunged into the water amid the cheers of the spectators. The Minstral is a cutter of about 35 tons, designed by Messrs. Harvey of Wivenhoe, England, and built by Mr. Hayes at the establishment of Mr. Sheehay in Woolloomoo Bay. For material used and workmanship employed she could not be excelled. She is finished with a care and attention, partaking more closely of the character of the cabinet maker than of the shipwright, at the same time being of great strength and solidity. As she sits on the water the most critical eye must be delighted with her graceful appearance, and if fine lines and faultless model are any indications of speed, the Minstrel will for some time bear the palm on these waters.—*Sydney Morning Paper.*

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- June. 1.—New Thames Yacht Club—cutters of all classes—Erith to the Nore and back.
 2.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—schooner match—Gravesend to the Mouse and back.
 2.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club.—Corinthian Match.
 4.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club—Channel match to Isle of Man.
 11.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Cantley.
 13.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club match.
 15.—Temple Yacht Club—first class match.
 15.—New Thames Yacht Club—schooner match—Gravesend to the Mouse and back.
 16.—Royal London Yacht Club—schooner and yawl match—Rosherville to Mouse and back
 16.—Ranelagh—first, second, and third class.—Course from Erith to the Chapman and back.
 17.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Her Majesty's Cup for yachts of all rigs, Gravesend to the Mouse, and return to Lower Hope.
 17.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club—first class, Erith to the Nore and back.
 20.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club.—Fifth Class Match.
 24.—Royal Harwich Y. C. Regatta.
 30.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Ocean match—Nore Light to Dover.
 30.—Royal London Yacht Club—second and third class match, and cutters and yawls, handicap, Erith to the Nore and back.
 30.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club regatta.
- July, 1.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club regatta.
 1.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—second match
 2.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club.—Regatta at Wroxham
 3.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Channel match—Nore to Cherbourg, Mr. Duppa's prize.
 4.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—schooners and yawls, at Bangor.
 4.—Ulster Yacht Club regatta—Bangor and Belfast Lough.
 7 and 8.—Royal Northern Yacht Club regatta.
 7 and 8.—Royal Western Y. C. of England and Port of Plymouth Royal Regatta.
 9.—Clyde Yacht Club —Regatta at Largs or Holly Rock.
 11.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club—third match—Gravesend to Ramsgate
 13.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club match.
 13.—Southampton Yacht Club regatta.
 15 and 16.—Royal St. George's Yacht Club regatta.
 16.—Ranelagh Yacht Club.—Erith to Chapman and back.
 18.—Prince Alfred Y.C.—Private Match—Kittawake v. Torch.
 22 and 23.—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club regatta
 23 and 24.—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta.
 25.—Royal Southern Yacht Club regatta.
 25.—Royal Western Y.C. of Ireland.
 27.—Temple Yacht Club—second class match.
- Aug. 3.—Royal Squadron Yacht Club (supposed.)
 10 to 15.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club regatta.
 18 and 19.—Royal Albert Yacht Club regatta.

THE YACHTING CONGRESS is proposed to be held June 1st at Willis' Rooms. The formation of Rules to suit all clubs will, we fear, be very difficult.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JULY 1st, 1868.

THE YACHTING CONGRESS.

WHAT yachting has long required, and what has been for years advocated in the columns of this *Magazine*, is at length about to be accomplished ; namely, the appointment of a systematic governing body, a recognized fountain-head of authority, that shall guide its movements as a great national sport, watch over and foster its interests, and constitute an authoritative court of appeal from whose decision there can be no dissent. The immense progress that yachting has made in this great maritime country, supported and promoted as it is by the aristocracy, landed gentry, and merchant princes of the soil, requires that it shall be consolidated by constitution, and governed by universally acknowledged laws and rules, tending to the permanence of establishment, and dignity of position, which its present importance entitles it to assume. The beneficial effects that yachting is calculated to exercise, not only in educating the rising scions of the country in a taste for, and thorough knowledge of, those sea-going pursuits that has made England what she is, but in the conservation amongst us of that spirit of maritime adventure and enterprise, that has blazoned the names of Raleigh, Frobisher, Drake, Cook, Franklin, Ross, Mc Clintock, and Mc Clure, *et sic*, upon the roll of fame, cannot be too highly estimated ; and any measure tending to increase those effects, whilst at the same time dignifying and disciplining the cause, cannot be regarded in any other light than a

national benefit which those who confer deserve high honor in effecting. The initiation of such a benefit is always invested with absorbing interest, and the proceedings which took place at Willis's rooms on Monday, June the 1st, has awakened such a feeling, amongst the amateur blue jackets of our island, which we sincerely trust may be eminently and effectively gratified. Inaugurated by the foremost supporters of yachting, strengthened by the approval of all yacht clubs of the United Kingdom, and measured in its progress by the practical sagacity of undoubted authorities, this movement promises the most important and healthy results, and from the earnestness which has characterized its promoters' measures, we confidently anticipate vigor and perseverance in accomplishing the greatly to be desired end, namely, uniformity of laws, universal adhesion to their principles, and cheerful obedience to their dictates, as propounded, discussed, and finally decided upon by the important Yachting Congress and its delegated committee, the proceedings of which, so far as they have gone, we have the pleasure to subjoin.

No small measure of responsibility now rests upon the shoulders of the distinguished yachtsmen, to whose acumen and judgment the most important interests of yachting were at this meeting confided; and we feel assured, as a committee, individually and collectively, the trust reposed in its members will meet with a consideration and treatment which will justify that confidence, and hand down their names through yachting annals as worthy members of the brotherhood of the sea, that future generations of amateur blue jackets may have cause to remember with but one animating desire, that of emulating.

Disclaiming all notion of intrusiveness, yet would we venture a suggestion to these gentlemen, or more properly perhaps rejuvenate an old adage suitable to the occasion. "Strike whilst the iron is hot!" The season is propitious, and the fruit ripe, and whilst the great body of yachtsmen, not always easily moved, are animated by a strong and universal desire—*Hoc age!*

The following representatives of the clubs named were present:—

Charles Thellusson, Esq., Commodore Royal Victoria; Captain Mackinnon, Secretary Royal Victoria; Major A. Bannister, Vice-Commodore Royal Yorkshire; Cecil Long, Esq., Commodore Prince of Wales's; Llewellyn Turner, Esq., Vice-Commodore Royal Welsh; G. W. Charlwood, Esq., Rear-Commodore Royal London; Thomas Broadwood, Esq., Royal Albert; Lord De Ros, Vice-Commodore Royal Thames; Lord Alfred Paget, Commodore Royal Thames; Valentine Wing, Esq., Royal Western of Ireland; Captain Bennett, Vice-Commodore Royal Harwich; the Hon. G. F. Boyle, Commodore Royal Northern and Clyde; Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Vice-

Commodore Royal Northern ; Sir Hickman Bacon, Rear-Commodore Royal Yorkshire ; F. H. Lemann, Esq., Rear-Commodore Ranelagh ; Marquis of Drogheda, Commodore Royal St. George's ; Captain Smith-Barry, Admiral Royal Cork ; Marquis of Exeter, Vice-Commodore Royal Victoria ; Captain Conway Gordon, Vice-Commodore Royal Albert ; Andrew Arcedeckne, Esq., Commodore Royal London ; James Goodson, Esq., Commodore Royal Harwich ; Captain P. C. Stuart-Grant, Secretary Royal Thames ; Captain Baillie, 8th King's Regiment.

On the motion of Lord De Ros, Captain Thellusson was unanimously selected as chairman.

Several letters of apology were read,—One from Earl Wilton, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes, regretting his inability to attend on account of indisposition, and another from Earl Vane, who was unavoidably detained in Yorkshire.

Lord De Ros began the discussion by observing that the meeting was called for the purpose of proposing rules for the guidance of regatta committees, and he felt assured that much benefit would accrue to yacht racing if they could agree to one general principle, such as that which formed the first sailing rule of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, and with permission he would read it :—

“ The Sailing Rules of the Royal Thames Yacht Club are grounded upon the plain principle that all attempts to win in a match by other means than fair sailing, and superior speed and skill, should be prevented and checked by restrictions based on the ordinary customs of the sea ; but as no rules could be devised capable of meeting every chance and accident of sailing, it will be the duty of the sailing committee, in all cases of protest, to bear in view the general principle above laid down, rather than to admit of cavils and arguments of a specious nature, which may arise out of the cases they have to decide.”

He believed they would all agree with him that their chief object in meeting that day was to promote fair sailing and discourage jockeying (hear, hear) and to carry that out at a great reduction of the expense which now existed. All were aware that in getting ready a large vessel many difficulties occurred, and a great outlay was necessary ; these often prevented larger entries for the large prizes offered for competition. Take, for instance, the Royal Thames Yacht Club, which gave away annually about £600, and a great difficulty was often experienced to get together a sufficient number of yachts, owing to the system that prevailed of paying the crews extra. Another question would require their attention, which had been a source of vexation to many yacht owners—that of limitation of the number of friends to be allowed on board during a match ; for his own part he was always most happy to see them, and if they did at times give a pull at the main-sheet, it did not make much difference. He remembered a case last year where the owner of the Sphinx was obliged to put a relative on shore because he was not a member of the club. The rule, he thought, should be enlarged as much as possible, but the number of hands should certainly be limited, as it

should be the yachtman's first care to save expense. His lordship concluded by stating that other matters required their serious attention, which he would leave to other gentlemen to introduce.

The Marquis of Exeter suggested that some alteration should be made as to scale of payment to crews, for it was unfair that men who received wages of £1. 4s. a week, and lived on board a yacht, with every comfort in the shape of provisions, if they sailed in a race should be paid £1 a head if they lost, and £2 a head if they won. It was not right that when a yacht owner won a cup he should be mulcted in the sum of £25 to pay men who were already extremely well paid. He was in favour of some such scale as that of the Royal Thames Yacht Club being laid down for all.

Lord De Ros said that in the Royal Thames Yacht Club they paid the men if they won each 10s. 6d., and the system seemed to work well.

Captain Smith-Barry, Admiral of the Cork Club, the oldest club in existence, said the plan they adopted was, that in the event of winning, the men got a few glasses of whisky, but if they lost they got nothing. He was in favour of the proposition of Lord de Ros, that extra hands should receive half a guinea. There were no men in the world better paid than yachtsmen. They had a guinea a week, but beyond that they had conduct money, which amounted to 4s. They had a comfortable home on board the vessel, and all they had to pay for was their tobacco; and this indeed was very often provided for them.

The Marquis of Drogheda fully coincided in the observations of the former speakers, and added that the men were generally liberally treated by the owner, and they lived like gentlemen.

The Marquis of Exeter then moved,—

“That one set of sailing rules should govern all regattas,” and then alluded to the admirable pamphlet which had been, with so much trouble, compiled by Captain Mackinnon. In this work were some excellent remarks as to the difference of sails carried by different yachts, but as gentleman had the book they could refer to it themselves.

Mr. Turner, of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club, seconded the motion. He had to decide protests for the last twenty-four years, and was satisfied if there had been one set of rules for all yachts it would have saved him a great deal of trouble, and those heartburnings which were often felt by those who were unsuccessful in their protests.

The Marquis of Exeter said sailing committees had frequently a very unpleasant duty to perform, from the difference that existed in the rules of the several clubs; and it was very difficult to convince yacht owners that they were not always right. He knew many instances which had occurred; therefore he was of opinion one set of rules should be adopted. In order to effect this, it was desirable that a Sub-committee be formed of three or five flag-officers belonging to different clubs; by this there would be a considerable saving of time, as, in a large body, perhaps all gentlemen might be desirous of speaking on the same subject. He looked upon the present meeting as authorised to appoint a committee to draw up rules, which, after being

submitted to the different clubs, and agreed to at a general meeting, should be binding on all. If this were done he did not apprehend that any difficulty would arise to prevent them coming to a right conclusion.

Lord De Ros then proposed "that a Sub-committee be formed to draw up a code of sailing rules."

Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, seconded the proposition. The Royal Northern Yacht Club were pleased to find that the present meeting had been called, and they had delegated him to attend; they would stand by the deliberations of the majority, whatever they were, for they must necessarily be for the general benefit of yachtsmen on account of their universality. He ventured to suggest a small committee, as it would save a great deal of time, then they could soon draw up a code of rules, and submit them to the general committee.

Mr. Cecil Long and Mr. Charlwood suggested that some stringent rule should be adopted in respect of shifting ballast.

The Marquis of Drogheda considered that only a small matter. What they required, and were essentially necessary, appeared to him to be the same measurement,—the same time allowance,—the same sails restricted or non-restricted.

Lord Alfred Paget observed that they might make rules for sails and measurement, but it was impossible to make a rule for time allowance to meet all cases; as to bearing away and so-on that could be easily settled,—but they could not legislate on time allowance.

The Marquis of Exeter agreed with his lordship that it was impossible to make a universal rule as to time for tonnage, as everything depended on the tide and wind and a hundred other things. Time must be taken according to the length of the course, whether at sea or in an estuary; in fact, according to the locality. Ackers' scale was as good as any. They would make a general rule, and exceptional cases would, of course, be met and adjudicated upon in a proper manner.

Mr. Turner, in speaking on the subject of a match being unfinished, asked what the committee would decide in such a case?

Lord Alfred Paget said it was all very well at Cowes, where the vessels were all assembled, and at the time of the Isle of Wight season; but you could not get vessels to start twice for the same race. To-day might be favourable, to-morrow unfavourable, and a thousand things might occur to support the opinion that unfinished matches should be declared null and void. When he sailed a match in the Thames he had a steamer, 500 people, and a band, and it was not to be expected they could have this every-day in the case of a match not being sailed out. On the general subject, too, he did not think any ulterior good could come of the meeting, and the rules of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, he considered were as near perfection as they could be. A great deal of time and labour had been spent on them, and as he liked to be fair and above board, he gave them his candid opinion that their deliberations could come to nothing. The rules of his club were adapted to the Thames and to the club, and could river rules be

adapted to the open sea? Did they think he would make the same time allowance from Gravesend to the Mouse and back, as from the Mouse round the Goodwins? Certainly not; they could not make a universal time allowance.

After more discussion, the sub-committee were chosen as follows;—Lord De Ros, Marquis of Exeter, Marquis of Drogheda, Commodore Thellusson, Captain Legard, Lord Londesborough, and Rear-Commodore G. W. Charlwood.

Lord Alfred Paget was proposed, but declined the honour, reiterating his sentiments as contained above. With respect, for instance, to starting, he had a race the other day. Two boats entered, and when he got to the buoys he found one there ready to start, the Luna, and the Luna's people told him the other did not intend to start unless £10 was given to the owner for expenses. What was he to do other than he did, he ordered the Luna to sail over the course and gave her the cup.

Mr. Valentine Wing asked whether the deliberations of that meeting should be binding on all the clubs; he represented the Royal Western of Ireland, and was not at all prepared to say that they would vest him with the power to agree or disagree to anything; one thing he knew they would dispute, viz., the rate of time allowance; the rules governing them and the Thames could not possibly be the same, the localities were so different.

The Marquis of Exeter said they wanted to settle what canvas a vessel should carry, the rounding of buoys, what boats they should carry, number of friends and hands. Other things would be settled in accordance with the requirements of the various localities. He did not mean to say that one set of stereotyped rules could govern all clubs; some matters of technicality must be left to their bye-laws and committees. They wanted to frame general laws.

Major Bannister observed the Royal Yorkshire would like to see the yachtsmen of the south at their regattas, but according to the present rules, which were so widely different, it was impossible the southerners could visit the northern waters.

Capt. Smith-Barry read a letter from the Vice-Admiral of the Cork Yacht Club, to the effect that it would be a great work to the Jockey Club of the Sea. For his own part, he presumed that the committee just chosen were the sinew of yachtsmen. He wished, however, to impress upon them the advisability of adopting unlimited canvas, but he would certainly limit hands (hear, hear).

The Marquis of Exeter considered it only fair to limit hands, for so long as they did that, only so much canvas could be used. He would not limit the number of friends on board.

Lord Alfred Paget wished to know if they would limit the number of friends, for he would undertake any day to get 15 or 20 friends who would work a yacht as well as so many men (laughter).

The Chairman proposed, and the Marquis of Drogheda seconded, that Capt. Mackinnon should be appointed hon. secretary. Carried by acclamation.

On the motion of Captain Smith-Barry, seconded by Lord de Ros, a vote of thanks was awarded to the chairman, which, having been acknowledged by Captain Thellusson, the meeting broke up.

[We have received a pamphlet, compiled by Captain Mackinnon from the rules of about twenty clubs, in which he has, with great labour and care, so arranged the different items necessary to form a complete Code, that the Committee's labours will be greatly facilitated.—Ed. *H.Y.M.*]

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THE second and fourth class matches of this club were appointed to be sailed on Whit-Monday, June 1, for prizes of the value of £30 and £15 respectively ; but the latter match not having filled, it was agreed to give £5 of the money allotted to the second of the boats in the larger class, in which there was the unusual number of seven yachts entered. The prize was a very elegant *epergne* for the centre of the table, consisting of an outer stem entwined with vine leaves and supporting a glass dish for flowers or fruit, and there was a pretty locket containing a compass for the helmsman, with the monogram of the club in blue enamel on the back. The day was fine, but with the promise of a stiff south-east wind coming up as the day wore on, and sufficient swell setting in to insure a good trial of the sea-going qualities both of the yachts and their crews, which, as usual in this club, were in a great measure composed of gentlemen amateurs—three paid hands only being allowed in vessels under 35 tons, and four in the one vessel, the Amberwitch yawl, which exceeded that limit, being in reality 51 tons, but rated at 38 owing to her yawl rig, a similar allowance (one-fourth) being granted to the Echo, reducing her from 37 to 28 tons ; while, in order to classify, the Wavecrest, 25, and Vampire, 20, were obliged to enter as 26 tons, a very heavy weighting in the sea and wind which prevailed. The morning was very fine and bright, though the glass had slightly fallen, and big topsails and balloon foresails, with No. 1 reaching jibs, were the order of the day, the Amberwitch setting a particular fine topsail with a jack yard, the Xema also having one on her. A new arrangement had been made at the start, as a number of buoys had been laid down to mark the stations, and each yacht was desired to drop her anchor close to the one allotted to her, which prevented all confusion or unfair advantage being taken. The wind was in the morning S.E., but just as the yachts were going to start it came to S.W., which improved the position of the Xema and Vampire, diminishing that of Kilmeny ; but as it was an easy run to the North Bar buoy,

N.E. by N. $\frac{1}{4}$ N., two and a half miles over an ebb tide, the lee vessels were as well off as the weather ones. The following were the entries :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
932	Xema	cutter	34	Major Barton	Fife
1754	Vampire.....	cutter	26	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
374	Echo	yawl	28	W. I. Doherty, Esq.	Wanhill
508	Secret	cutter	31	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
782	Kilmeny	cutter	33	D. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
1863	Wavecrest	cutter	26	H. Crawford, Esq.	Fulton
45	Amberwitch	yawl	38	J. M'Curdy, Esq.	Wanhill

Time allowances.—Amberwitch, 38 tons, allows Xema 2m. 12s., Secret 3m. 56s., Kilmeny 4m. 32s., Echo 5m. 45s., Wavecrest and Vampire 7m. ; Xema, 34 tons, allows Secret 1m. 44s., Kilmeny 2m. 20s., Echo 3m. 33s., Wavecrest and Vampire 4m. 48s. ; Secret, 31 tons, allows Kilmeny 36s., Echo 1m. 49s., Wavecrest and Vampire 3m. 4s. ; Kilmeny, 30 tons, allows Echo 1m. 13s., Wavecrest and Vampire 2m. 28s. ; Echo, 28 tons, allows Wavecrest and Vampire 1m. 15s.

All the yachts to be steered by members of the Prince Alfred Club, and are only allowed a limited number of paid hands ; all the rest to be members of the club or of a royal or recognised yachting club, the sons of such members, or naval officers. Course—From Kingstown Harbour round North Bar Buoy (black conical) to Kish Lightship, thence to the centre hauling buoy in harbour (striped red and white) ; round again as before, and win between flagship and shore ; all marks and buoys to be left on the starboard side. About 33 miles.

Mr. George Thompson, rear-commodore of the club, and owner of the Torch, was at the helm and had charge of the Xema, her owner, unfortunately, being prevented from enjoying the sport and participating in the triumph of his vessel by the recent death of a near relative. Mr. Pascoe French, formerly owner of Dione (cutter), and well known to all Irish yachtsmen and many of the sister island, steered and managed the Vampire, with her old skipper, Harry Truckle, who has been in her since her keel was laid, and has won fifty-three prizes in her, to advise and assist ; her owner also having been unfortunately absent, having been laid up in London by a severe fall from his horse—a great source of regret to himself and many who knew that the moment a Corinthian race was proposed he sent the little ship all the way from Southampton to take part in it, intending to follow her in his other fine yacht, the Whirlwind (yawl). Mr. Doherty took charge of his own vessel and tiller, with Bill Oliver, his skipper, as mate forward, and four

or five of the very primest of our south-country amateurs to help to sail her in her new guise ; while the Secret, Kilmeny, Wavecrest, and Amberwitch, also had their owners at the proper place for an owner on board his own racing boat.

First gun was fired at 11h. 48m. 13s. ; the other 4m. and some 57s. afterwards, when overboard went bowfasts and springs, and up flew the snowy canvas with a leap like a sea bird stretching her wings. The Xema got out first, followed by Echo, Vampire, Kilmeny, Wavecrest, Secret, and Amberwitch, in the order named, with booms on the star-board hand. The Wavecrest got an easterly puff outside, rushed through her fleet, and was first round the buoy, attended on by Amberwitch, Kilmeny, Xema, Secret, Echo, and Vampire. From thence it was a close haul to the Kish, with the wind and sea getting up, and of course in came all the ballooners, and most got down their topmasts and topsails, only Xema setting a small square, and Amberwitch her second one. Kilmeny led, but Xema was going through her lee, when the lashing which held her new mainsail to the boom traveller gave way ; and, but having a strong reef pendant rove, she would have been all adrift. As it was, the mainsail fell all into a bag, and she at once began to drop back, having rather more sail than she quite knew what to do with, with a No. 1 jib and her topsail aloft. She was soon relieved of the first misery, however, as her weather bowsprit shroud, which led through the bulwarks, began to rip up the planking and the whisker to capsize ; so it became a case of in jib, or out goes the stick. This was rather a wet operation, but was safely accomplished, and she soon felt the relief ; but meantime Kilmeny went a-head, and was first round the Kish at 1h. 30m., followed by Xema, Vampire, Amberwitch, Secret, Wavecrest, and Echo. Here Echo carried away cross-tree, and could not set a topsail. The little Vampire held a wonderful wind, and went beautifully through wind and sea, quite astonishing all who did not know her powers, by the way she carried on with the big cutters, who looked large enough to have hung her in their davits.

After rounding the Kish it was a run with boom off back to harbour for seven miles, the wind lightening and sea smoothing as they went in, which enabled Xema to get her mainsail to rights, and, with her topsail and topmast already aloft, she rapidly overhauled the leading boat ; and as in the harbour, it was quite light and the wind variable, she caught her in gybing round the hauling buoy in its centre, and went out on her weather. The piers were crowded with spectators, and great enthusiasm prevailed, it being pretty clear already that the next round would be under still greater difficulties, and that the race lay be-

tween the four larger boats. From the hauling buoy the course lay as before, Amberwitch being first round the Bar buoy. They then hauled to the wind, which was at the time about S.E., and blowing, and over a strong flood tide, and in came all the topsails and topmasts. Here the Secret came ranging up in a wonderful manner, and, rushing past Kilmeny, ranged up on the Xema's weather beam, but plunging and diving in a way that was a caution to snakes ; in fact, wood, iron, or copper never could stand it, and 'ere long the hook of her bobstay-fall drew, and away went the bowsprit in the very gammon-iron, and the little craft was done—a sad disappointment to the vice-commodore and for the friends on board, as well as for the crew he had engaged for the amateur match on the morrow, where the weather encountered would have suited him much. There was nothing for it, however, but to bear up and run across to the harbour. This left Amberwitch leading, but Xema to windward ; Vampire was on the Xema's lee beam, Kilmeny on her weather quarter ; but in the heavy wind and sea the “Cock of the North” was evidently going to the bad. Xema was first round the Kish ; then came Amberwitch, then Kilmeny, and Vampire and Echo close together. The Amberwitch at once sent up her topmast and set a square-headed topsail over it. Xema sent up hers, but did not set top-sail until the water smoothed, and took the lead. As they neared the harbour the wind came nearly out of it, and all had to tack to port. Xema then weathered a bit, when she sent up her second square, and it was evident the race was in her hands. Amberwitch, who had carried away her rigging on starboard side, had to be sailed light. The race finally ended by rounding the flag-ship (her Majesty's gunboat Raven), kindly lent for the occasion, as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Xema	4	49	45	Kilmeny	5	4	0	Vampire	5	12	11
Amberwitch...	5	0	55	Echo	5	12	10				

Xema thus winning, after deducting the time she allowed to Kilmeny, by 1m. 55s., while Kilmeny, taking 4m. 32s. from Amberwitch, was only 3m. 5s. behind her, and thus won the fiver for second boat by 1m. 27s. The helmsman's prize went to Mr. Thompson, who, as well as Major Barton, who came on board when the vessel arrived, were loudly cheered ; the success of the Xema being very agreeable to all, both gentle and simple, as she belongs to both the Royal Yacht Clubs at the port, as well as to the P. A. Y. C., and is commanded and manned from it. The members then adjourned to the Royal Marine Hotel, where the monthly meeting was held, and nine new members elected, besides a vote of £2. 2s. annual subscription to the funds of the lifeboat

at Kingstown, and separated early for the Corinthian match on the morrow.

CORINTHIAN MATCH.—This race came off on Whit-Tuesday, June 2, under very favourable circumstances ; and, although a little stronger and steadier breeze would have better tried the exact merits of the vessels engaged, and given the gentlemen amateurs who formed the crews an excellent opportunity of learning the numerous shifts and changes of the propelling power, by rendering necessary constant attention to sheets, &c., and frequent shifting of canvas, thus showing what they were made of, and testing their knowledge of how sails ought to be set and taken in. As the same vessels had experienced plenty of wind and sea on the previous day, it was only fair that the smaller and lighter amongst them should now have their chance. The morning was bright and sunny, with the glass getting up ; but heavy patches of cloud hung all around, and the clear atmosphere betokened flaws and changes of wind, with heavy showers, throughout the day. The buoys having been left from the previous day, the competitors early took their stations, and very nearly in the same order, the *Echo* and *Secret* being the only absentees, the former not choosing to trust herself to the tender mercies of a purely amateur crew. The latter, having carried away her bowsprit in the match of the previous day, had been unable to replace it, which was a great disappointment to the worthy vice-commodore, who had been one of the first to enter his vessel for this race, as well as to the crew he had gathered, many of whom, however, had found berths on board the other racers as extra hands. The prizes were a very handsome silver claret jug, presented by the rear-commodore, with compass lockets for the helmsmen of the first and second yachts, and a University tankard for each of the crew of the winner. No paid hands allowed on board any yacht. All to be members of the club, or of a royal or recognised yachting club, the sons of such members, or naval officers. To be steered by members of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club.

The entries in order were as follows, and as this race was the first purely amateur one ever sailed in these waters, or, we believe—considering the size of the yachts engaged, and the absence of the skipper or some equally knowing hand under the cognomen of a pilot, as usually allowed—in any other port, we give the names of the gentlemen who formed the crew of each yacht, so far as we have been able to ascertain them.

No. 1.—*Xema*, cutter, 34 tons ; owner, Major Barton (who, however, was prevented by the recent death of a near relative from taking part in the race) ; under the charge of, and steered by, Mr. George Thompson ; crew,

Cols. Atkinson and Buttledge, Messrs. J. Turnly, R. Soovell, H. Kyle, R. Pym, H. M'Donnell, Wm. Bewley, W. Boyd, G. Nugent, M. Smyth, and W. R. Sandford.

No. 2.—Amberwitch, yawl, 51 tons, but rated as 58 tons ; owner, Mr. J. M'Curdy ; helmsman, Mr. A. H. Orpen ; crew, Messrs. J. M'Curdy, Wm. Franklin, L. Crosthwaite, W. J. Symes, T. Williams, Wm. Exham, F. Zurhorst, G. F. Parsons, P. Hayes, G. Field, G. Putland, A. Middleton, Robt. Barklie, G. Smyth, J. E. Rogers, and Capt. Smyth.

No. 3.—Vampire, cutter, 20 tons ; owner, Mr. Thomas Cuthbert (also absent through illness) ; helmsman and skipper, Mr. Pascoe French ; crew, Messrs. J. A. Lyle, J. P. Fitzgerald, D. Connor, Wm. Howe, D. Howe, F. Dunne, P. Holmes, Lieut.-Col. F. Clayton, and Capt. the Hon. C. Crichton.

No. 4.—Wavecrest, cutter, 25 tons ; owner and helmsman, Mr. Henry Crawford ; crew, Messrs. J. C. Neligan, W. Neligan, Joseph Neligan, C. Hawtrey, R. M. Orpen, H. M'Donnell, jun., and H. G. Casey.

No. 5.—Kilmeny, cutter, 30 tons ; owner and helmsman, Mr. David Finlay ; crew, Messrs. W. J. Corrigan, Alex. Finlay, W. Power, C. Power, J. P. Hayes, W. Armstrong, John Harris, Jas. Rose, G. Waters, D. O'Connell, and Braithwaite Poole.

Course—From Kingstown Harbour to North Bar Buoy, thence round the Kish Lightship to the centre hauling buoy in harbour ; again round North Bar Buoy, and to North Burford and South Burford Buoys, and win between the flag-vessel (H.M.'s gunboat Raven) and shore. All buoys and marks to be left on starboard hand. About twenty-eight miles.

Time allowances.—Amberwitch, 38 tons, allows Xema 2m. 12s., Kilmeny 4m. 32s., Wavecrest 7m. 38s., Vampire, 11m. 3s. ; Xema, 34 tons, allows Kilmeny 2m. 20s., Wavecrest, 5m. 26s., Vampire 8m. 51s. ; Kilmeny, 30 tons, allows Wavecrest 3m. 6s., Vampire 6m. 31s. ; Wavecrest, 25 tons, allows Vampire 3m. 25s.

All were under their large canvas, including the now universally used balloon foresails, with large reaching jibs, for a run out to Bar Buoy ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles) and a fierce squall of wind, with a little rain, occurring just as the first gun was fired, caused extreme anxiety amongst the officials, lest any of them should break away before the five minutes were up, or some such *contretemps* occur—a misfortune which, to judge from the faces of the various skippers and crews as they clustered in punts round their respective vessels, would have been to them neither entirely unexpected or unwelcome. Good hemp and iron, however, held fast, although the Amberwitch dragged a little up to Xema, and Kilmeny to Wavecrest ; and after the longest five minutes which time ever sent forth, the welcome boom was heard, being within some 5 secs. of the advertised time to start (11h. 30m.), and up flew the head sails. The canvas was hoisted and sheeted home quite as fast as on the previous day, and out

darted the Vampire from the middle of the ruck, her size and good position enabling her to be first off ; but the lofty canvas of the Amberwitch soon put the blanket on the little one, and she took the foremost place, followed by the Vampire, Kilmeny, Wavecrest, and Xema, the wind being again light from the westward. On the way out it fell very calm, and puffs came from either hand, first one catching a flaw and then another; but at 12h.30m. the breeze freshened, and Amberwitch led round the buoy, with Vampire close under her lee, Kilmeny third, Xema and Wavecrest together. It was now a close haul for the Kish, and in came the balloon topsails, the amateur masthead men performing most creditably, and jib-headed or small square topsails were generally the order of the day. Amberwitch, and Xema, however, held on by their large squares, but both seemed to go to leeward, Vampire eating up considerably, and being threatened by Kilmeny. The wind was now light, but even over the ebb all fetched out to the Kish Lightship, 7 miles S.E $\frac{1}{4}$ E., and rounded it—

	h.	m.	c.		h.	m.	s.
Amberwitch	1	52	40	Vampire	1	55	30
Kilmeny	1	53	10	Xema	1	57	10
Wavecrest not timed.							

It was a run and reach for the harbour, and all set balloon foresails, but Vampire kept her jib-headed gaff-topsail aloft, and fell in the run in; Amberwitch making great tracks off the wind, was first to round the buoy in the centre of the harbour—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Amberwitch ...	2	52	0	Vampire.....	3	3	0	Wavecrest...	3	18	0
Kilmeny	3	0	0	Xema	3	7	0				

Kilmeny took a fine round turn, and shot well up to windward towards the western pier, but, to her intense mortification, the wind just then shifted, and Vampire, perceiving it and hauling close round, got some 100 yards to windward, and shot out of the harbour before her, both running close up to Amberwitch, who also had been becalmed by the shift. A heavy shower now fell, and much damaged the Xema's chance, as her new mainsail curled up in every direction, and, being lashed to the boom-end in consequence of the disaster of the previous day, could not be eased in, and the boom going up much spoiled the sit. The wary helmsman of Vampire was not thus caught, as immediate slacking of boom outhaul, main tack, and peak purchase enabled her beautiful mainsail, of which Mr. H. Truckle, her skipper, is as careful as a lady of her best new bonnet, to ease into its place and keep its form, and she ate up to the wind as usual. The Bar Buoy was rounded second time at :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Amberwitch	3 29 55	Kilmeny	3 31 55
Vampire	3 30 50	Xema	3 33 45

It was now a beat to the North Burford Buoy, round which, instead of the Kish, the course lay ; and the flood tide having made, and the breeze being very light, it was clear that to get round it and the south $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles dead in the very eye of the wind, and against the whole northerly stream of the young flood, would be a long process. Amberwitch stood on her reach towards Howth, to cheat the flood and get the last drain of the ebb, and was followed by the Vampire ; but the Kilmeny, for some reason best known to herself, tacked short round the mark and out into the bay on port tack, which the Vampire perceiving, and duly considering that the pride of Scotland was her real opponent, she came about, and set about the amusing task of blanketting her rival—Mr. French most judiciously timing every tack so as just to catch the Kilmeny's wind in the nicest way, and held her as a cat does a mouse ; Xema, meantime, most wisely following the yawl in her journey north. The wind fell lighter and lighter, and Kilmeny, having a big topsail aloft, while Vampire still held on her jib-head, she stole away through her lee ; so up went a hand, and, sending over tack and sheet, topsail came down and up went a big one, ready for any wind which might come. They were long about it, however, and meantime Amberwitch and Xema got so far away that the game seemed "Up" with both the little ones, and it was amazing how cross, discontented, and lazy their crews got, and how very injudicious their tack appeared—a feeling which we hear was shared in fully by the skippers on shore, and a ready proof of what all such comments are really worth. At last all got round the chequered buoy, and turned their heads south ; but to get to the next was the rub. Bright windgalls appeared all round ; the sky was full of patches of black cloud, and a gathering up to N.W. portended a storm of wind and rain somewhere. Amberwitch and Xema outside now began to come fast back to their old friends, which Vampire and Kilmeny perceiving, they got out their kedges, and by the aid of balloon jib-sheets and other make shifts got hold of the ground in ten fathoms, which at least prevented their going backwards.

Matters remained in this way until past seven o'clock, and the time closing, nine, appeared ominously near, when a black line on the surface of the water appeared in the N.W., and presently the Wavecrest, whose existence had been forgotten, appeared racing along under balloon foresail and topsail, like another "Flying Dutchman," and going right off for the buoy. All was now bustle and activity : anchor was in like a

shot, boom off, big foresail up, and the only question was who would get first. As luck would have it, down it came in the centre of the lot, and laid hold of the little Vampire, and away she went right before it; while Kilmeny on her starboard bow, and Amberwitch and Xema on on her lee quarter, were still in the doldrums. All got it soon after, however, and, it being dead aft, ran with their booms on different hands, gybing and re-gybing several times as they neared the buoy, the crews being all now wide awake and exchanging pleasantries as they ranged alongside each other. Buoy was rounded: Wavecrest, 7h.15m.; Vampire, 7h.15m.40s.; Kilmeny, Xema, and Amberwitch, all together, at 7h.16m.30s. It was now all right—a strong flood tide going up, and a nice light breeze—so every one got out the extra muslin. But the little Vampire had another surprise in store for her Irish and Scotch friends, for her skipper produced from a bag a most enormous mass of long cloth, which he proceeded to bind to a yard of 6ft., and it was soon flying to the masthead, and a huge spinnaker, with a yard of 25ft. from her shroud, revealed itself, under which she began to travel away from the rest as if she was hauled by a line. The rest set balloon foresails and jibs boomed out, but it was no use, as, even without her large time allowance, she walked away, and, though hampered by a tug with a large American ship in tow—which obliged her to haul her wind, go round her stern, gybe, and set her spinnaker on the other side—reached harbour by 7h. 45m. It was, however, now nearly dead calm within it, and the beat across extremely tedious, though enlivened by the conversation from a number of boats which rowed round and round the little vessel; but at 7h. 56m. 12s. a gun from the Raven flag-ship proclaimed her triumph. The wind was now so light the others could hardly get in, but Kilmeny, having in her eye the second locket for the helmsman, persevered, and rounded at 8h. 22m. 29s., the rest all going to their moorings. Thus ended the Corinthian match of 1868, all the vessels and men coming back safe and sound, in spite of the many prophecies of ills of all kinds; and we trust the club will repeat the experiment next year.

On Saturday, June 13th.—The third match for this season of this club was sailed, having been put forward from the 20th of May, the day originally fixed, in consequence of the latter day being holiday in the courts both of law and equity, in honour of the accession of Her Majesty, and, therefore, enabling a greater number of the members to participate in the intended cruise to Wicklow. The race was confined to the smallest class of yachts, viz., not exceeding seven tons, schooners being

allowed as usual to enter at five-eighths and yawls at three-fourths of their actual tonnage—an arrangement which it has been found by the five years' actual experience of the club in match sailing is about the proportion to give these rigs a fair chance with the cutters, and which, under a different form—viz., that of increasing the size of the cutters and yawls proportionately—has been lately adopted by the R. Y. S., and will probably find favour with other yacht clubs when their committees have got over the affront of being led and taught by their smaller brethren.

The entry was not as good or large as was anticipated, owing to the *Peri*, a new cutter, not being ready in time—a great disappointment, and the sails of the *Cleomene* being still in Mr. Laphorn's hands, while the *Nichomaki*, which made so good a race with the *Myrrha* in 1866, and was looked to by many as the winner, has lately changed hands and been sold out of the club. Of the four vessels engaged, however, the *Flirt* cutter is well known as a racer, having been built by Harvey and Sons, of Ipswich, in 1856, for the late Mr. Alfred Young, owner of the *Mosquito*, expressly to win the Challenge Cup of the Prince of Wales' Yacht Club, which she succeeded in doing, and has since won many prizes. She was brought to these waters by the late Rochfort Battley, Esq., and has passed through several hands, being generally victorious when sailing in her own class, and, having now passed into good hands, and had a full refit, both of sails and gear, is likely to appear in the list of prize winners for some time to come. The *Myrrha* is a fine, fast, powerful little schooner, and the winner of this prize for the last two years, besides many others at Bray, Malahide, &c.; while the *Torment*, the work of an amateur builder and designer, is so well known about the port of Dublin, and has carried the Union Jack so often to the fore, that it is unnecessary to describe her.

The morning was beautifully fine, with a nice light breeze from the westward, which, however, shifted about 10 a.m., to the S.E., and continued so most of the day, but at 4 p.m. flew back to the old point.

In the unavoidable absence of the flag-officers, W. J. Corrigan, Esq., acted as officer of the day, and hoisted his burgee in the *Corsair*, a pretty little sloop, belonging to Mr. Trocke, and at 12h 30m. the following went to their stations in order from westward—the prize being a very handsome ornament for the table, value £7, with £2 for the second boat, and the usual locket for the helmsman of the winner.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1036	Myrrha	schooner	5	A. Falkner, Esq.	Williams Harvey Power
1723	Torment	cutter	5	J. Todhunter, Esq.	
527	Flirt	cutter	7	J. F. Meldon, Esq.	
443	Fairy	cutter	7	Capt. Nutt.	

The former owner of the Flirt, Mr. W. Boyd, was at her tiller, Mr. Pim steered Torment, and the other two were steered by their owners. The first gun was fired at 12h. 48m. the second at 12h. 53m., when up went head sails, ballooners, for an easy reach over the young flood to the North Bar buoy, two and a-half miles. Flirt had a most beautiful new topsail from Laphorn's, with a long Jenny yard on her gaff, and a huge balloon jib, under which she walked out first to the open water, closely followed by the schooner, with the Torment hanging on her lee quarter, while Fairy, who seemed bothered with her topsail, which she could not get set, was last. After rounding it was in balloon jibs, and a dead beat to the South Burford (four miles and a half), in which the Myrrha greatly distinguished herself, going out like smoke on the weather of Flirt, and at the same time outreaching her through the water.

This greatly aroused the ire and astonishment of the latter's crew, who had expected, if she held the long one in the reach, she would walk off from her easily in the close trial trip. The fact was evidently so, however, and every minute she went to the bad, so at last tacked to the southward in despair, crossing the Torment's bows some 50 yards, but finding Myrrha double the distance ahead of her.

A change of tactics was plainly necessary, and, fortunately, lunch solved the problem, for, on the rather too large crew descending from her deck to her cabin, a change was found, and the little lady relieved from top hamper, began to step out, and, catching Myrrha on next tack, fairly eat out to windward from under her lee and across her bow, taking the lead from, and declaring unmistakably that she meant to have the prize at any rate. Myrrha now quite overreached herself, and stood to the southward long after the Flirt had gone about and fetched the buoy with ease, while the Torment, coming from the North, also cut her out and took the buoy from her. In with No. 1 jibs, and out with ballooners for an easy reach of $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles with both the leaders, but just then the wind began to haul to the south-west, and it became a very bare stretch, so Torment again shifted her jib, Flirt holding on with balloon, and the water being smooth and wind light, she also kept her balloon topsail aloft all day, and it stood with the mainsail. Wind

kept flying about, and at times it was almost calm ; however, the tide ran up strongly, and Flirt got to the harbour's mouth by four o'clock, but the wind was now dead out of it, and very light, so she took some time to work across it, but at last, at 4h. 15m. 20s., the gun told of her success, which was heartily cheered. Torment was next, at 4h. 30m. 39s., and got second prize from Myrrha, 4h. 31m. 40., by 1m. 1s., besides her allowance of 1m. 55s.; while Fairy came in 4h. 44m. 18s. The wind now freshened into a nice topsail breeze from the south-west, and nearly every yacht in the harbour went out for a cruise and to try their speed, and amongst them we saw the Hadassah, schooner, 75 tons; Mirella, schooner, 60 tons; Echo, yawl, 38 tons; Amberwitch, yawl, 51 tons; Aquiline, schooner, 58 tons; Secret, cutter, 33 tons; Wave-crest, cutter, 25 tons; Surprise cutter, 20 tons; Minna, yawl, 33 tons; Bianca, schooner, 12 tons; Syren, cutter, 20 tons; Nukteris, schooner, 130 tons, all sporting the colours of the club, while the Isidora, Charm, Leah and Meta were also under weigh.

The next match of the club will be sailed at Bangor, Belfast Lough, on the 4th July, (confined to schooners and yawls) for which Persis, Hadassah, Echo, Amberwitch, and Aquiline, with some others are expected to go. Prize, a magnificent tankard, value £45; and the last two matches will be on the 18th July next, previous to the regatta of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THE first-class cutter match of this club was, we cannot say sailed, but attempted to be sailed, on Saturday, May 30th, from Erith to the Nore and back (if there was wind enough). The contending vessels were the Fiona, Phryne, Niobe, and Sphinx, the time allowance 30s. up to 50 tons, and 20s. beyond that tonnage. A swelting sun devoured the wind fitfully; whatever little puffs of N.W. motive power that did escape Sol's ravenous appetite throughout the day merely tantalizing the yachtsmen engaged without giving a chance of displaying the powers of their vessels; so far, however, as there was any pretence to a race, viz., up to Southend, where the club steamer anchored, the Fiona had the best of it, displaying the wonderful phenomenon of a craft going through the water without any apparent wind at all sometimes. When she had rounded the steamer, a manœuvre was performed by the latter, which, during a quarter of a century's experience of yacht sailing, we never before wit-

nessed ; however, it fully endorsed the truth of the adage, "Never too old to learn." After the Fiona had got round, the steamer's anchor was weighed, and she was allowed to drift with the tide up the river to where the Phryne, Niobe, and Sphinx, were jammed by the flood, with scarcely an air of wind to enable them to stem it ; but what the object was of allowing them to round, as if, under such circumstances, it could be a race, rather puzzled many more than we were, unless it was a pleasant joke to try the extent of yachtsmen's credulity. We see no particular object, therefore, in recording the further incidents of the whilom race, beyond that the worthy commodore redeemed his character for experience by ordering the match to be resailed on the same day as that of the New Thames Yacht Club, in consequence of the "brilliant" little episode in steam navigation at Southend.

June 16th.—The second gathering of this club was held—the vessels engaged were schooners and yawls—course from Gravesend round the Mouse was intended, but it will be seen that they fell short of that place. The prize was a cup of the value of 100 guineas. The following competed :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
758	Julia	yawl	109	G. F. Moss, Esq.	Ratsey
75	Astarte	yawl	75	W. Battersby, Esq.	Day & Co.
381	Egeria	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
180	Cambria	schooner	186	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
629	Gloriana	schooner	129	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey

Time allowance—quarter of a-minute per ton for difference of tonnage : yawls having a quarter of their tonnage added.

The time of starting was 11h. 32m. 30s., wind about S.E. moderate. Egeria was very smart in getting away and first set topsail closely pressed by Astarte, whilst Gloriana hugged the latter, which getting clear stood over for the Kentish shore. The Julia was very reluctant to slip her moorings, consequently the Cambria was delayed, not being able to cant until the former swung clear. The Cambria hoisted a protest off East Tilbury which all supposed was owing to the Julia. We did not hear anything about it. Astarte took the lead through Gravesend Reach into the Hope, when the breeze became stronger and all worked the Kentish shore. Egeria just before entering Sea Reach, made a long board to the starboard, and forereached on Astarte, who appeared as if she was landlocked. These vessels were antagonistic to each other, and every time they made a board the Egeria managed to

have the *Astarte* on the weather until nearing Holy Haven, when the former gave the go-by to the latter. The other vessels were working more quietly, and the *Gloriana* got fore-topsail down and shortly after struck topmast. This was a means of assisting her in tacking and lessening the weight to be driven through the water. *Cambria* and *Julia* were contending together, when off Thames Haven the former weathered the latter, and bade her adieu.

The *Cambria* now turned her attention to the *Gloriana*, and having got to windward of her just about the Leigh Middle; pleased with this performance she made rapid tracks after *Astarte*, but did not succeed in passing. During this time *Egeria* was quietly slipping through the water, and off Southend was several minutes ahead. The sun having greatly lessened the little wind which had so favored them, the Commodore (A. Arcedeckne, Esq.) ordered a gun to be fired, and the steamer to anchor about a mile to the eastward of the Nore Light. The rounding was as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Egeria	3	2	30	Cambria	3	19	45	Julia	3	35	15
Astarte	3	18	15	Gloriana	3	22	0				

The *Egeria* having so great a lead, lost no time in setting all sails that would draw, and was nearly off Southend when *Astarte* rounded. When they got fairly on the return track *Gloriana* settled down to her work, and a sharp contest ensued between her, *Astarte* and *Cambria*, and it was a glorious sight to behold the three bowling along up Gravesend Reach. The flag buoy was finally passed thus : —

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Egeria	5	38	0	Cambria	5	57	25	Julia	6	6	0
Gloriana	5	57	0	Astarte	5	58	30				

The prize, a beautiful work of art, was presented by the worthy Commodore to Mr. Mulholland, who expressed himself highly gratified in winning in an English built yacht with an Irish crew such a splendid trophy.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

ALTHOUGH not a few of our nautical Solomons are prone to prophecy, and to air their notions with fitful and wisdom hinting motions of the head, we are inclined to think that in this matter-of-fact stage of the nineteenth century, oral or physical prophecy much resembles the shares of joint-stock companies y'cleped "limited"; inasmuch as their exact value is so critically apportioned by the reasoning faculty so diffuse in

this go-ahead age, to say nothing of a jocular acuteness which resembles that acquired by the fox after the loss of his caudal appendage, we prudently admire the novelty of the article which is only equalled by its obsolete uselessness. The brave old club which has for so many years ruled the Metropolitan yachting station, and whose wholesome rules and spirited example has found not a few distinguished disciples elsewhere, is a notable example of the nineteenth century prophecy ; but the other day we were surrounded by misty rumours about “setting suns”, and nod’s towards the sky which led us to imagine the moon was about to slip her moorings; but bless the dear “Angurs,” our Whetstones now-a-days, are so uncommonly tough in material, particularly the genuine article, that it requires a razor to be double cast, treble hammered, tempered with diamond dust, and set upon a philosopher’s stone, before any greater effect than a harmless scratch is produced—even upon Washeta flag. And so here we had the azure banner with the crimson crown on the silver cross, just as fresh and as jolly as ever, wishing every manner of success to the promising child which has sprung from beneath its waving folds, and betrays such a remarkable family likeness that a doubt of parentage dissolves before maturity; moreover the excellent parent is progressing as well, as the doctors say “can be expected under the circumstances!” experiencing an easy time of it after all. Having so safely got over the first event we have little doubt the nursery in Albemarle Street is quite equal to future temporary illnesses—so interesting of this kind when supported with fortitude and a sound constitution.

The schooner match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club was held on Tuesday, June 2nd, and produced a very fair entry of “two-stickers,” the following flying their fighting flags at the starting buoys, for first and second prizes of £100 and £50. Time allowance, quarter-of-a-minute. Course—Gravesend to Mouse Light and back.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rtg.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
			C. M.		
180	Cambria	schooner	188	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
381	Egeria.....	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
629	Gloriana	schooner	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey
521	Fleur de Lys	schooner	100	H. W. Birch, Esq.	Aldous

. At 11h. 56m. 0a. the anxiously watched for signal sent the hardy crews flying to their work, and canvas clad the tapering spars with a quickness that almost rivalled thought ; the Gloriana was off with the

lead under her mainsail and balloon jib ; the Cambria's crew determined to win the new ship a smart reputation on her *debut*, swarmed up the shrouds, and with the gun-flash ran up her main and fore-sails in ship-shape and Bristol fashion ; with a nice W.N.W. breeze, and just a sprinkle of rain to wet the canvas, away they went down wind, sail after sail quickening life in them, as they rose pile over pile to the sinewy arms that plied halliards and tye-falls. The Fleur-de Lys was the first with her balloon main-topsail, quickly emulated by Egeria, whilst Gloriana and Cambria set their squaresails. Off Coal House Point the wind freshened with more rain, and the Gloriana took a decided lead into the Hope, with Egeria second, and Cambria and Fleur de Lys in the order of their names ; the Gloriana and Cambria now set their square topsails, and the Egeria her spinnaker : the Cambria at once challenged the Egeria, and, launching out on famous clipper's weather, gave her a significant hint by going in second place. But this was not all, for the little Fleur de Lys saucily repeated the tactic, and the Egeria's tremendous spinnaker so far did not aid her to the fore : another rally of wind and rain sent them flying down to the Chapman, which Gloriana passed with a fine lead, Cambria about ten lengths astern of her, Fleur de Lys close up, and Egeria on the latter's quarter ; the wind still kept increasing, with more rain, and they rattled away for Southend at a rare pace, every inch of canvas alow and aloft doing its duty with a 10-knot power : nearing Southend, Cambria seemed to take a notion the Gloriana was to be tackled, and accordingly at her she went with a will, and was just as pluckily met by the veteran, who gave a hint to her younger sister that age was honourable, though youth might be valuable : a splendid race ensued, the Cambria trying to force a passage through Gloriana's lee, whilst Egeria's helmsman, giving her a wipe away to leeward of all, endeavoured to make a fair wind of her own, with such success, too, that she raced up to her leader's quarter, and the three left Fleur de Lys hand over hand, making good the past experience that power must be served when it comes to the strong play of the elements. Off Shoeburyness, the Egeria handed her spinnaker, and half-way between Nore and Mouse all hands turned to shift the running for working canvas : the Fleur de Lys was at this period in difficulties astern, having carried away her jib-boom : as they closed up with the Mouse, considerable excitement was aroused by the Cambria again challenging the Gloriana, and the Egeria threatening both, but keeping a clear berth, evidently anticipating, with the wariness taught by experience, what followed : the Gloriana luffed when near the Mouse, to stop the Cambria's rush on her weather quarter,

but the latter persevered, and established herself there ; and so intent were her crew upon this little manœuvre, that they seemed determined to ignore the necessity of rounding the Mouse, and ran Gloriana out to sea. Meanwhile Egeria, the moment she was clear of the light, tacked short about, her crew no doubt enjoying a hearty laugh, and laid her course homewards at 2h. 22m. 5s. : the Cambria, instead of tacking, stood on upon the Gloriana's weather as they both luffed to the wind, apparently for no other purpose than to give the latter a thorough dose of that pleasant operation called "blanketting," and which little piece of futile rivalry generally results in playing into the hands of a dangerous antagonist, as the Cambria found, ultimately, when she put her helm down, and discovered the Egeria leaving a white streak as her warning, that a trifling error of judgment had done her good service, which she meant to improve. The Gloriana, exhibiting a protest signal, made play for her revenge upon Cambria, but the latter walked out saucily from under her lee, and laid up well to windward of and fast overhauling Egeria, closely hunted by Gloriana. Near to the Nore, Cambria had a slashing breeze, and collared Egeria well to windward; but as they got into Sea Reach the wind gave symptoms of becoming lighter. Near Southend, the Gloriana passed Egeria to windward, and threatened Cambria with another struggle for the weather-gage and the place of honour; but Cambria would not have it under any pretence, and again began to draw away. At the Chapman it was all on the cards that a flat calm was at hand, and up went the balloon sails with lightning quickness. Scarcely had these "persuaders" been sheeted home than a wicked rally of a squall, with a heavy dash of rain, made everything and everybody grin again; but everything held, and everybody looked jolly as they reached up through the Hope at racing speed, Gloriana and Egeria much too close to Cambria for her crew to feel at all comfortable; the wind blowing home and steady served the sternmost vessels well, the Cambria making a bold and gallant effort at the last; but old Chronos was down upon her with his terrible hour-glass, notwithstanding that she increased her lead at the finish, which took place at Gravesend in the following order and times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Cambria.....	7 20 15	Gloriana.....	7 23 16	Egeria.....	7 24 5
Fleur de Lys disabled.					

This latter vessel, be it remembered, is only 82 tons, but was pluckily entered as 100 tons, to enable her to take part in the first-class race.

On the allowance of $\frac{1}{4}$ -minute time for difference of tonnage being referred to, the Gloriana was declared the winner of the 100 sovereigns,

and the Egeria of the 50 sovereigns. The Cambria is undoubtedly a fast vessel, after her performance in this match with such vessels as Gloriana and Egeria, and we have little doubt that but for her unfortunately chosen display of "navigation" at the Mouse, she might have distinguished her advent upon the Thames in a much more satisfactory way. The Egeria struck us as not sailing by any means in the same form she has done upon other occasions, and did not seem to have the usual life in her.

Third Match.—The 17th of June was one of the most remarkable days in the annals of the Royal Thames—as on that the first Cup presented to the club by Her Most Gracious Majesty was sailed for. We have on several occasions complained of the strictness with which these cups were kept for competition amongst the yachts of such favored clubs; but on the present occasion it would be illiberal on our part, were a dissenting word expressed. It was their first royal gift, and it was liberally backed by the club with another of half its value for second prize.

A noble fleet hoisted the fighting flags, and on the arrival of the Commodore (Lord Alfred Paget) on board the club steamer—the Eagle, the following were found placed in two excellent lines off Rosher-ville by the Vice Commodore (Lord de Ros,) assisted by the Secretary (Capt. Grant) :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
			C. M		
629	Gloriana.....	schooner	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey
976	Mirage.....	schooner	144	Capt. P. C. Lovatt.	Bermuda
180	Cambria	schooner	188	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
381	Egeria.....	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
512	Fiona	cutter	77	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
943	Menai	yawl	76	W. F. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey
75	Astarte	yawl	72	W. Battersby, Esq.	Day & Co.
1580	Sphinx.....	cutter	47	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudslay
1485	Rosebud	cutter	51	Sir Bruce Chichester	Canada Wk
1793	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. L Co.

Course, from Gravesend to the Mouse Light and return to Gravesend. Time-allowance for difference of tonnage;—schooners to allow a quarter-of-a-minute per ton in their class—cutters half-a-minute. Yawls to sail as cutters—with a fourth of their tonnage allowed them.

No unnecessary time was lost in getting them away, and at 12h. 4m. the anxious crews (who in some yachts were clinging to the hoists aloft) were gladdened by the starting gun. Hurrah! up goes the muslin,

and all was bustle and animation on board each craft. Fiona, which rode uneasily at her moorings, was first off, with head sails up, she was quickly on her way—wind about W.b.S., the ebb tide nearly done. In the schooner class Gloriana showed most alacrity, Fiona ran up when on the weather quarter, but Gloriana declined her polite attention, and just luffed to prevent her passing. Astarte was the first to set a spinnaker, which was soon imitated by the others of her class—except Menai which set a squaresail and an immense topsail.

It was a glorious sight—ten large vessels under way, well covered with snowy canvas; it was a scene well worthy the pencil of the artist. There was only one thing wanted to add to the yachtsman's pleasure (of which the Thames has been this season sadly deprived), the aid of Æolus.

The Gloriana led through Gravesend Reach by a third of a mile, having caught a favourite puff, but it thus early became tedious to the crews. She was followed by Cambria and Egeria nearly beam and beam; then the cutters, with Mirage, drew on them, but not sufficiently so to give any uneasiness to the trio. In going through the Hope they hauled down spinnakers and squaresails (excepting Cambria and Egeria), but in Sea Reach the former order of canvas was renewed. Nearing Holy Haven the Egeria, which had crawled away from her big opponent, drew on Gloriana, yet without reaching her, for the breeze was very paltry. A slight rippling on the water, however, when the Chapman was reached, gave fresh hopes, and Gloriana prepared to embrace this slice of luck. The Rosebud, which had managed to head the ruck, also felt the change. She challenged the Egeria, and, having weathered her, passed close under the stern of Gloriana, whose position as leader was now in jeopardy, for in the next board the Rosebud became premier, having weathered the Gloriana. The cutter's position was now the envy of her compeers, and the Fiona undertook the difficult task of wresting her laurels from her. But this was not so soon accomplished, and the Nore Light was reached before the Fiona succeeded. The Commodore very properly considering the flatness of the wind, and the chances of its continuance, ordered a gun to be fired to notify that the steamer's mud-hook would be lowered, which was accordingly done about two miles below the Nore Light. Some little play occurred between the two first vessels, and as will be seen rounded nearly together :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fiona.....	3 50 0	Vindex	3 57 0	Egeria	4 5 20
Rosebud	3 50 20	Gloriana	4 0 0	Cambria	4 15 15
Sphinx.....	3 56 0	Menai	4 0 15	Astarte.....	4 20 30

Mirage did not round.

The wind was very light, and the vessels sped but slowly, although smothered in canvas, and there was every indication of a long and tedious return, trusting, apparently, only to the tide. The Fiona, after passing the Nore, shook off Rosebud, and having fell in with a trifling slant, slipped away, and was about two miles a-head when off Southend. On this occasion the Egeria sported a rather unusual bit of muslin in the Thames, viz., a water-sail, which materially assisted her. When between the Chapman and Thames Haven, a breeze came "o'er the scene," which Fiona took advantage of. She shook her feathers, and bade farewell to the fleet, not one of which were so fortunate ; however, the times of rounding at Gravesend will give our readers some idea of the slow progress made by one of the most brilliant fleets ever seen in one match on the Thames :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fiona	7 12 15	Vindex	7 41 0	Sphinx	7 50 0
Menai	7 38 0	Gloriana	7 43 20	Others not timed.	
Egeria	7 39 0	Rosebud	7 45 0		

The commodore lost no time in presenting the prizes—the Fiona receiving her Majesty's cup, value 100 guineas, and the Egeria the Club cup value 50 guineas.

NEW THAMES YACHT CLUB.

THE first match of this, the youngest of the clubs, shews that it is a healthy bantling, and bids fair to walk lustily much before the period "popular opinion" assigns to club infancy. Its officers and members were extremely fortunate in the weather and their entries, and, barring a few minor *contre-temps*, their baptismal match was a success.

The course was from Erith to the Nore and back ; time allowance, 30s. up to 50 tons, and 20s. above that tonnage. Prizes—100 sovs. first vessel; 50 sovs. second vessel, of first-class cutters; and 35 sovs. for second-class cutters. The following fleet came to the starting buoys :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Name of Yacht.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
ABOVE 30 TONS.					
1435	Rosebud	cutter	51	Sir Bruce Chichester	C'nada wks
352	Dione	cutter	44	Captain Anderson	Hatcher
1075	Niobe	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
1793	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill In. Co
1382	Sphinx	cutter	47	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudslay
1305	Phryne	cutter	55	T. Groves, Esq.	Hatcher
512	Fiona	cutter	79	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
UNDER 30 TONS.					
865	Luna	cutter	25	R. A. Daniell, Esq.	Fife
751	Eudora	cutter	23	T. E. Twycross, Esq.	Wanhill

A tidy S.E. wind prevailed as the anxious moment for gun-fire approached ; at 11h. 53m. suspense was put an end to, and the fleet of racers got under way in excellent style, all save the *Fiona* ; it is an unusual thing to see the Fairlie lassies' crew make a *mull* of it, although the land of her birth may be celebrated for such ; and when the famous flyer did get life into her, it was evident she was in for a day of difficulties, that it would take more than steady average sailing and seamanship to carry her through, for nearly the whole fleet had her jammed down dead to leeward, with the prospect of having to pick her through them on a Thames turn-to-wind, which may be appositely compared to a Dunganvan fisherman's quarter-deck gallop, "three steps and helm's a-lee !" As to convey any notion of which vessel took the lead in the turn down the narrow part of the river, what between the vessels at anchor, those on their respective voyages, out and homeward bound, and still yet those accompanying the match, it would take a much more accomplished mariner than we (wot was afloat that day), to clap his unerring binocular upon her, for it was hurry-scurry through a perfect *mélée* to get into anything like free water. The *Luna* was very nearly trying the strength of the *Sphinx's* bends in her hurry to get clear of the North Shore, which the latter seemed disposed to make her take compulsory soundings of—all standing ; and the fun grew more furious when, off Purfleet, the *Fiona's* gaff-topsail-yard doubled down from the tye, and tack fall, sheet, and halyard flew like greased lightning to make room for a handier and more suitable sail that she should have had set from the first. Approaching Greenhithe, there was no mistake that the brave old *Phryne* had challenged her fleet, and winded them all, to which the gallant *Vindex*—evidently in her element, if she had but a little more wind—at once responded ; and, launching out a-weather of *Niobe* and *Dione*, boldly tackled *Sphinx*, the only other opponent between her and her quarry. A pleasurable excitement flashed from the eyes of veteran yachtsmen as they narrowly watched the brave little ships dashing to close quarters with the *Phryne*, but, alas ! the old story about 'the cup, &c.," how often these confounded old stories receive confirmation—and awkwardly too.

Though the hardy iron clipper weathered the "composite mystery" on the starboard tack, she seemed on this occasion to have "two distinct sides," for on both going about for the fresh journey it was at once seen either that *Sphinx* was better on the starboard, or *Vindex* was weak on the port leg : be that as it may, however, it was "hard down" and "hard up" with both respectively when nearly mid-river, right-of-road at the helm of one, and pride-of-battle that of the other, and these

are too pretty obstinate timoneers, when they are made of that stern stuff that cups are won by. It was too late, however, to escape the consequences, and both suffered for a lack of a trifle of *suaviter in modo*; the Vindex "tasting timber" and losing her "augur" *paulo secus* bowsprit, and Sphinx departing on her way rejoicing, *not* at the loss of her tafferel, but at her lucky escape, whilst the Vindex, being on the port tack, was forced to bear up disabled, and by her self-imposed injury this period of the match was deprived of much interest. In the meantime the second-class cutters—Eudora and Luna—which were started some distance to windward of their more powerful sisters, had been overhauled, passed, and left to settle their "little difference" in a quiet and social way, the Luna having deprived Eudora of the place of honour. Opening the broader water below Gravesend the real business of the day commenced. Fiona suddenly launched out in her usual style and form, looking what she is, "a picture of a racing ship;" leaving the Rosebud in hot haste, she successively disposed of Niobe, Dione, and Sphinx, and wedged away up wind under the lee of the Phryne, launching out to windward of her into the Lower Hope, and once gaining the comparative room afforded by Sea Reach, she worked every inch of water to such advantage that all seemed over but a little mild shouting. In Sea Reach the racers were terribly hampered by a whole armada of merchantmen and steamers, the Fiona suffering by the lubberly conduct of a steam-boat skipper, one of those "elect" who imagine the world's highway is made solely for "grease pots," whilst, on the other hand, the courtesy of the old school of canvas mariners put the "soot grinder" to confusion, the skipper of a burly brig politely heaving all aback to give the Phryne sea-room. Bravo, bluff, honest "*oakum*" *versus* pitiful "*cotton waste*!" The young flood having at this time made, the Commodore, like Captain Cuttle, made note therefore; and whilst a splendid struggle was at its height between Fiona, Phryne, Niobe, and Sphinx, he dropped a flag-boat off Southend, which the Luna rounded at 3h. 42m. 38s., and Eudora at 3h. 43m. 18s.; and then, putting on a full head of steam, did a little bit of racing on club account to overhaul the "cracks." It was evident that their course would have to be curtailed likewise, as the flood was now strong enough to back the wind, and hang the fleetest cutter of them all; so a mile short of the Nore the "killock" took another plunge, and the vessels rounded the Prince of Wales in the following order and times.

Fiona, 4h. 5m. 58s.; Phryne, 4h. 10m. 58s.; Sphinx, 4h. 11m. 28s.; Niobe, 4h. 14m. 13s.; Dione, 4h. 15m. 57s.; Rosebud, 4h. 28m. 55s.

Immediately they were off, the wind canvas, vast and varied, as only

seen in perfection on old Father Thames, rose like magic on all sides ; save with Rosebud, which had sprung her mast-head cap, and was compelled to haul her gaff-topsail ; with a tide like the race in a mill-tail, away they went up river as if the gentlemen in the "sprat-weather" suit was kicking them end-ways, and all on the cards that Fiona would be raced for her life, or "who shall ;" the Phryne, Sphinx, and Niobe spooning along at a rare pace, whilst the poor Dione was placed *hors-de-combat* by carrying away her top-mast in gybing off Mucking ; the Fiona showed the sort of metal of which her crew are composed, by the smart way in which they handled that outlandish piece of canvas called a "spinnaker." When she gybed at the entrance of the Lower Hope, endeavouring to carry it as an enormous balloon jib, but there are limits to endurance, even with a top-mast, and equal smartness was displayed in saving that, just then, all-important spar ; for Phryne, Sphinx, and Niobe had overhauled the big clipper so much as seriously to imperil her promised triumph ; Steadily and perseveringly were the vessels handled until they had securely meshed the Scottish maiden in the toils of time, until her "dot" of sand had completely run out. Alas, Fiona !—notwithstanding that splendid bit of windward work—the running was too much, added to the bad start. The battle now raged between Phryne and Sphinx, both of whom, in settling Fiona's account, had likewise disposed of Niobe, although the daughter of Tantalus fought wickedly to the bitter end. The little ones had in the meantime reached the flag-buoy, the Luna at 6h. 33m. 38s. and the Eudora at 6h. 36m. 39s. ; but as the Eudora questions her measurement, we have not yet heard how the question has been decided.

On came the first-class vessels, every eye strained to scan their respective chances : Phryne was too close in the wake of Fiona to concede a point to fancy, and Sphinx too near the frail one of Athens to permit the notion of triumph ; but old Chronos quickly told the tale, and the official timing was as follows, at the same time disposing of the Royal London Yacht Club prizes for the undecided race of May the 30th :—

	h. m. s.			
Fiona.....	7	18	10	
Phryne ...	7	16	10	2nd Prize, £50, and 2nd Prize of London Club, £25
Sphinx ...	7	17	25	1st Prize, £100, and 1st Prize London Club, £75

And a very pleasant method for winners to receive prizes thus *en masse*.

June 15th.—This club sailed its first Schooner match, and the accompanying steamer "the Prince of Wales," had a goodly company on board, and we met many familiar faces of the old school of aquatics,

who, although members of the Young Thames, had not entirely deserted the Sire. Mr. J. D. Lee, as chief, was to the fore, assisted by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. R. S. Wilkinson, and a host of old friends. The prize was 100 guineas, with the privilege of the winner purchasing whatever suited his fancy at certain silversmiths. This brought the following to the starting point :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Name of Yacht.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.	Builders.
			G. M.		
180	Cambria	schooner	186	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
381	Egeria.....	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
629	Gloriana	schooner	136	A. C. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey

Time allowance was a quarter-of-a-minute per ton for difference of tonnage. Course, from Gravesend round Mouse Light and back, a distance of about 33 miles.

At 11h. 26m. the Gloriana, being the smartest handled, canted and went away, followed sharp by Egeria; the Cambria was last, yet it must not be inferred from this that the crew were idle, but it should be remembered that her canvas was much the heavier, the mainsail, in particular, locked enormous. The wind at starting was somewhat N.W., but light. The vessels in going down Gravesend Reach packed on balloon main-topsails, working fore-topsails, balloon jibs, square sails, and square topsail. Muslin enough, had there been wind, to drive them through the water at railroad speed. As they entered the Hope, smiling faces were seen on board each, for a *fresher* appeared, and the big one seized the opportunity and bowled past the Pool lassie. Where is Gloriana? Look towards Sea Reach, my Cambrians, there she goes as lively as a kitten! and you will have to play your cards well to beat her. Between the Ovens Buoy and Mucking, Egeria had the misfortune to carry away the lee (starboard) arm of her square sail yard; however, as the wind was dead aft, the sail still stood, and she ran as best she could.

During this time the little Glory was tantalizing her big sister, who carried on a stern chase with much determination, the "old salts" whistled, but it was no go. Æolus would not be lured by ancient custom. Gloriana still led off the Chapman by about a mile, and was steadily progressing. Nearing Leigh, the Egeria lowered foresail and set spinnaker instead, which helped her materially. The frequent lulls made it difficult what sail should really be carried. On passing the Nore they hauled to eastward, when Gloriana was about a mile a-head of

Cambria, and the Egeria nearly twice that length. In this order they rounded the Mouse, viz :—

	h.	m.	s.			h.	m.	s.			h.	m.	s.
Gloriana.....	2	23	45		Cambria	2	38	20		Egeria	2	43	30

In squaresails and balloon jibs, but balloon main topsails were kept standing ; they made for the Maplin Sands, and then went about for the Warp, making short boards, and giving the Nore a wide berth to leeward. Now came on again one of those bugbears to yachting—nearly a calm : this continued for some time, but when off Leigh Middle a trifling breeze aided them, more especially the Egeria. A change came “o’er the scene” with Gloriana, who from Southend was weathered by Cambria, and the Egeria got to windward of her. Here her “bolt was shot,” and she showed no more prominently in the race. Now it was “who shall” between Cambria and Egeria, which most perseveringly followed the “big’un,” and ultimately succeeded in taking the lead. Lower Hope Point was passed, and it became a drifting match, the wind dying away.

The steamer made speed for Rosherville, where she lay a considerable time, the company watching for near an hour the Egeria with sails useless, very gently moving, and the flood-tide being done, the river without a ripple, she was surrounded by boats of all sorts and sizes ; and perhaps we may be thankful to the rowers for disturbing occasionally this quietude that she even rounded the flag at all. We have logged her at 8h. 20m., the others nowhere ; therefore she receives the prize.

WEATHERING ON THE WARD ROOM, OR, BUSCUIT-NIBBLER'S LUCK.

LONG before D——, became the celebrated watering place and yachting station that it now is, when golden furze bloomed where noble terraces, palatial club-houses, and picturesque villas now rear their imposing fronts, and those romantic granite ravines were shared by nomadic goats and sighing swains, there dwelt a select coterie of yachting spirits in its vicinity, who flattered themselves they knew a thing or two about the right “merrie” pastimes of the deep.

Terrific were the matches sailed over the beautiful bay of E——, at least so they were considered in those days, and when an event of the kind occurred it created something like a sensation, for the whole countryside was peopled by a semi-maritime population. D——, presented the appearance of a rural fair upon such occasions, and I question much if

the aristocratic re-unions that now take place there with the regularity of the calendar, afford one-tenth the hearty amusement or arouse the same amount of genuine interest in the district, as the impromptu contests that were frequently got up when the claret and old port did duty on the polished St. Domingo for the vessels engaged, and a dish of strawberries and basket of grapes marked the rocks and the light-ship, round which the veteran blue jackets were wont to fight their battles when the ladies had withdrawn, and the fine frenzy for the "briny deep" was stimulated by the golden mixture—stiff and toothsome—that, Irish fashion, succeeded their exodus.

It may readily be supposed that the youthful scions of these maritime houses drank in the sporting proclivities of their sires, with quite as much avidity as ever they displayed at the maternal breast, and never were the hardy young mariners of Sag Harbour, or Martha's Vineyard, more resolutely ambitious of winning their spurs against mighty "Sperm," giant "Seal," or fierce "Ice Elephant," than were the rising generation of D—— yachtsmen of distinguishing themselves at the starting buoys and the flag-ship; and more daring perseverance could not be displayed by Quixotes of harpoon or lance, than we aspirants to the tiller evinced in seeking opportunity for active service; in fact we were like a swarm of vexatious Mosquitoes—let but a "sailing match" or a "challenge" be spoken of in jest, and we never ceased irritating the contracting parties until the jest became earnest.

D——, was generally favoured with the presence of a man-o'-war, either in the shape of a saucy frigate, or steam sloop, or something bearing the pennant, though with what military view, beyond a sanitary one, would puzzle the brain of the most astute strategist; for never a station more innocent of duty fell to the lot of dashing post captain, ambitious commander, smart first "luff" or mischief loving reefer. But for the congenial employment we provided for them, they must have grounded hard and fast upon their beef bones, and become helpless subjects under the scalpel of ruthless political economists; when however the Reverend Denis O'Grady's "Jolly Jack" sailed counsellor Mahon's "Black Bess" for a "rump and dozen," or when the Marquis of Donacarney, Giles O'Bryen, and *the* "captain" from Cork went in for a sweepstakes of a cool "century" a-piece, then the value of the local taxes was taken out in powder and shouting, to say nothing of manning yards and boat service when the inevitable water pic-nic ensued, and the ladies had to be satisfied of the efficiency of the British Navy; and I should like to know what carping hypocrite dare face the Lords, the Commons, the Church, and the Law, backed by a cabinet of angels. So what

between balls ashore and parties afloat many a gallant blue jacket found D——, such an agreeable abiding place, that no wonder they became restive in the harness of Mars, and struck their colours to the gentle influence of witching black eyes, until at length it became patent to the magnate who aired his dignity in that quaint old drawing room at Whitehall, that D——, was the most dangerous station on the chart to send a smart young officer to—whom it was desirable to retain in his service.

Perhaps it was owing to this impression, or it might be that the white bait at Greenwich had proved indifferently digestive, but the First Lord left our man-o'-war buoy vacant for an unconscionable period, until we began to forget which was a frigate—which a corvette; one glorious summer's morning however, he evidently had a spasm, for the fair daughters of D——, were thrown into a frenzy of millinery and music, and the hard sailing—wave loving yachtsmen into a *frénésie* of brazen buttons and brass bound caps, as the dashing Inconstant, at that time the crack frigate of the service, glided majestically into the harbour and let go her ponderous mud-hooks not a cable's length from the fashionable promenade. By the ladies it was wondered were they “nice fellows—did they dance?” The gentlemen's anxiety culminated in the enquiry “were they any use in a fore-and-after?” To do them justice “our new set” realized the feminine notion *a merveille*,—so *spirituel*—so *galant*! whilst like well bred gentlemen as they were, they adapted themselves to the sporting idiosyncracies of the sterner sex with an aptitude that went plum centre to the mark.—All—save one.

Major Blake was one of our “institutions” at D——; an excellent man and a brave soldier, he carried the memento of his gallant deeds in the Peninsula in the shape of a wooden leg, and filled with dignity a distinguished military position, the reward of his services. The Major devoted three stalwart sons to the necessities of his country, and the church, the navy, and the army never boasted of three more enthusiastic or worthy representatives than Mansfield, Herbert, and Valentine Blake.

It was with no little pleasure therefore we learned from the Rev. Mansfield Blake that his brother, our old schoolfellow and companion in many a briny adventure, was master's assistant on board the Inconstant: “Reefers' Bay” in consequence witnessed the concoction of many a device for getting up a hard day's sailing, and the “biscuit nibblers” confessed to many a lesson under canvas, other than those inculcated by “authority.”

I have said that the officers of the frigate entered *con amore* into
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our sports—all save one. Fairfax Phillimore, the “first luff,” was that exception. At first we could make nothing of him, and the reticence of his brethren in arms gave but slender clue; time revealed his *specialité*: reputed of ancient family, he commanded powerful interest, and possessed what was better still—an independent fortune; why he remained in the service cudgelled the brains of many. That stripling youth was the very incarnation of pompous pride and self sufficiency; everything he did or said, his dress, his manner was a study; and everything that enjoyed his proprietorship was perfection: but for the strict etiquette of the service he condescended to adorn, I do not believe he would veil his bonnet to royalty itself, much less his captain, *aut César aut nullus*, but at the same time be it said he understood his profession—well. Frank—good hearted Captain Harrington troubled himself very little about the eccentricities of his “luff” so long as the duties of the ship were carried on properly; as to his brother officers—whatever their inner sentiments might be, outwardly they manifested a very decent respect, but in “Reefers’ Bay” a positive awe reigned over all but Herbert Blake, whose irrepressible love of sly fun, and hatred of overweening arrogance, led him to seize every opportunity that presented itself beyond the line of duty, for placing the representative of the house of Phillimore in ridiculous positions, and the more the feature of the ludicrous prevailed, the greater pains he took to elaborate them.

Strange to say, whether his acuteness failed in detecting this disposition in his subaltern, or whether a sensitive dread influenced him to conciliate rather than wage open warfare, he accorded a lofty patronage to the master’s assistant, much to the astonishment of those who understood the motives of the latter.

Under the machinations of Herbert Blake—Lieutenant Phillimore conceived the notion of giving the worthy yachtsmen of D—— a lesson, for it had been artfully conveyed to him that they looked upon him as “pompous prig”: he resolved therefore to show them what yachting was, and how a yacht should be built and kept, and to this end the harbour of D—— was astonished by the apparition of one of the most wondrous little yachts that constructive skill, excited by the liberal application of golden ointment, could produce; she surely was a wee wonder—from the copper on her keel to the gilding on her truck she was a thing of beauty—a joy for ever: but there the astute Fairfax stayed his magic wand; whoever her builder was had read him to a letter: as he set himself up for a model in every other respect, so with his yacht; she was a thing to look—wonder at—and admire, but no more; not a loop hole had the haughty Phillimore left to induce rivalry;

our bluff blue jackets would as soon thought of matching one of their vessels with the tiny Sea Lily as of comparing Eclipse with a Shetland pony.

So there lay the sweet little Sea Lily astern of the Inconstant—beauty and the beast, save when the fastidious Fairfax permitted himself an airing in the bay; then he generally played the cavalier to Lady O'Donovan and her two uncertain aged daughters, the only society in D—— that the *sangre azul* of the last of the Phillimores permitted itself to treat with anything so vulgar as friendship.

Little did the first "luff" think that in the "Reefers' Bay" of his own ship, a daring conspiracy was hatching to bring him and the Sea Lily to book.

The Rev. Mansfield Blake was as devoted a blue jacket, and as fond of a bit of harmless fun, as the veriest youngster of us all; he had a boat too—he called her his yacht,—well of her more anon; but the Reefers, with Herbert pulling the wires, assured him she was a yacht of character; with such naval authority to back his own inclination he believed it.

The Rev. Mansfield was a special favourite of Lady O'Donovan, and with whom was he not that knew him? At a certain evening tea Lieutenant Phillimore was the languidly pleased listener to the fair Anastasia's laudation of the wonderful speed of the Sea Lily; out spake his Reverence—out spake he,—on Reefers' authority be it remembered, prompted by his wicked brother, and boldly took exception; the lady appealed to the "luff," when the latter ignored a rival; this was too much for the blood of the Blakes, and though I hesitate out of respect for the cloth—I am bound as a veracious chronicler to state, that before the church and the navy parted company that night, there was more of "nautical" than "niece" polemics discussed; the disputants—as usual on such occasions—finally disagreeing on all points, save the immediate necessity of proving their opinions by practical demonstration; so the Boanerges was matched against the Sea Lily, but whether for love or filthy lucre nothing certain transpired, beyond a hint that should the navy doctrines of speed prove erroneous, a charitable institution was to benefit by the fallacy. So little however did this desirable consummation appear likely, that dear Anastasias' proposition to work a silk flag wherewith to decorate the victor, was rapturously received by at least one of the parties interested, betraying somewhat of a fore-gone conclusion.

In a secluded creek of D—— harbour, Herbert Blake worked hard to render the Boanerges fit to do battle against the fairy-like and really swift little Sea Lily: the first "luff" had fixed upon the master's assistant

as one of his crew ; but the Rev. Mr. Blake argued so forcibly upon the sin of promoting brotherly disunion, that he was fain to yield that point at least. Now the parson happened to be as fond of sea-fishing as he was of sailing, so that in providing himself with a bark, he had kept his "weather eye" all a-lifting for the *utile dulci* : in an evil hour he had encountered one of those *quasi* amateur constructors who had a treasure—"just the thing"—that he would only part with to one who could appreciate her excellencies ; she was everything that salt water liked—and a great deal more : it was difficult to regulate her speed with an ordinary log-line, as she fired the gunwale by the rapidity with which she sent the line flying overboard : and as to ability—had not he—the constructor—offered to send her across Channel with the mails, when the "Dotterel"—or some other wretched steamer, did not adventure the perilous sea.

In the eyes of dispassionate observers, the Boanerges did not realise such roseate tints. She gave the impression that the scientific brain of her builder had run riot amidst the *embarrass d'esprit* that beset him. In outward appearance the configuration of a whale-boat had been attempted ; but so many *judicious* innovations on that celebrated model had been introduced, as to induce the belief that it was merely a disguise. She had two distinct sides—one particularly delicate, as though suffering from a pulmonary affection, whilst the other evinced a decidedly dropsical tendency ; the uneducated in mathematics called her "lob-sided"—a mistake, of course. She had the usual complement of bows, but when looked at end on, the similarity to a human face, one cheek of which was dangerously enlarged by tooth-ache, whilst the other was engaged in spasmodic conflict with a tough orange, was ludicrous in the extreme : that extremity which is properly known as the stern presented modified examples of the bows, but on reversed sides, and was so elevated as to give the helmsman an appearance of repudiating any connection with the establishment below. People on a footing of intimacy accused her of uncertain temperament, that when required to "stay" she was as certain to "wear," and *vice versa*, and often manifested a tendency to violence by taking obstinate "headers" into unoffending waves ; it was more than whispered that a chronic weakness of frame led her more frequently than was wholesome to resort to the stimulant of "big drinks," but when free from such paroxysms, she exhibited a touching sensitiveness by constantly "weeping." Her rig was as unique and composite as her hull, the most striking features being two lofty and tapering young fir-trees, that waved frantically at the slightest wriggle of a cloud, but which her constructor asserted were nicely proportioned to bring her to

her sailing bearings, and impart a delightful energy to her motions. The parson vainly hoped that the name he had chosen for her would carry conviction to the most sceptical of the invincible qualities she was supposed to possess ; but popular opinion was too realistic ; the existence it inferred may be supposed from its dubbing her the "Coroner's Inquest."

I received a hasty summons from Herbert Blake on the evening previous to the eventful day : the rumour was abroad that a great match was on the eve of being sailed between the Sea Lily and an unknown competitor, and all the "nauticals" were on the tip-toe of expectation.

Upon my arrival at the little creek, there stood the Rev. Mansfield Blake, with arms folded, lost in admiring contemplation : Herbert had, with the aid of two of the most inventive "salts," and the sail-maker of the Inconstant, converted the "nondescript" into an utterly "incomprehensible." Visions of slavers and flying proas, Baltimore clippers, and Chinese sampans, danced before me, for professional skill had completely cast into the shade the most extravagant idea that, even remotely, could have actuated her constructor. She had previously struggled under a visitation of calico, in the shape of sails, that her delicate constitution and failing strength barely survived, and which her attenuated spars and feeble rigging bore painful witness to; but now a terrible disease of flying-jibs, jib-topsails, topmast staysails, studding sails, square sails, sky-scrapers, moon-rakers, and many others that nautical milliners blush to name, had set in with uncommon virulence, whilst two huge blocks of metal sank her so low in the water as to lead to the momentary expectation of her giving up the ghost.

"Why, you don't mean to say —— ?"

"I do, though, and mean to win too—that's one fact, and you must sail her for me—and that's another !"

The evidence was painfully strong, the conviction flashed across my mind, that plaguy Herbert had impressed the too confiding Mansfield Blake with the belief that the "Coroner's Inquest" was just the craft with which to humble the pride of Fairfax Phillimore.

That night I dreamed a dream ; I was an admiral, a real live admiral—gold swabs—cocked hat—sword and all ; I was directing the movements of a fleet of huge pigs of ballast, but the darned things would keep running foul of my legs, until at length one bigger, if possible, than the others, gave me such a rap across the shins that I awoke, and found that my energy had found occupation in pulling down one of the bed curtains, the mahogany pole of which was indulging in a cruise about my unfortunate body. It was broad daylight, and the glinting rays of the

rising sun were sprinkling the few fleecy clouds with golden tints, so I was speedily on board the "Inquest." We got her off quietly and made fast to the swinging boom of the frigate long before too many curious eyes were about; exert myself however how I would, I could not shake off the impression about those huge nuggets of ballast and the fall of the curtain pole. I had some indefinite impression of a warning that was not to be despised.

At eleven o'clock the harbour was alive, everything that could float and bear a human cargo was in motion, for the "Reefers," rife with mischievous fun, had dropped mysterious hints along the shore that the first lieutenant was going to give his friends a great naval display; even the yachtsmen fell into the trap, and were working Tom Cox's traverses about the harbour to discover the unknown clipper that was daring enough to challenge such an undeniable beauty as the Sea Lily; few thought that the horrid looking scare-crow, which looked for all the world like a floating laundry yard, was the adventurer. We hung on to our boom to the last moment, dreading the burst of ridicule that we inwardly felt, no matter what we said, must be showered upon us; our crew consisted of my unworthy self as skipper in general and helmsman in particular, with Herbert Blake as chief officer, and an outrageous wag—poor *Paddy Sartoris*—as fearless a little reefer as ever knocked a weevil out of a biscuit—"all told," before the mast: as for the Sea Lilies, they were a chosen band, the care and attention bestowed in selecting which showed how momentous was the issue in Phillimore's mind, whilst at the helm, in all the refined elegance of severe nautical toilette, was the renowned William Ward, Esq., considered to be the most finished gentleman operator at the mystic "twiddling stick" of that period.

Away went the graceful Sea Lily flying about the harbour, a very picture of a little racer, the admired of all, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs to the dear first "luff," and not the least conspicuous was the fair Anastasia, whose azure silk banner, artistically emblazoned with a delicately pale lily, flew triumphantly from the slender signal pole of the fairy-like clipper; if anything irritated us to attempt the shadow of a struggle that day, it was the prospect of lowering that wee banner and claiming it for our own; for the taunt implied in the device, and the boldly carrying it before victory was declared, proved more than even a "coroner's" crew could bear.

The nervous moment was at hand; the wind was light from the north; we had three miles to sail to a channel buoy in the bay bearing on the same point of the compass, and the flood tide was racing up at

the rate of three knots an hour. Suddenly my dream again turned up.

"Jump aloft Herbert and tell us how the wind is in the river: take your glass, and have a squint at anything there under weigh—the flags of the vessels—the smoke!"

"Not an air under the heavens—everything the same shape—up and down like a yard of pump water!"

"Out with every ounce of ballast then—pigs of metal and all!"

"She'll capsize as sure as there's a bung to a water-cask the very first puff!"

(To be continued.)

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK YACHT CLUB.

THIS club inaugurated its season on June 8th, with a dinner at the Crown and Anchor Hotel, Great Yarmouth. Major Leathes, Commodore of the club presided; and the Vice-Chair was occupied by Capt. Bennett, Vice-Commodore. The Commodore in giving the toast of the evening, "Success to the Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club," stated that much as he valued the honour of being Commodore he had deemed it advisable, in the interest of the club to tender his resignation. The Commodoreship had been offered to Lord Orford, but had been declined by the noble lord on the ground that he could not attend the club regattas, and at a subsequent meeting at Norwich it was decided that he (Major Leathes) should again carry the flag until another Commodore was found. He considered that the Ocean Match of the club last year had been most successful, the performances of the Red Rover (Mr. Nightingale) in the race from Dungeness to Lowestoft being somewhat wonderful. He recommended that the club should have a regatta or two, in which the competing yachts should be sailed by amateurs, and that the larger yachts in the fleet should compete more than they did. "The Health of the Commodore," "The Vice-Commodore," "The Rear-Commodore" (Mr. Green), and various other toasts followed.

The opening cruise took place on Tuesday morning, when there was a fine breeze from the N. W. Among the yachts were Waveney Queen, 17 tons, Major Leathes; the screw steam yacht Christine, 25 tons, Vice-Commodore; Water Lily, 14 tons, Rear-Commodore; Red Rover, 16 tons, Mr. S. Nightingale; Ariel, schooner, 13 tons, Mr. T. Reed; Vampire, 10 tons, Mr. Everett; Wanderer, 14 tons, Mr. J. Colman; Myth, 9 tons, Mr. R. J. Harvey, M.P.; Vindex, 9 tons, Mr. J. Tomlinson; Glance, 11 tons, Mr. P. E. Hansell; Undine, 6 tons, Rev. T. H. Barling; Belvedere, 9 tons, Mr. Teasdale; Warrior, 9 tons, Mr. H. K. Thompson; Iris, 8 tons, Mr. Harrison; Osprey, latteen, 6 tons, Mr. Snowden; Halcyon, 8 tons, Mr. J.

Preston, jun; Scud, 10 tons, Messrs. J. and H. Morgan; Little Belvidere, &c. The start took place at half-past eleven a.m., and the yachts, after manœuvring for a short time on Breydon Water, started for the usual rendezvous at Cantley.

On Thursday the first regatta for the season was held by the Club at Cantley. The weather was fine, with a light breeze from the N.W., afterwards veering round more to the N. Two matches were sailed during the day, viz., one for the first class yachts, and the other for second class yachts of the club. The course extended from the lower part of Cantley Long Reach up stream, round a buoy opposite Langley Dyke, down to a buoy opposite Hardley Mill. This is about five miles, and it was traversed three times by the larger yachts, and twice by the second class. The prize in the first match was £15, but in consequence of there being only two entries the amount was reduced to £10. The two entries were Red Rover, 15 tons, Mr. S. Nightingale; and Water Lily, 14 tons, Mr. H. P. Green. The breeze was so light that the yachts crowded all sail, although they made rather better way in the second and third rounds. The start was effected at 12h. 7m. 0s., and the Water Lily took the lead, and maintained it for the first two rounds as under:—

	1ST. ROUND.	2ND. ROUND.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Water Lily.....	1 19 25	2 14 35
Red Rover	1 21 15	2 15 37

In the course of the third round Red Rover passed Water Lily, and she completed the match at 3h. 10m., Water Lily following at 3h. 11m. 35s. Before coming in, however, Water Lily protested, on the ground that Red Rover had not properly cleared the lower buoy at Hardley Dyke.

In the second class match the prize was £10, and there was a better competition, the six following yachts starting at one p.m.:—Lethe, 7 tons, Mr. G. Gandy; Warrior, 9 tons, Mr. H. K. Thompson; Spray, 7 tons, Mr. F. Foster; Fleur de Lys, 6 tons, Mr. J. Stanley; Halcyon, 8 tons, Mr. I. Preston, jun; and Vampire, 10 tons, Mr. W. S. Everett. There was no very noticeable incident in this match, which passed off without any dispute. Halcyon took the lead, which she maintained throughout, the two rounds sailed being completed as follows:—

	1ST. ROUND.	2ND. ROUND.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Halcyon	1 51 40	2 56 0
Fleur de Lys	1 59 40	3 1 30
Vampire	2 0 45	3 2 45
Lethe	1 58 50	3 3 3
Warrior	2 2 15	not timed
Spray	1 58 40	not timed

Halcyon, after allowing for difference of tonnage, thus won by 4½ minutes. The struggle for the second place will be seen to have been close. This brought the day's proceedings to a close at a comparatively early hour.

CLYDE YACHT CLUB.

OPENING CRUISE.—The yachts belonging to this club opened the yachting season on Friday, the 5th of June by their usual cruise. The rendezvous was Gourock, and the hour of meeting four o'clock p.m., by which time the Bay presented a goodly display of yachts with mainsails set, flying the burgee of the club, in which the "ruddy lion ramped in gold" with a sprinkling of the more aristocratic "crown and foul anchor" of the Northern who had responded to the invitation given to other clubs to join the cruise. In the absence of the two senior flag-officers, (Mr. Boyle being in London, and Mr. Powell having gone north on a cruise,)—the command devolved on the Rear-commodore Mr. J. M. Forrester, who hoisted his burgee on the Kilmeny, just returned from Dublin, and which was readily placed at his disposal by Mr. Finlay.

A moderate breeze of southerly wind promised a pleasant beat down to Rothesay, which had been fixed on as the anchorage for the night : and shortly after five o'clock, the Kilmeny led the way round Kempoch with the signal "Follow Commodore" displayed from the masthead. The following are the vessels which took part in the cruise :—*Cutters*—Kilmeny, 30 tons, D. W. Finlay ; Denburn, 31 tons, S. King ; Lesbia, 35 tons, D. J. Penney ; Coolon, 35 tons, W. Collins ; Eagre, 24 tons, J. McBride ; Harriet, 16 tons, M. B. Ogilvie ; Fairlie, 15 tons, R. Ferguson ; Satanella, 15 tons, C. C. Wylie ; Carina, 15 tons, R. G. Webster ; White Squall, 15 tons, G. McFarlane, jun. ; Ripple, 9 tons, J. M. Forrester ; Excelsior, 6 tons, D. Bryce, jun. ; Fern, 5 tons, D. Macmaster ; Lily, 5 tons J. Ure ; Pet, 6 tons, J. D. Bell, Gipsy King, 4 tons, T. Bain, jun.

Schooners.—Persis, 71 tons, J. Stevens ; Aurora, 53 tons, R. Thom ; Rover, 28 tons, R. McIntosh ; Ellen, 17 tons, W. Wylie ; Rona, 11 tons, R. Boyd ; Edith, 6 tons, A. H. McLellan ; Hawk, 6 tons, J. Paul.

Screw Steamers.—Black Eagle, 17 tons, A. Sim ; Deer, 8 tons, D. Crawford.

The squadron rounded the Point in single line behind the Commodore ; presenting a very pretty appearance from the shore. As soon as the Bay was cleared, the signal was changed for "Rothesay," and the whole fleet were soon close-hauled—hugging the Ashton shore as long as the wind allowed, and some taking a short tack in shore to keep the smooth water as long as possible. In the beat down the Kilmeny had no difficulty in carrying the swallow-tail to the front, although the Denburn kept at her work. The Satanella, which has lately arrived in northern waters amply sustained the reputation she has acquired in the south—tackling the Lesbia in a style that seemed rather to astonish that *quondam* clipper. The Harriet also sailed admirably, and we trust her owner may be induced to try his luck at some of our approaching regattas. Considerable interest was felt as to the performances of the Fairlie, which made her *debut* on this occasion ; but as her new sails were standing wretchedly, it was hardly possible to form any idea

of her sailing capabilities ; but we doubt much if she is likely to realise the expectations that have been formed of her. She managed however to weather the Carina.

The Commodore reached Rothesay Bay about seven o'clock, having lain-to for a short time off Toward ; the others who had carried on to the finish dropping in shortly after in the following order, viz.—Denburn, Persia, Satanella, Harriet, Fairlie, Carina, Eagle, Coolan, Excelsior, Ripple, White Squall, and Rona. The fleet anchored close together off the pier, and, with the addition of the Maria, Swallow, Cinderella, and Vidette which lay at moorings, a finer turn out of yachts has seldom been seldom seen in the Bay.

During the night the wind chopped round to the west, and in the morning it was blowing very hard with heavy squalls. The Kilmeny having to return to her moorings, started for home under her topsail; the Commodore transferring his flag to the Denburn, which was handsomely offered by Mr. King. A number of yachts which had intended to join the cruise at Rothesay were prevented by the boisterous morning, and several of those lying in the bay were not disposed to start; but about mid-day the Denburn got under way and her example was followed by the Persia, Coolan, Eagle, Satanella, Fairlie, Rona, Excelsior, Ripple, and Black Eagle. The larger craft had chocked down a couple of reefs and the smaller ones were close reefed—the Fairlie and Ripple under trysails—the former to avoid reefing her new mainsail. It was proposed sailing round Bute—down Channel to avoid a beat through the Kyles. The yachts had a pleasant reach in smooth water along the east side of the island to Kilchattan Bay, where the Commodore hove to for a short time to get the fleet together before going outside the Garrock Head, round which some rather heavy rollers began to show although the wind had fallen considerably. The signal having been given for “Kyles of Bute” the Heads were soon passed. The Rona got clear first, and made excellent work of it in the heavy sea. Indeed she had sailed admirably during the day carrying a single reef mainsail and foresail in the sharp squalls quite handy; and in the tack across towards Arran she held to the Denburn in the way that showed her forte to be in a sea way with a strong breeze. The Satanella kept the next place; but a considerable way up to windward. After an hour's hammering at it, the Commodore considering that it would be too late before the smaller craft could get round, put about and ran back to Rothesay Bay. The Rona stood on to Lamlash—the Eagle made for Brodick and the Satanella went round the Garroch Head. The others followed the Commodore back to Rothesay coming to anchor early in the afternoon.

MATCH BETWEEN TORCH AND SATANELLA.

THIS This match, which has excited considerable interest amongst yachting men, came off on Saturday, June 20th. A large number of yachts turned out

to watch the race, including the Persis, Madcap, Fiery Cross, Bedouin, Aurora, Celt, Denburn, Kilmeny, Lesbia, Coolan, Isabel, St. Kilda, Eagre, Fairlie, Rona, Falcon, Emily, Fairy Queen, Lily, Fern, &c. J. M. Forrester, Esq., Rear-Commodore of the Clyde Yacht Club, acted as umpire, and started the race from his yacht Ripple, which was moored off Ashton, gaily dressed with bunting for the occasion. A full sail breeze of easterly wind promised a fair trial of the merits of the two clippers, and about 12h. 30m. an excellent start was effected, the Torch getting away with a slight lead, which, however, she did not long maintain, for the Satanella at once set to work, eating up to windward of her opponent, and when both tacked on the Kilcreggan shore, Satanella was to windward. On the next tack, however, the Torch challenged the Satanella to weather her, and here a slight foul took place. The Satanella being on the port tack was bound either to give way or tack short. She chose the latter alternative, but not until she was so close that she was caught on the starboard quarter by the port whisker of the Torch, which pierced the bulwark, but no further damage resulted to either boat. Both signalled a protest ; but as the foul in no way affected the result of the race, and was not pressed by the losing vessel, we need not discuss the question of who was to blame. The Satanella was on the port tack just before the collision ; but we understood that it is maintained, on behalf of the Satanella, that she was fairly off on the other tack before she was struck, and that there would have been no collision had the Torch not bore away. Be this as it may, the Satanella got first round the Shoals Buoy, and held her lead on the run to Hunter's Quay, and in the reach to the Dunoon flag-boat, which she rounded about two minutes in advance of the Torch. On coming in the wind again for the beat back, the Torch in two short tacks weathered the Satanella, and the wind at this stage veering round to the south, further increased the advantage gained by the Torch, which was now more than a mile a-head—the Satanella looking almost out of the race. On approaching the Ashton shore, however, the Torch got becalmed, and the Satanella, bringing up the breeze, looked as if she would have run past her. As it was, the Torch got a start off the shore just in time, and the first round was completed as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Torch	3	18	30	Satanella.....	3	20	3

In going for the Shoals Buoy, the Torch got away from her rival, apparently working the flaws of wind and the ebb tide to greater advantage than the Satanella, which was nine minutes behind at the Shoals Buoy. It was evident that the race was now decided, although the Satanella managed to reduce time by a couple of minutes. The finish was as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Torch	5	29	30	Satanella	5	36	25

From the variation of the wind, the race can hardly be said to have decided the relative capabilities of the competitors. There will be ample opportunities, however, for settling the point at the forthcoming regattas.

PRINCE OF WALES' YACHT CLUB MATCH.

Wednesday, June 17.—From Erith to the Nore Light and back, for two prizes, the first, value £25, presented by Mr. R. Sadlier, the rear-commodore, the second £10. 10s., presented by Mr. H. Melton; time allowance one minute per ton for yachts not exceeding 20 tons. The entries were as follows :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Name of Yacht.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
14	Ærolite	cutter	8	Dowdall and Cooper	Aikenhead
1360	Queen	cutter	15	Captain Whitbread	Hatcher
865	Dudu	cutter	15	Captain Hammond	Hatcher

The Queen of the Thames accompanied with a large party, and Mr. C. Long, the Commodore, was the officer of the day. The Ærolite was absent from her mooring. The first gun to prepare was fired at 12h. 37m. 30s., and the second to start at 12h. 42m. 40s. They were in a line with Erith Church, Dudu on the North shore to windward; the breeze, what little there was of it, from W.N.W., favouring her; besides this she had the best of the tide, and setting her sails long before Queen, which swung first, she was away and soon half a mile a-head. The wind was very light and all round the compass, so that the stunsails, when called into requisition, had to be struck soon, and more time was wasted with them than they were worth. So they drifted into Long Reach, the wind being very hot, when a land breeze favouring Queen, she ran up to windward of her opponent, and the latter, becalmed, could not luff, and was content to let her run by to windward. In the lower part of St. Clement's she was half a mile a-head, and again boomed out the stunsail with the mainsheet over to port, and enormous balloon topsail. Dudu followed example, on same jibe, and they ran before a nice topsail breeze to Greenhithe, where the wind fell again, and the work was tedious to Gravesend. Here Queen jibed, Dudu following as the wind shifted more to north; then we had calms again, and as they were off East Tilbury, another breeze caused them to lay close hauled past the Ovens buoy into Sea Reach, wind nearly north; both hugged the north shore, and a whole sail breeze greeted them as they breasted Coal House Point; abreast of the West Blyth buoy they were going free again, stunsails and mainsheets eased off as much as possible. Wind fell after passing Mucking, what there was being still north, while down the Reach a few miles there was a S.E. wind and powerful sun, the Royal Thames Yacht Club vessels being discernible in the distance. At the Chapman the Queen was becalmed, and Dudu, coming up with the breeze, ran by her to leeward, getting a cable's length ahead as they worked the north shore. They now met the easterly wind, and lay close hauled for Leigh, Queen weathering her

opponent, and both standing over for the mouth of the Medway on the port tack. They rounded the steamer just above Southend as under :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Queen	8 44 59	Dudu	8 46 50

A protest was entered, and referred to the sailing committee.

RANELAGH YACHT CLUB MATCH.

Thursday, June 16th.—A large entry, fine day, and good sport, made the 1868 debut of the Ranelagh Yacht Club very satisfactory to themselves and everybody else. There were originally to have been three classes, and liberal prizes were offered, but the second class did not fill, the others having four and five entries respectively, viz. :—

First-class yachts, above 12 and not exceeding 16 tons : first prize £25, second £6. 6s., course, Erith to the Chapman and return ; time allowance half a minute per half ton.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1360	Queen	cutter	15	Captain Whitbread	Hatcher
14	Aerolite	cutter	12½	Dowdall and Cooper	Aikenhead
365	Dudu	cutter	15	Captain Hammond	Hatcher
1270	Ocean Pearl	cutter	14½	Captain J. G. Lyne	

Third-class yachts, not exceeding eight tons : first prize, £10. 10s., second £6. 6s.; course, Erith to Thames Haven and back ; time allowance half a minute per half ton.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
630	Gnat	cutter	4½	B. Hatchman, Esq.	Corbet
407	Ellen	cutter	4	J. Gardner, Esq.	
7396	Rifleman.....	cutter	7	W. Anthill, Esq.	Burney Stow
236	Clara	cutter	7	J. Pynn, Esq.	
1086	Novice	cutter	6	J. Gardner, Esq.	

The Oread (Captain Wheeler) accompanied, and Mr. F. Lemann, the Rear-Commodore, was the officer of the day. A delay of half an hour was caused by Mr. Gardner, who was found in Woolwich Reach with his two yachts, and he requested to be towed to the starting place ; this was done at a great loss of time, in order that the match should not fall through ; and by direction of the Rear the signal guns, five (!) in all, were fired with great punctuality, and by seven minutes past twelve they were all away on a reaching wind, shifty, but generally from the N.W. The smaller vessels, which were lowest down, had the benefit of a strong puff, which took them well into the

Randa, Novice in the tideway and to windward; in close attendance on her lee bow were Clara, which was trimmed first, but after a mile never showed in the race, and the little Ellen and Rifleman lying astern. In the larger class the Dudu was smartest in getting away; Ocean Pearl got her topsail halliards foul, and Queen, over on the south shore in the slack, without any wind, was left astern some distance. Entering St. Clements at 1h. 23m. the fact of Novice being first and Ellen second, looked as if Mr. Gardner meant having both the prizes in the small class, while the Queen weathered the Ocean Pearl as they got into the Reach and the wind increased. Further on the Queen ran through the Dudu's lee, and came out a long way a-head, tacking for the Essex side, as the wind was off the land, and the tide favourable. The Queen's new sails fitted admirably, especially the 40-foot topsail and balloon jib, in neither of which was there a wrinkle, and when it is known that Dan Hatcher was sailing her, some idea may be formed of her trim. She had now assumed a good lead, the wind dying away, eaten out by the sun, and then going all round the compass, settling at least to east as they entered Northfleet Hope. Queen shifted balloon sails for smaller ones entering Gravesend Reach, and the ebb having nearly done, and the wind being so paltry it was deemed advisable to let the little ones round at Tilbury Church, and a boat being dropped from the Oread we timed them as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Novice	3	4	10	Rifleman	3	21	50	Clara.....	3	59	30
Ellen	3	13	50								

Wind keeping to east while down Sea Reach the manœuvring of the craft told us that S.S.E. was nearer the wind there. Queen bowled along with boom to starboard and huge stunsail, Dudu ditto. Both struck spinnakers in the bottom part of Gravesend Reach, and lay close hauled into Sea Reach, rounding near Mucking as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Queen	3	23	0	Ærolite	3	43	0	Ocean Pearl ...	3	44	2
Dudu	3	25	0								

Queen rounded the steam vessel in stays, and narrowly escaped a collision. The last two had to make two boards to fetch her, and had the flood to contend against as well, the others making a little match all to themselves. Nothing further of moment occurred except that Clara and Rifleman fell further astern, and they finished with a good breeze from N.W., as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Novice	5	8	30	Rifleman	5	20	5	Dudu	4	28	30
Ellen	5	15	0	Queen	5	22	10				

The prizes were presented in the first class to Captain Whitbread and Captain Hammond, and in the third both to Mr. Gardner.

THE TEMPLE YACHT CLUB.

THE opening match of this club took place on Monday, June 15th, the following boats starting :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
236	Clara	cutter	7	J. Pim, Esq.	Burney
	Seamew	cutter	5	— Thompson, Esq	
1895	Wanderer	cutter	5	— Fleuret, Esq.	
630	Gnat	cutter	4	— Hatchman, Esq.	
140	Ripple	cutter	4	W. Porter, Esq.	

The start was effected from Charlton at 12h. 37m. p.m., all boats getting well under way, Clara taking the lead, followed by Gnat. Wind light from W.N.W. no change taking place in the run down, the boats rounding the distance buoy at Greenhithe as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Clara	2 48 0	Gnat	2 50 0	Ripple	6 54 30
Seamew.....	2 49 0	Wanderer	2 53 0		

The wind now freshened from W.N.W., boats setting jib-headed topsails, Seamew passing to windward of Clara in Long Reach, followed by Gnat, Clara falling into third place ; the wind was light and variable for the remainder of the match, the boats rounding the winning buoy as follows :—

	h. s.		h. s.		h. m. s.
Seamew.....	6 7 30	Clara	6 18 0	Ripple	6 54 30
Gnat	6 9 15	Wanderer	6 21 30		

Several yachts belonging to members and others accompanied the match. The prizes were presented at the club-house, Charlton, by the Commodore, Mr. Hildersley, several ladies and friends of members being present, who expressed themselves gratified with the arrangements of the day.

NEW BRIGHTON YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE first match for the season of this club was sailed on the afternoon of Friday, June 19. The race was for yachts not exceeding 10 tons, belonging to the club, the time allowance being half a minute per ton. The day was beautifully fine, with a fine southerly breeze. The yachts came to their moorings off the pier shortly before three p.m., the course being from the pier out round the Formby Lightship and back, to finish between the flag ship and the stage. The prize was for a very handsome silver gilt cup, value 12 guineas, and the following was the full entry :—

Annie, 7 tons, F. Wall, Esq. ; Barracouta, 4 tons. J. M. Hannay, Esq. ; Clytie, 4 tons, C. Thompson, Esq. ; Crisis, 6 tons, W. C. Wrenshall, Esq. ;

Dudu, 6 tons, C. Clayton, Esq. ; Enigma, 9 tons, H. Bower, Esq. ; Florida, 6 tons, J. Bouch, Esq. ; Gem, 5 tons, W. Dickinson, Esq. ; Petrel, 6 tons, C. Boggs, Esq. ; Tip, 8 tons, C. Hayley, Esq. ; Vision, 8 tons, A. Richardson, Esq. ; Windward, 3 tons, O. Wood, Esq. ; Yankee, 6 tons, W. P. Powell, Esq.

Of the above the Gem did not put in an appearance, not being ready in time. The Petrel had the misfortune to carry away her bowsprit before the race, and the Enigma was also an absentee as far as the race was concerned, but accompanied, with Messrs. Harold, Bower, and W. G. Hollands, who had charge of the match, on board. The yachts were to have been started by Mr. H. M. Hughes, the hon. sec., by a blue petter hoisted five minutes before starting, and lowered again, but Dudu broke adrift, and set her head sail, seeing which, some of the other yachts also slipped, only the Barracouta, Crisis, Vision, and Windward complying with the regulations. These got off very smartly on the flag going down, while the Florida and Dudu both hove to till the other vessels passed them before bearing up. Nearly all the small vessels set balloon canvas, and the wind being right aft, boomed out their balloon jibs, but there was too much wind for the spinnakers some had invested in, and the Windward and Crisis both carried away their spinnaker booms. The Formby ship was rounded as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Dudu.....	4 5 0	Tip	4 7 50	Clytie	4 9 30
Vision	4 6 35	Yankee	4 8 5	Florida	4 11 10
Annie	4 7 40				

After rounding, Vision passed Dudu, and Annie also weathered her, but was in her turn weathered by Florida, who gained considerably on Vision, and would, we believe, had she housed her topmast, have beaten her, or at any rate have saved her time. All the vessels set small working jibs, and most of them hauled down a reef or two for working home, and the first six passed the flag-ship as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vision	6 15 0	Annie	6 24 0	Tip.....	6 26 3
Florida	6 20 30	Dudu.....	6 25 30	Clytie	6 33 5

The next sailing match of this club will be held in August, the yachts to be manned by amateurs, and steered by a member.

COTTON CANVAS.

MANY of our readers have no doubt a vivid remembrance of the beautiful cotton canvas of which the famous "America's" sails were composed, and which at the time created quite a "*furore*" upon the subject of the materials used for making sails ; one recommended vulcanized sheets of india rubber ; another to have the sails ribbed with wooden battens, "John Chinaman" fashion ; a third recommended flax canvas to be payed over with some sort of patent composition which was to render it slippery as glass ; whilst a

fourth ventured upon the modest proposition of having sails composed of thin sheet iron, illustrating its possibility by adducing the production of such, ever so many thousands of an inch thinner than "Bank Post." In fact, whatever substance could be found of sufficient lightness, easy to be handled allowing the wind to glide off its surface with the minimum of friction, and impermeable to that most inquisitive and searching element ; this was the " desideratum ;" that must be had at any price. The wonderful material, however, has hitherto eluded the most astute searcher's cunning, and we fear is likely to, as well as the fortune its discovery was to bestow. A very excellent substitute, however, comprising not a few of the required points of perfection, has been submitted to our notice during the past week, in the shape of some magnificent cotton canvas of American manufacture, of the A1 description, in general use amongst the racing clippers of Hoboken, and along down to Boston and that direction. It is, indeed, very nearly the perfection of canvas, to our notion, and we strongly recommend our yachtsmen to inspect Mr. Bennett's specimens, 3, America Square, E.C., before he leaves London. We believe Mr. Bennett has been "round" through our principal sailmakers, notably Lapthorn of Gosport, and it is likely another knot or two may be added to some of our clippers this fall, and certainly next year, the season being so far advanced, there is not time now for fresh outfits in the yachting wardrobes ; but we feel assured the moment our racing yachtsmen of the first flight see Mr. Bennett's cotton canvas they will never rest easy till a suit of it is ready for bending.

The widths submitted to us were 14 inches and 22 inches ; but Mr. Bennett has kindly promised to leave at our office specimens of the different numbers and widths, with their prices, so that in a future number we will enter into a more detailed description, and compare notes on this really splendid material with others made respecting our best flax canvas.

THE SEA FISHERMAN.*

THE second edition of this excellent and thoroughly practical work on Sea Fishing is now before us, and we congratulate Mr. J. C. Wilcocks on the success which has attended his interesting and most useful volume. In our previous notice of this book we prognosticated that it would find its way to the library of every nautical man and especially to the book nettings of our yachtsmen ; but we anticipate that most who have the first will be also anxious to have the second edition, as it is considerably enlarged, much fresh matter introduced, further experiences developed, and additional illustrations with racy and spirited descriptions of pleasant days' sport inserted. Mr. Wilcocks is a marine sportsman who has made ample use of his eyes and brains, each of which faculties are by no means of ordinary calibre ; the sea that he writes upon bear the stamp of a practical man, one who has had his hands in tar-bucket and bait-tub ; and for an amateur hunter of the

* LONDON :—Longman, and Co, Paternoster Row.

deep he has made such uses of opportunities as almost entitle him to take professional standing. With personal experience of twenty-five years sea-fishing, yet Mr. Wilcocks does not intrude the personal pronoun, as though it were the be-all and end-all of an author's purpose; he writes straightforward and simply to the point—viz., to impart to those who are votaries of such sports practical information that must make them very nearly perfect in their pursuit of ocean game, and capable of ensuring a success which otherwise to achieve would involve a lengthy apprenticeship.

In the present volume Mr. Wilcocks not only repeats his instructions as to the fitting of all sorts of gear for capturing the finny denizens of the deep, but many suggestions and additions are made to former experiences; the materials required for making such gear and where they may be obtained are amply treated upon, whilst the methods of putting them together, the sizes requisite under various circumstances of locality or species are so exhaustively treated, that the student if he devotes but a modicum of attention to the details set forth cannot fail of becoming a very Isaac Walton of the briny.

It is not only those whose business or pleasure leads them to be occasionally sojourners on the wave that Mr. Wilcocks writes for; the visitors to our coasts are pointed out delightful opportunities of healthy and invigorating recreation, and at a cost too that places it within the reach of all.

Hooks and lines, nets, baits, localities where good sport may be obtained, the rig and management of the boats best suited for sea fishing around our coasts, and good practical hints to yachtsmen, constitute a very valuable work of that class so essential to and popular amongst those who are fond of the sea and its pursuits and pastimes, and what subject of these realms is not?

It has frequently struck us during a longer experience than even Mr. Wilcocks can boast of, the extraordinary indifference that has hitherto existed amongst yachtsmen on the subject of sea-fishing; they will pay any amount of money to catch a few trout or salmon in some Norwegian, Scotch, or Irish loch or river; but the grand sport that is constantly beneath them waking or sleeping seldom evokes a thought and rarely tempts to exertion; moreover ask on board many of the crack yachts that compose our splendid pleasure navy for a simple hook and line capable of catching a delicious whiting or sweet fleshed dab for breakfast, they perhaps careering in shoals beneath the keel, and in nine cases out of ten such things are not included in the skippers philosophy of cruising; whether it is that fishing

create dirt on the deck of a yacht, and consequently involves a little additional holy-stone and swab work we do not know, or that it is the inane for any amusement so easily procured that causes its disflavour, but so it is; and many a day have we witnessed devoted to cigars and small talk, that might have been profitably and instructively employed in the enjoyment of such glorious sport as mackarel reeling, were but the proper appliances available.

To plead ignorance of the mode of fitting the appliances is for the future

unavailable; Mr. Wilcocks "Sea fisherman" on the cabin table, and a handy case of the materials described by him, and which might with propriety be entitled the "cruiser possibles box," will be the means of affording fascinating sport, and agreeable occupation for leisure hours, that are too often devoted to "Somnus," or vanish in "smoke."

We cordially recommend the "Sea Fisherman" to all sportsmen, yachtsmen, and visitors to the sea-side.

SCHWITZER'S COCOATINA.—A preparation of Cocoa, has been recently brought under our notice as peculiarly suitable for yachtsmen. Knowing as we do the difficulties that frequently attend procuring a cup of tea or coffee, from circumstances of weather during a cruise, particularly when ladies and children are on board, moreover having a lively recollection of a certain wish-washy compound, a half bilge—water—half soap-suds mixture, brewed from Cocoa Nibs, and designed to prove invigorating and refreshing, when some "half drowned" member of the pleasure navy shiveringly endeavours to free himself from the effects of the last involuntary *green* bath; we have pleasure in calling yachtsmens' attention to the really excellent addition to the stewards department, and which fully bears out the character it professes to possess, that of a thoroughly nutritive, wholesome, and most refreshing beverage, easily and instantaneously made, which united with its invigorating properties renders it a *sine qua non* for yachting purposes. Grog and wine are all very good in their way, but not at all times, or to all constitutions do they prove suitable when the nervous system requires a wholesome strengthening. We know nothing more renovating to the physical man, particularly during hard blowing weather, and especially in the mid-watches of night, than a strong cup of tea or coffee, but the obstacles to preparation often render such a desideratum quite impossible, and leave the adoption of the abominable compound from Cocoa Nibs we have above alluded to; but with the prepared Cocoatina, the excellence of which we have tested before venturing an opinion, a very great luxury is secured excelling in its effects either tea or coffee, which those who try will thank us for bringing to their notice.—A reference to our advertising columns will give more particulars than a mere passing notice can convey.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.—The cutter yacht *Vision*, 8½ tons, recently purchased by M. Carswell, Esq., Glasgow, left the Mersey on June 21st, for Clyde, under the command of Captain Mackie, of Greenock. When off the Bahama Bank Lightship she was struck by a squall, which threw her on her beam-ends, and the crew were obliged to cut away the throat and peak halliards to relieve her of the weight of the mainsail and right her. The binnacle was washed overboard. The yacht having righted, a course was shaped for Ramsey Bay, Isle of Man, the vessel working to windward under jib and foresail, and beating, in a wind, one of the Clyde and Liverpool

schooners—an extraordinary feat. After anchoring in Ramsey Bay the gale increased, and the Vision dragged anchor and went ashore on the sands, but was got off without damage. She left Ramsey Bay on Monday afternoon, and encountered heavy seas in the tide races off Point of Ayre and Mull of Galloway, but behaved nobly, and, the wind being favourable, arrived at Largs on Tuesday forenoon. It is most creditable to Captain Mackie that he has brought such a small craft from the Mersey to Clyde in safety during such severe weather. The Vision is 8 years old, but during that period has won a number of cups, and she will no doubt prove a formidable antagonist to vessels of her class in the forthcoming R.N.Y.C. Regatta at Blairmore.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- July, 1.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club regatta.
 1.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—second match
 2.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club.—Regatta at Wroxham
 3.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Channel match—Nore to Cherbourg, Mr. Duppa's prize.
 4.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—schooners and yawls, at Bangor.
 4.—Ulster Yacht Club regatta—Bangor and Belfast Lough.
 7 and 8.—Royal Northern Yacht Club regatta.
 7 and 8.—Royal Western Y. C. of England and Port of Plymouth Royal Regatta.
 9.—Clyde Yacht Club.—Regatta at Largs or Holly Rock.
 11.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club—third match—Gravesend to Ramsgate
 13.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club match.
 13.—Southampton Yacht Club regatta.
 15 and 16.—Royal St. George's Yacht Club regatta.
 16.—Ranelagh Yacht Club.—Erith to Chapman and back.
 18.—Prince Alfred Y.C.—Private Match—Kittawake v. Torch.
 20.—Great Grimsby Regatta
 20.—Royal Falmouth Regatta
 26 and 27.—Havre Regatta
 22 and 23.—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club regatta
 23 and 24.—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta.
 25.—Royal Southern Yacht Club regatta.
 25.—Royal Western Y.C. of Ireland.
 27.—Temple Yacht Club—second class match.
 Aug. 3.—Royal Squadron Yacht Club (supposed.)
 10 to 15.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club regatta.
 18 and 19.—Royal Albert Yacht Club regatta.

THE "GLANCE" CUTTER.—It appears that in the review of this vessel's performance, allusion was made to reducing her spars, and taking out the lead ballast—such was the rumour; but it was never intended by us to disparage her in any way, for, from the first of her appearance on the water, she has been one of our favourites. We are assured that she is still in tact, and we are glad to hear it. May the same luck attend her as in her first year's racing.

Several communications came too late for insertion, as did also the United States Yachting Accounts.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1st, 1868.

ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

BLAIRMORE was selected as the starting point on the 7th and 8th July, and a splendid show of a portion of the pleasure navy added greatly to the hilarity which, on these nautic *fetes*, generally buoy up the spirits of all sight-seekers. The weather was "all serene," and the lads and lasses truly enjoyed the fun, for there were amusements for all. The water was, comparatively speaking, covered with vessels of all sorts and sizes, from the stately Northumbria to the saucy little Ripple. The Shamrock, the Thistle, and the Rose, were represented by several celebrated craft. Sir M. R. Shaw Stewart, Bart. (Vice-Commodore), in the absence of the Hon. G. F. Boyle (Commodore), took the command, assisted by the stewards.

First Day.—The prize offered for yachts of all rigs was £100, which brought the following clippers to the start, viz. :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
8	Aglais.....	schooner	45	F. Powell, Esq.	Steele & Co.
816	Leah	cutter	98	J. W. Cannon, Esq.	Wanhill
512	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
1206	Oimara	cutter	165	C. J. Tennent, Esq.	Steele & Co.

The course was round Shoals, Skermolie, and Strone buoys; this was rather a deviation from former years.

The hour of starting was 11h. 20m., under S.W.b.W. whole sail breeze. The Fiona's crew, who had been under a course of excellent training

on the Thames, &c., were as active as monkies, and the muslin flew up like magic. Off she flew with the lead, her canvas standing with the usual truthfulness of Laphorn's handiwork. She was followed by Oimara, Aglaia, and Leah, the giant to windward ; her topsail did not draw well. The Fiona dashed a-head with lightning speed towards the Shoals, which she rounded first ; but in the beat to windward the Oimara succeeded in getting to the fore, which position she maintained although her wary opponent considerably overhauled her, and was a source of great uneasiness to the giant's crew. The first rounding of the Strone buoy was as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Oimara.....	1 33 47	Leah.....	1 41 23
Fiona	1 37 54	Aglaia	1 48 42

Thus in two hours only 4m. 7s. separated the two principals. On, on they dashed with renewed spirit—the breeze still lasting—the Leah and Aglaia resolutely following. The former, which has been altered from a yawl this year, and great expectations were prophesied of her winning powers; when nearing Kilcreggan she unfortunately carried away her topmast gear, which caused her to retire from further exertions, and she bore up for Gareloch. The Aglaia at this time appeared out of the race, for the second round only two were noted :—Oimara, 3h. 44m. Fiona 3h. 47m. 33s. This looked well for the latter, as she had gained several seconds on her opponent. But now comes the grievous part of our account ; — in gybing round the Strone buoy, the topmast of Fiona broke, and when even time was in her favour she was doomed. Notwithstanding this the crew persevered, and a splendid match finished thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Oimara.....	4 25 8	Fiona	4 39 44

The Oimara winning the prize ; and it was pleasing to observe that the utmost good feeling existed between the respective crews, as they loudly cheered each other.

The second match was for a prize of £30 for vessels of any rig between 20 and 40 tons. Same course, twice round. The following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
340	Denburn.....	cutter	31	S. King, Esq.	Fife
782	Kilmeny	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
906	Maria	cutter	35	N. B. Stewart, Esq.	Fife
1932	Xema	cutter	34	Major Barton	Fife

Torpid and Secret were entered, but did not start. At 11h. 51m. 47s.

the wind had freshened, and they bounded away at a tremendous speed, Denburn leading, followed in order by Xema, Maria, and Kilmeny. The first carrying a jib-headed and the others square topsails. Some smart sailing took place for first place, especially between Xema and Maria after they had given the go-by to Denburn. Whilst the Maria was trying to get the weather guage of her opponent, the Kilmeny and Denburn, to leeward with sheets eased off, were making a close run of it. The first round timed at Strone buoy was Xema, 2h. 28m. 15s., Maria 2h. 28m. 20s., Kilmeny 2h. 31m. 16s., Denburn 2h. 33m. 17s.

The second round was equally well contested, and the handling of the vessels elicited many favourable remarks. The Kilmeny, by watching every move, gradually drew on Maria, and successfully passed her. No further change occurring, the match concluded as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Xema	5 8 11	Maria	5 10 25
Kilmeny	5 9 20	Denburn	5 18 55

Kilmeny, having to receive 2m. 3s. from Xema, won the prize.

The third race was for a prize of £15, for yachts exceeding 10 and not exceeding 20 tons. The following entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
403	Ellen	schooner	17	W. Wylie, Esq.	Halliday
6	Adeline	cutter	20	J. E. Reid, Esq.	Fife
1428	Rival	cutter	15	R. Tennent, Esq.	Fife
1720	Torch	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
1754	Vampire.....	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
1627	Glide	cutter	15	D. Fulton, Esq.	Fulton
846	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher
469	Fairlie.....	cutter	15	R. Ferguson, Esq.	Fife
194	Carina	cutter	15	R. J. Webster, Esq	Fife
1476	Satanella	cutter	15	C. C. Wylie, Esq.	Aldous

This race was one of the finest ever witnessed in these waters, the vessels, nearly equally fast, starting at 12h 14m. 21s. in a cloud, and eight of them running apparently abreast to the Shoals buoy. The course was once round and the distance. On passing the Commodore the Vampire led, followed by Lizzie, Satanella, and Torch ; the Glide carrying as much as she could safely stagger under. During the race the Torch, then third, carried away top-mast and cross-trees, and bore up, and Carina and Ellen gave in. The race terminated as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vampire	3 47 9	Satanella	3 58 28	Adeline	4 1 41
Lizzie	3 51 14	Rival	3 58 57	Fairlie	4 4 10

The Vampire was the winner.

The fourth race was for a prize of £10 for yachts of any rig not exceeding 10 tons. The following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1406	Ripple.....	cutter	9	J. M. Forrester, Esq.	Fife
801	Lady Alice.....	cutter	8	N. Boyd, Esq.	Owner
	Vision.....	cutter	9	M. Carswell, Esq.	

The course was once round, and they started at 1h. 1m. 12s. The Vision took the lead, with top-mast housed, followed by Ripple and Lady Alice ; the latter, carrying topsails, had evidently a hard struggle to keep them up. The Ripple received the prize, beating Vision 56 seconds and Lady Alice 2m. 16s.

Rowing matches finished the aquatics the first day.

In the evening the members of the Royal Northern Yacht Club and their friends, and the local committee, dined in the Argyll Hotel, Strone. Sir Michael R. Shaw Stewart, Baronet, Vice-Commodore, admirably occupied the chair, and the duties of croupier were ably performed by James Stevenson, Esq., Rear Commodore. They were supported by Major Pender, King's Own Borderers ; Messrs. R. Hope Robertson, Secretary R.N.Y.C. ; James Steele, A. S. Schaw, Adam Morrison, J. E. Reid, Allan Arthur, G. Crockett, John White, A. Denniston, James Salmon, B. B. Bell, John Pirrie, A. Mackenzie, James Ballantine, A. H. M'Lellan, J. Boyd, R. G. Webster, Charles Gibb, David M'Goun, &c.

After a fine dinner, which included all the delicacies of the season,

The Chairman said it was not the rule of the Club to have many or long speeches ; but he knew he well expressed the sentiment of those present in proposing a special bumper to the health of the Queen, who not only enjoyed the honour and love of all her subjects, but was entitled to the special regard of yachters. She loves the sea herself, and all her ships, and especially her pleasure vessels, were models of all that yachts ought to be, as shown by clear decks and taut ropes. The Prince of Wales was a yachting man, and had well won the respect of all who came in contact with him. He did not require to do more than allude to Her Majesty's other son, who had chosen the Navy as his profession, and who had just returned, he (the Chairman) was glad to say, to his native country, in restored and re-established health. The toast of the Queen and Royal Family was received with great applause, with one cheer more for the infant Princess.

Sir Michael said they would gladly accept, as the next toast, The Army, Navy, and Volunteers. They regretted that superior orders had deprived them of the pleasure, that evening, of the company of Captain Hayes, who

had been invited to be present, while the state of the weather had deprived the visitors to the Regatta of the accustomed pleasure of witnessing the rowing performances of the seamen of the Lion. He did not require to expatiate on the exploits of the Navy, and as to the Army, it was only necessary to allude to eminent service just rendered in Abyssinia, and at which they were all equally delighted and astonished. He was satisfied that no power but Britain could or would have so wisely planned, so vigorously completed, or so generously closed when its purpose was achieved, an expedition which would hereafter occupy a grand place in the military annals of the country.—(Great cheering). He had much pleasure in coupling the toast with the name of a gallant officer, Major Pender, of the King's Own Borderers.

Major Pender had not expected to be called upon, but felt greatly honoured by the compliment, and especially by the flattering words used by the Chairman in regard to the Abyssinian War. The officers and soldiers in it had to perform a work even more arduous than fighting, which became comparatively easy when men's pluck was up, but had to be executed amid weary and most harassing circumstances, passing through a mountainous, difficult, and unknown country. Victory had rewarded their labours, and their brethren in arms felt proud of their success.—(Cheers).

Mr. Mackenzie said a very unexpected honour had that moment been conferred upon him—to propose, as a toast, the Royal Northern Yacht Club and the health of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, its Vice-Commodore. In that company it was not requisite to allude to the valuable improvements which yachting had introduced into the build and sailing of ships, with which the welfare and progress of this country were bound up; nor would he allude to the valuable contributions to geography, natural history, science, and the arts which yachters had made; but, in connection with the Royal Northern Club, they would perhaps excuse a reference in one word to the valuable illustrations which that keen yachtsman, their late venerable commodore, Mr. Smith, of Jordan-hill, had furnished of the truth and exactness of the Gospel narrative by his researches, especially in the Mediterranean. The inhabitants of Blairmore had most proudly accepted the offer of the Club to visit that shore for the first time; and he was glad to hear that both the sailing and rowing matches had been eminently successful and gratifying to those off the shore, and he hoped they had proved equally satisfactory to the Club itself. He wished continued success for the following day, and that at no distant time the sports would be there repeated. It was a difficult matter to say, in Sir Michael's presence, what should be spoken of him. They had all observed his excellent performance of his duties that day, and his constant fairness and complacence, and they were and of his ready aid in every way to promote yachting and the success of the Club, often at great personal sacrifice. On the other side of the water Sir Michael had numerous and serious responsibilities and duties to encounter, and his administration was distinguished by courtesy and success. He, would only allude to one great work, with which Glasgow men were most

familiar, the Greenock Esplanade, which, notwithstanding the energy of the authorities and the zeal of the public, could not have been carried out without the active co-operation and wise liberality of their Superior. With these they had now, he believed, one of the finest and most popular promenades in the kingdom. The toast was drank with all the honours, and great applause.

Sir Michael said it was his pleasant duty to express the extreme gratification of the Club with the performances of the day. He knew there was perfect satisfaction among yachters, and from what he had seen on shore, he believed the spectators were equally delighted. He thought nothing could exceed the beauty of the spectacle—the magnificent scenery around, and the crowds of fine vessels on the water. The weather had been remarkably suitable, and he had but to refer to the somewhat expensive proof they had had of the spirit of the owners and crews of the racing boats in the number of their lost spars and riven sails. He had the greatest pleasure in being present to occupy the post of duty and honour at the invitation of their Commodore, Mr. Boyle, who had been unavoidably absent, and he could assure them that his work has been both easy and pleasant. There had been present many yachts from all parts of the kingdom, and they gave them all a hearty welcome, but he hoped they would not grudge him, as a Clyde man, his extreme gratification at the remarkable success of the Clyde boats. In the Oimara, Fiona, and others, they had instances of owners coming here from all parts of the country, even from Cowes, to have vessels built, and was proud that Messrs. Steele of Greenock, and Fife of Fairlie, had maintained that day their high character as builders.—(Cheers). He was very much obliged by the kind words by which his name was coupled with the toast. He endeavoured to do his duty, and was glad to know that his efforts were appreciated. Of this he was confident, that no one desired more fervently than he did that prosperity and harmony should ever prevail in Greenock.—(Great cheering).

The Chairman said that he had the pleasure to propose the health of the prize winners, expressing his regret that none of them were present.—(Cheers).

Mr. Schaw proposed the unsuccessful competitors, and he was glad to infer that the presence of several of them that evening augured their determination to try again.—(Applause).

Mr. Webster heartily acknowledged the compliment, and while gladly congratulating the winners, hoped at no distant day to pluck some of their laurels from them.—(Great cheering).

The Rear-Commodore proposed the local committee, to whose activity, liberality, and admirable arrangements they were largely indebted for the success of the day. He coupled the toast with the health of Mr. A. H. M'Lellan and Mr. John White. The former briefly responded, expressing a hope that the recollection of the success and pleasure of this meeting would induce the club soon to return to Blairmore.

A number of songs, &c., pleasantly varied the proceedings, and with

"Happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again," from the chair and three hearty cheers for Sir Michael, the meeting broke up.

Wednesday was not so favourable as *Tuesday* for the sailing races, the wind being very variable, and veering from W. to N.W. At times there was a smart breeze from the Argyleshire shore, but frequent partial calms intervened, leaving the competing vessels in the "doldrums," the consequence of the fickle wind being that the sailing matches were much protracted. The day, however, was more favourable to the pulling races, the loch, above Blairmore, being almost as smooth as a mill pond, and the matches were well contested. A large number of yachts as on the preceding day, were present, including several strangers. Some disappointment was felt at the non-arrival of the schooner *Egeria*, which gave the *Albertine* such a close beat last year at Greenock, and which was entered for the schooner race. *Apròpos* of this race, yachtsmen were rather surprised that none of the Fairlie-built schooners were entered, as those constructed by Mr. Fife this season were cruising about or accompanying the schooner races. It is scarcely fair to their famous builder that the speed of these new vessels should not be tried with that of craft of the same kind, of older date, and built elsewhere. But to return. The effect of the regatta was much increased by the appearance of H.M.S. *Lion*, whose fine band added to the pleasure afforded by that of the Greenock Rifles, which was, as before, stationed on board the Commodore's steamer. The arrangements were similar to those of *Tuesday*, with the exceptions that the Commodore's steamer accompanied the races instead of remaining stationary, and the boat-races were superintended as well as the yacht races by Sir M. R. Shaw Stewart, Bart., Vice-Commodore, who, in regard to the former, was assisted by the local committee.

The first race, for a £50 prize, for cutters not exceeding 40 tons, was contested by *Oimara* and *Fiona*, the *Leah*, although entered not appearing in consequence of the damage she sustained on *Tuesday*.

The time of starting was 11h. 9m. 42s., the wind being light the *Fiona* took the lead, but when the wind freshened the big cutter overhauled her opponent and went to windward of her, and on the second round came up close on the *Fiona* at the Gantocks. Here the *Fiona* made an ill-judged tack into the West Bay, but the *Oimara* kept out into the channel, and speedily headed her rival, passing the flag-boat off Strone some time before her. Before reaching the flag-boat the *Fiona's* topsail split, but she soon hoisted another, which did not sit so well, and pluckily continued the race. The *Oimara*, however, still con-

tinued to lead as the breeze was increasing, but something went wrong with her jib halyards off Ashton, and the Fiona crept up on her. Each round was finished in the following time and order :—

	FIRST ROUND.	SECOND ROUND.	THIRD ROUND.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Oimara	2 17 4	5 15 58	6 28 0
Fiona	2 3 17	5 18 37	6 29 39

The Fiona having to receive time from Oimara was hailed the winner.

The second race was for a prize of £50 for schooners not exceeding 50 tons. The only vessels that started were :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
8	Aglaia	schooner	45	F. Powell, Esq.	Steele & Co
1895	Reverie	schooner	41	J. Courtauld, Esq.	Steele & Co

Our account of these matches is culled mostly from the *Greenock Advertiser*, (as our usual Glasgow correspondents have not favored us with any remarks), and are not so fully explicit as we could wish.

The Committee most assuredly deserve the thanks of all yachting men for their liberality in giving a prize where only two contested. This is a step in the right direction which we hope will be generally adopted, as it well tend to check a system that has often been adopted,—a vessel being entered in a match “*three to start or no race*,” and at the last moment have retired because one of greater fame has taken a station.

The Aglaia and Reverie started at 11h. 32m. 45s., the latter with the lead, but 'ere the first round was completed the former in a freshened breeze, overhauled and headed her opponent at the Strone buoy 52 seconds. In rounding the Shoals buoy for the last time the Aglaia still led considerably, her opponent having carried away her main gaff-topsail, therefore the race was virtually over, for it was utterly out of the question that the Reverie could come up in the time allowed her. However the crew, like true blue jackets, stuck to their work and the race was finished thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Aglaia	7 23 36	Reverie	7 26 4

The former having to allow the latter 2 minutes—the Aglaia won by 28 seconds.

The third race was for a prize of £30 open to cutters and yawls exceeding 20 and not exceeding 40 tons.

The Maria, Denburn, Kilmeny, and Xema started at 12h. 4m. 58s. The Denburn as on the previous day was first off, but the position she could not retain as her opponents soon pressed hard on her, each striving for the premiership, but the Maria cut out a course for herself for instead of keeping inshore, when off Innellan, she stood boldly out into the Channel, where she picked up a good breeze that she fully profited by, and finished the first round 28m. 23s. ahead of the fleet. Nothing could now touch her, and barring accidents, the *corianders* were secure. The others showed pluck and continued the race, altho' evidently a "forlorn hope." These clippers were watched very anxiously, until the finish of the race;—the rounding was timed as follows:—Maria, 6h. 49m. 14s.; Xema, 7h. 19m. 30s.; Kilmeny, 7h. 20m. 24s.; Denburn, 7h. 20m. 26s.; the Maria winning by 30 minutes.

The fourth race for £15, between yachts of any rig from 10 and not exceeding 20 tons,—the following started:—Adeline, Rival, Vampire, Glide, Lizzie, Fairlie, Satanella, Torch, and Carina. This was a good race, and Hatcher's new production (the Lizzie) won the prize. We hope Mr. Coddington, her owner, will add many more prizes to this.

The regatta finished with boat races and was very successful, giving great satisfaction to thousands.

THE ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB AND PORT OF PLYMOUTH REGATTA.

No harbour in the world is better adapted for aquatic sports than that of Plymouth. The regatta held annually at that port has always been classed among the chief amusements in the west. There has never been much difficulty in raising the town prizes, and these combined with the liberal sums offered for competition by the Royal Western Yacht Club have generally secured plenty of sport. The Yacht Club Committee in fixing 7th, and 8th, July, for this year's regatta have acted wisely, for a greater number of yachts have attended than probably would have come to Plymouth had the regatta been delayed for another month. In one match such liberal prizes have been offered as to induce the *Gloriana*, the *Cambria*, the *Albertine*, and the three schooner yachts which carried off the honours in the late race from the Nore to Cherbourg, to enter. The sailing matches were well contested, Mr. R. A. Daniell had entered two yachts—the *Luna*, and the *Armada*—and

they both won substantial prizes. To avoid unnecessary crowding on board the committee boat, only those who had real business were admitted on board, and nearer to the shore was stationed a second lump from which the rowing boats were despatched. During the afternoon the Hoe assumed an unusually lively appearance. The slopes were covered with spectators, and the beautiful expanse of the Sound was teeming with aquatic adventurers and innumerable craft. The Yacht Club committee on board were the Right Hon. Earl Vane, Commodore Royal Western Yacht Club; Captain Tracey, R.N., Mr. C. Simpson, Captain Bacon, Major Law, Captain Stewart, R.N., Captain R. Robinson Rodd, and Mr. H. A. Carruthers (secretary.) The Town Committee were Messrs. H. J. Waring (chairman and starter), J. C. Skardon (treasurer), W. H. Langman (secretary), J. King, J. Wills, W. H. Luke, W. Hill, T. Lansdown, J. Hardy, J. Shapcott, J. R. Hicks, Swinburne, and Capt. Gill.

A prize of £80, given by the R.W.Y.C.; to be sailed for by cutters, and yawls not exceeding 50 tons, belonging to a R.Y.C, and carrying the Admiralty warrant. First prize, £60; second, £20. Time, half-a-minute per ton up to 50 tons, and a quarter of-a-minute above. Yawls to sail as cutters with a fourth of tonnage deducted. Four to start or no race. The yachts started at 10h. 50m. 18s.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
943	Menai.....	cutter	80	W. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey
1580	Sphinx	cutter	47	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudslay
1075	Niobe	cutter	45	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
1793	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. I. Co.
1485	Rosebud	cutter	51	Sir B. Chichester, Bart.	Can Works

The course for the yachts was through the eastern channel of the Breakwater, round a mark-vessel moored off the Mewstone, thence to another moored off Penlee Point, leaving both on the starboard hand, returning through the western channel, round the Cobbler buoy, which was to be left on the port hand, thence round the committee vessel, which was also to be left on the port hand, proceeding round the course as before to the committee boat, which was the winning post. Notwithstanding that the committee did their best to keep the course clear, several small boats narrowly escaped being run down by competing yachts. Mr. W. C. Cox furnished a chronometer, and the departure and arrival of the vessels was timed by Mr. C. F. Hicks.

The Niobe was the first to feel the wind, and she went away with the lead. The Sphinx and the Menai started together, and the Vindex

followed, with Rosebud in the rear. In the reach out to the Mewstone these positions were not altered, but while fetching down to Penlee the Menai went ahead. The other yachts kept well together some distance behind, and on returning through the western channel there was a splendid race between the Sphinx, Niobe, Vindex, and Rosebud. The Menai sent up a flying topsail, and this had the effect of increasing her lead. The other yachts also crowded on extra canvas, and the run in to the Cobbler buoy was watched with interest. There was a sharp race between the Niobe and the Sphinx for the second position; but the Sphinx managed to pass the committee boat in the first round some two minutes before her rival. When half way through the Sound Rosebud overhauled the Vindex, and the two rounded the Cobbler together. Vindex soon after left Rosebud, apparently with a determination not to be again overtaken. The Menai carried a gaff-topsail of extraordinary size, and being the largest yacht it was expected she would carry off the principal stakes. Although in the first round she only beat the second boat by four minutes, yet the next time she came home she headed the Sphinx by thirteen minutes, and this was increased in the last round to twenty-one. The Menai was, therefore, awarded the first prize. The Rosebud, on completing the second round, saw she had no chance of winning, and gave up.

A prize of £30, given by the R.W.Y.C. and town, to be sailed for by cutters of 12 tons and not exceeding 30 tons. Time, half-a-minute per ton Four to start or no race.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.	Builders.
860	Luna	cutter	25	R. A. Daniell, Esq.	Fife
1398	Ringdove	cutter	30	G. F. Seymour, Esq.	Trinick
612	Gipsy	cutter	15	J. N. Palmer, Esq.	Stow
1845	Water Sprite	cutter	20	Capt. W. Gausson	Harvey

The start took place at 11h. 10m. 25s. The Ringdove and Luna hoisted their sails quickly, and were the first to get away. By some means the Gipsy's jib got the wrong side of the fore-sheet, and this detained her several seconds at starting. The Water Sprite was the last to feel the wind, and it was evident that she had only entered to make up the race, for she went away without hoisting her gaff-topsail, and it was soon seen that if she sailed round the course she would have no opportunity of beating the other cutters. The Luna was the favourite boat, and after getting outside the Breakwater she passed the Ringdove, and on coming home in the first round she was seven minutes ahead of

the second boat. The Gipsy gave up in the second round, and the race then lay between Luna and Ringdove. The former cutter appeared to have no difficulty in gaining on the latter yacht, and in the last round she had a clear gain of the Ringdove of 31 minutes.

A prize of £25 for trawlers, given by the town. First prize £10 ; second £5 ; third £3 ; fourth £2. The vessels started at 11h. 45m. 24s. Coquette, J. Tinnes, 40 tons ; Himalaya, R. Harwood, 40 tons ; Wonder, W. Maunder, 41 tons ; Triumph, J. Cole, 89 tons.

The trawlers having drawn for position the Himalaya took up the first berth well to windward, Coquette second, Wonder third, and Triumph fourth. The Coquette went away with the lead, with Himalaya following, and Wonder and Triumph bringing up the rear. The sailing qualities of Coquette and Wonder appeared to be pretty nearly on a par, and they completed the first round in almost the same space of time. After rounding the Cobbler buoy to come home the Wonder had a slight lead, but she was prevented by a waterman's boat being in the way from rounding the committee boat as close as her coxswain would have desired, and the result was that the Coquette by a piece of good sailing went between the Wonder and the committee boat, and took up the lead. The Wonder thus lost ten seconds in the race. While reaching out to Mewstone the second time, the Himalaya overhauled the Wonder and passed her. The Coquette was sailed with remarkably good judgment, and at the finish of the second round she had beaten the second boat by six minutes, and the Wonder by seven. As evening was approaching it was supposed the wind would go down, and so it was decided that the trawlers instead of going over the course a third time should only go round the Breakwater. The Coquette was so far ahead that it was impossible for her to be overtaken, and so she carried off the first prize. The Himalaya, though closely followed by Wonder in the last round, managed to come in second.

A prize was presented by the town, value £15, open to yachts of 8 tons and under ; first vessel £10, second £5. Time half-a-minute. Four to start. The following made their appearance :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
71	Armada	cutter	8	R. A. Daniells, Esq.	Fife
620	Glance	cutter	8	R. W. Morris, Esq.	
1768	Vespa	cutter	8	W. Clark, Esq.	Bromley
690	Heron	lugger	8	R. J. M. Donne, Esq.	Hook
	Gipsy Queen	cutter	6	R. G. Mitchell, Esq.	

The Vespa, being well up to windward, was the first to start : the Armada next fell to the wind, and she was quickly followed by Glance. The Heron was a lugger, and this was her first trial. She, however had no chance with the other competing yachts. The Armada and Vespa had a close run in the first round, and the former boat only came home about half a minute before the Vespa. The Gipsy Queen gave up. The wind having freshened a little, Armada's speed was increased, and Glance overhauled the Vespa, but failed to overtake the leading yacht. The Heron did not pass the committee boat in the second round, and so her time was not taken. A protest was lodged against the Armada on the ground that she was more than eight tons.

A prize for watermen of £5, given by the town, to be sailed for by boats 20 feet and upwards. First prize £2. 10s., second prize £1. 10s., third £1. This was an interesting race, but the crews of some of the boats complained that there was not sufficient wind to test the sailing qualities of their crafts. The winning boats were True Briton (J. Balkwill), 1 ; Rand of Hope (R. Forward), 2 ; Secret (H. Gilbert), 3.

A prize, value £7. 10s., given by the R.W.Y.C., for four-oared gigs, to be rowed by officers attached to the garrison and of H.M. Ships in port. The only entry was that of the officers of the Royal Marines. It was decided that this boat should pull over the course, and it was understood that she would be awarded the prize. The name of the officer entered with the boat was Captain Bazalgette, R.M.L.I.

The day concluded by several other rowing matches, in one of which the Saltash women took a part.

Wednesday.—The second day of this regatta, whilst in some respects it far surpassed the first, in others fell far short of it. This was owing not to any defect in the arrangements, nor to any want of spirit in the competition, but to the singularly unfavourable, and—to use a familiar term—“bothering” state of the weather. In the morning there was a light, but a very light breeze, and the sky being overcast, everything seemed to prognosticate a day of extreme heat and of remarkable quiescent atmosphere. Fortunately, however, both anticipations were to some extent unfulfilled, the heat not being so great as had been feared, and the wind a little more propitious. As the morning wore on the breeze freshened, and hopes were entertained that the two rounds to which it was found necessary to confine the sailing craft would be completed in decent time. Soon after noon, however, the wind began to die away, and later in the afternoon, on some parts of the course, it was almost a dead calm, broken by occasional puffs. Matters grew worse instead of mending, and the result was that whilst some of the vessels owed their respective

positions apparently to their superier drifting powers, in two of the matches they never completed their second round, and no decision was, therefore, arrived at. One of the redeeming features of the day's proceedings was the seamanship exhibited by, and the closeness of the run between, several of the competitors in completing their first rounds. The rowing matches went off with spirit, and were to the thousands on shore the most enjoyable part of the day's proceedings. The life-boat exercises, under the direction of Admiral Sir John Kingcome, was likewise a matter of considerable interest, the gallant admiral himself taking a "header." A rather unpleasant incident occurred during the day:—Mr. Hill, the owner of a yawl, mooring her in the fairway of the course, refusing to move her when politely requested by the committee. The result was that Captain Aylen, the Queen's harbour-master, was fetched, and Mr. Hill very properly made to vacate his position. It is impossible that a regatta can be conducted as it should be if the reasonable requirements of the committee are not attended to, and then prompt vindication of their authority upon the present occasion is exceedingly satisfactory. In the race for yachts' gigs a little fracas occurred between the boats' crews of Earl Vane and Mr. Richardson, beginning, we believe, with a foul. Words led to blows, and in the end one of Earl Vane's men flung a stretcher into the other boat, cutting one of the crew rather severely on the forehead, and knocking a hole in the boat's side.

The first match was for a prize of £100, including a cup presented by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, given by the R.W.Y.C. and town, for schooners and yawls belonging to a R.Y.C., carryng the Admiralty warrant: time, half-a-minute per ton up to 50 tons, and a quarter-of-a-minute above; yawls to sail as schooners with a fourth of tonnage added.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
629	Gloriana.....	schooner	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey
21	Albertine	schooner	156	Captain Phibbs.	Inman
53	Anita	schooner	43	E. Packard, Esq.	Simons

The Cambria, schooner, 199 tons, J. Ashbury, Esq., was entered, but did not compete.

A very good start was effected at 11h. 3m. 30s. The Anita, which was very cleverly handled throughout, was the first to get away, closely followed by the Gloriana, the Albertine appearing to have "stuck."

The Gloriana had the advantage of being to windward, and when once fairly off walked away in splendid style from her opponents, which dropped down together, Anita slightly a-head, and increasing her lead. In this order they went outside the Breakwater, where at that time there was a stronger breeze. When they were first descried returning they still occupied the same relative positions, the Gloriana being a long way a-head of the Anita, which was considerably in advance of the Albertine. They rounded the committee boat in the same order, but inasmuch as the Gloriana had to allow 24¼ minutes to the Anita, the latter was really the first boat.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Gloriana	2 21 49	Anita.....	2 41 1	Albertine	2 48 50

They stretched off the second round in a very pretty manner, the liveliness of the scene being enhanced by the fact that most of the large cutters engaged in the second match came round for the first time in company with the Anita and Albertine, although the schooners had over forty minutes' start. There were at one time five racing vessels in full sail between the Cobbler buoy and the committee vessel, and a more attractive sight can hardly be imagined. When the Gloriana completed the match, the second round taking over five hours, the Anita had just passed the Breakwater fort, and to all appearance was coming along at a rate that would enable her to save her time. Great therefore, was the surprise when she was seen to take in her head sail, and the Albertine was observed taking the second place. It subsequently transpired, however, that the Anita had been thrown out of the race, in consequence of not being able to round the western mark buoy. The other schooners got a puff of wind which enabled them to do so, whilst she lay obstinately becalmed. It was more than an hour after the arrival of the Gloriana before the Albertine came in, her progress from the Cobbler being nothing more than a "drift." They finished thus :

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.	
Gloriana	7 29 57	Albertine	8 35 30	Anita not timed.

The next race a prize of £80, for cutters of 30 tons and upwards belonging to a Royal Yacht Club, and carrying the Admiralty warrant, was given by the town. The following entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1075	Niobe	cutter	45	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
1530	Sphinx	cutter	47	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudslay
72	Arrow.....	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.	Inman
948	Menai	cutter	80	W. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey
1793	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. I. Co.
1435	Rosebud	cutter	51	Sir B. Chichester.	Can. Works

The start was made at 11h. 42m. 39s., and a better one never was witnessed in Plymouth Sound. The breeze had freshened, and all the vessels went off well together. Niobe was the first to move, and then they gradually drew a-head of each other in the following order :— Arrow, Menai, Vindex, Sphinx, and Rosebud. Arrow and Menai soon got well in front of the rest, the latter closely waiting upon the former. Rosebud was all behind. The Arrow was the first to go about, the Menai second, and the Sphinx, which appeared to be steadily overhauling the Vindex, went round before her. They stood out to sea in much the same order, the Sphinx being, however, considerably down to leeward, whilst the Vindex had a good position to leeward. When they came fairly in sight again they were all well together, the Arrow still leading. The Menai, however, soon contrived to take the first place, and kept it to the completion of the round, the Arrow, Sphinx, and Vindex, closely waiting upon each other as second, third, and fourth. In passing the committee boat the three last-mentioned went far away to windward to get a good reach out, and the Rosebud rounding close home took the lead from them. The second round was a very dull affair, and the Niobe, which was the last in the first round, won the match by more than an hour, the Sphinx “drifting” in as second in close companionship with the Albertine. The other cutters either gave up or were “nowhere.” The race finished by timing the following :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Niobe	7	21	25	Sphinx.....	8	26	30

The fourth race for a piece of plate, presented by the tradesmen of the club, for yachts not exceeding 12 tons, belonging to a R.Y.C., and carrying the Admiralty warrant. Time half-a-minute per ton.

Buccaneer, Captain Bayly ; Ida, Mr. Hocking ; Electra, Mr. Clarke.

Great interest was felt in the race, the Buccaneer—which carried the appropriate ensign of the skull and cross bones—and the Ida being well known craft. A good start was effected at 12h. 10m. Buccaneer was off first, Electra second, and Ida last. The Ida, however, soon improved her position, and she and the Buccaneer appeared inclined for a neck-and-neck race. They continued to wait closely upon each other throughout the round down to the Cobbler, the Electra being some distance in the rear. The Ida rounded closer to the buoy, and the Buccaneer, which had run further down, tacked right across her bows, compelling the Ida to tack also. They then both went away together, Buccaneer to windward. In running off the wind to the committee boat, the Ida so far recovered the effect of this manœuvre that on time

being called she was only 18 seconds behind. One of the neatest displays of seamanship for the day, however, gave her the lead almost immediately. Both craft were running to round the bows of the committee boat as closely as possible, and the *Ida*, by very clever management, contrived to cut out her opponents without a foul, though the boats all but touched each other. Loud cheers greeted the success of this clever bit of tactics. The *Electra* soon afterwards gave up, and neither the *Ida* nor the *Buccaneer* coming in before nine o'clock the match will have to be sailed again before a decision can be arrived at.

A prize of £15 for yachts of 8 tons and under, given by the town. First prize £10., second £5. Time half-a-minute per ton.

Armada, Mr. Daniells ; *Glance*, Mr. Morris ; *Vespa*, Mr. W. Clarke.

The *Heron*, Mr. Donne, and *Gipsy Queen*, Mr. R. G. Mitchell, were entered, but did not put in an appearance. A pretty start was effected at 12h. 36m. 15s., *Armada* leading, and *Glance* second. This order they preserved throughout the first round. In the second *Vespa* gave up, and as the other boats were not in by nine o'clock, this match likewise goes off.

Next came an interesting race between the mosquito fleet of pleasure boats, in which eleven competed. They completed the first round in the following order:—*Falcon*, Mr. J. Blee, Falmouth, 1 ; *Fanny*, Mr. J. Carter, 2 ; *Folly*, Mr. Royall, 3 ; *Aerial*, Mr. Boulds, 4 ; *Aladdin*, Mr. Davidson, 5 ; *Frolic*, Mr. Couch, 6 ; *Swallow*, Mr. W. Martin, 7. The other boats—the *Rose*, Mr. Wagstaff ; *Aelite*, Mr. Rosronge ; *Kalcora*, Mr. Hellyer ; and *Lucy*, Mr. Cochrane—were some distance in the rear. *Frolic* kept the first position to the end of the race and won by a good distance, but most of the other competitors had exchanged places. *Folly* came in second ; *Lucy*, third ; *Fanny*, fourth ; *Swallow*, fifth ; *Aerial*, sixth ; and *Aladdin*, seventh.

The first rowing match for the day was between the cutters of her Majesty's ships, *Impregnable* and *Implacable*, pulled by naval apprentices, for 8 sovs. There were fourteen boats entered. First prize, £4 ; second, £2. 10s. ; third, £1. 10s. The boats kept well together on starting, but it soon became apparent of what material their crews were made. The youngsters pulled with desperate emulation. On rounding the *Nautilus* training brig, the 4th cutter of the *Impregnable* was ahead some distance, and maintained the lead throughout the race. The following were the first three, two cutters of the *Implacable* giving up in the second round:—1st, 4th cutter *Impregnable*, Perritt ; 2nd, 3rd cutter, ditto, Flynn ; 3rd, 4th yawl ditto, Horne. The boat winning the first prize in this race was the one which was disqualified on the

previous day on account of her passing the mark-boat on the wrong side. Her crew were all Irish.

A prize of £6, to be rowed for in gigs belonging to a Royal yacht club. First prize, £3 ; second, £2 ; third, £1. Twice round the course. Six boats started. The boat which took the lead, and won, was of much lighter construction than the others, and, in fact, was not a fair match for the rest. She came up, however, to the conditions of the race, and therefore she could not be thrown out, although one or two of the others tried very hard to do so. The result was—1st., Menai, Borden ; 2nd, Urania, Matthews ; 3rd, Mona, Hambly.

The next race was for women. First prize, 2*l.* ; second, 1*l.* 10*s.* ; third, 15*s.* Once round the whole course, and once half the course. Three boats started, and the women pulled very well indeed in the first round, but in the last half round they were looking tired. The *Urania*, steered by Jane Howse, took the lead, and kept it throughout, winning by about four lengths. *Zelia* (Ann Joll) second, and *Rover* (Betsy Blake) third. Some interest was manifested in the appearance of Ann Glanville, notorious for her success in rowing matches some years since ; she has now reached 70 years of age. After relating all her experience in nautical life a subscription was made for her.

Several other matches followed, and the regatta generally gave great satisfaction.

The following incidents occurred during the regatta :—

A Noble Action.—On the first day a lad belonging to Her Majesty's brig *Sea-Lark*, fell overboard, who could not swim, and he passed with a rapid tide, no doubt soon to meet a watery grave, when the commander of the brig, Lieut. F. Bedford, and his brother, Edward Gordon (who was on board on a visit), unhesitatingly jumped overboard as *they were*, and succeeded in overtaking and holding up the poor fellow until rescued by a boat. These brave gentlemen are the sons of Captain E. J. Bedford, the inventor of the New System of Buoyage.

A Yacht Struck by a Shell.—On Thursday the yacht *Ida*, belonging to Mr. Hocking, of Stonehouse, during a match which had been postponed from the day previous from want of wind had been struck by a shot from Bovisand fort. We have now obtained full particulars of the occurrence. It appears that the *Ida* was beating out on her second round, and at 11 minutes to four, when about ten yards off the target at which a party of men belonging to the Royal Artillery were firing, a shell burst quite close to the *Ida*, and a piece of iron, supposed to have been eight or nine pounds in weight, struck her boom, cutting it completely through, and carrying away a portion of the mainsail. One of the crew, named Pengelly, observed the piece of shell coming towards them, and raised an alarm. The owner of the yacht, Mr.

Hocking, was on board, and was lounging carelessly on the platform, when Pengelly sung out that a shell was coming, on hearing which he immediately jumped off the platform, otherwise he probably would have been killed. As soon as he recovered himself sufficiently to be able to comprehend the danger in which he had been placed, he found that his whiskers were covered with splinters from the boom. Captain Frank Green was at the wheel, and was also covered with shreds and splinters. The men on board the yacht signalled to those at the fort, but they took no notice of it. There must have been great oversight on the part of those in charge of the firing party at Bovisand, as it appears that the men on the look-out could be distinctly observed from the *Ida* lying on the grass, and not taking any notice of what was transpiring. The *Ida* was becalmed at the time, and had been in very nearly the same position for more than two hours. After she had been struck, and the crew had signalled to the fort, the persons in charge were not humane enough to send off to the *Ida* to see if she required any assistance. Mr. Hocking has been advised by his friends and several members of the Yacht Club to take action in the matter, not only to satisfy him for the damage his vessel has sustained, but in order to put a stop to such proceedings in future. The *Buccaneer*, another yacht engaged in the same race, was also in great danger during the time the firing continued, but fortunately she escaped. The men at the fort, when they found that damage had been done, ceased firing.

ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

We think that we might search in vain in the pages of this *Magazine*, or the columns of "*Bell's Life*," for such a bill of fare as the yachting men of the Sister Isle presented to the aquatic epicure at the regatta week of the Royal St. George's Club last month. Beginning with the Prince Alfred match for the first and third class yachts July 13th, and ending with the Commodore's Challenge Cup of the Royal St. George, together with two private matches, on the 17th, almost every day had its great or its little regatta, and as the St. George's and Prince Alfred members had done their best to attract yachting men, so they in their turn seemed resolved to accept the invitation "*en masse*," as there certainly never had been before in the memory of the oldest quay lounge, such a goodly fleet at anchor in Kingstown harbour. The scene was certainly most animating, as representatives from almost every club, from the ancient Thames to the modern Ulsters, were to be seen with their gay burgees fluttering in the summer air, while among them, floating on their beautiful water lines, were the finest models of our most eminent builders.

To attempt to give the names of all the yachts that had gathered together on Monday the 13th, would be as tedious to the reader as it would be difficult for the narrator, but we may venture to mention one or two of the leading vessels that seemed to attract the greatest attention. The one of all others that perhaps most struck the lookers on, both from her novel rig and her vast proportions, was the "Guinivere," lately built for the respected Commodore of the Royal Victoria! She is certainly a masterpiece of material and workmanship, but her somewhat clumsy quarters, and indifferent sheer aft, detract very much from her appearance. The rig of the Guinivere is somewhat peculiar, consisting of two huge, magnificent sticks, as fore and mainmast while aft she carries a small mizen like a yawl's mizen; we did hear that for her racing purposes this latter spar was to be replaced by a larger stick, but we failed to see how such an alteration could, under the present arrangement of the other mast, be carried out; be that however as it may the Guinivere is a beautiful craft, a perfect floating summer palace, and we shall be very curious to learn the result of her contests in the south, if she intends to compete this month at Cowes. The Ferida, also a new vessel lately built by Steele, for the noble Commodore of the St. George is a fine handsome craft, and though somewhat unnecessarily overdone with weight above the water line she is a noble vessel, and in a breeze may yet cause trouble to some of our fast schooners. The others that perhaps should be mentioned are the Oimara and Condor, two of the largest cutters now afloat, and which really appear the very perfection of their rig, the former without wishing for one moment to detract from the well known merits of the latter is a particularly grand vessel, plenty of beam, no overhanging boom or top heavy spars to spoil her symmetry, and whether seen quietly and gracefully at anchor, or covered with clouds of canvas in a struggle, it would be difficult to imagine a finer model or a more perfect picture.

"And lo! a fifth appears I'll see no more,
For fear like Banquo's kings, they reach a score."

Suffice it to say that there were plenty of combatants to fight every inch of ground, and that no "Luna" could here throw down her gauntlet, as on the Thames, without finding plenty of owners ready and willing to accept the challenge. As we have already said Monday the 13th, was the day fixed for the matches of the first and third class yachts of the Prince Alfred, but no competitors appearing for the first class, the second class all resolved to enter at 41 tons, to comply with the rule of the club. But though there was no scarcity of vessels or willing hands

to work them, there was a sad want of the necessary propelling power, and a paltry air from the east with some difficulty enabled the following to take up their stations :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders
45	Amber Witch	yawl	41	J. McCurdy, Esq.	Wanhill
1982	Xema	cutter	41	Major Barton	Fife
782	Kilmeny	cutter	41	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
1508	Secret	cutter	41	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill

With wind somewhat to the Northward of East they all canted to starboard, Xema leading out of the harbour followed by Secret, Amber Witch, and Kilmeny in the order named. The Secret weathered on all towards the Sutton shore, but had shortly after to give way to Xema, which became the leading vessel. Off the North Burford the wind freshened somewhat, and with the job of a sea caused Xema and Secret to send down topsails, letting Amber Witch and Kilmeny up to them. The yawl going right well, though somewhat favored by the wind which now became very variable, passed the light-ship in the van, the time being :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Amber Witch	1 9 40	Kilmeny	1 18 25
Xema	1 9 45	Secret	1 20 10

On running for the harbour Secret ran up with Kilmeny, and with this exception they rounded the hauling buoy in the same positions as they had rounded the Kish. The wind now became certainly variable, first one vessel being favoured and then others ; eventually the Amber Witch settling down into the first place, and rounding the Kish twenty minutes in advance of the second boat, and the cup seemed a certainty. In running in for the finish, however the yawl got becalmed and was obliged to anchor close to the east pier, while Kilmeny and Xema, in a better position as regards tide, and with the smallest taste of the desired element, managed to crawl round the flag-ship, the time being thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Kilmeny	7 50 0	Xema	8 8 0
Others not timed.			

Immediately after the start of the larger vessels the smaller ones took up their stations for the £25 cup, and the usual “orders of the St. Alfred,” a most admirable start being effected by the following :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
627	Glide	cutter	15	D. Fulton, Esq.	Fulton
1720	Torch	cutter	15	G. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
1548	Syren	cutter	19	D. Corbet, Esq.	Marshall
1754	Vampire	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
789	Kittiwake	cutter	20	Capt. Iremonger	Owner
846	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher
967	Minna	yawl	22	B. Hone, Esq.	Can. Wrks.

The wind was very much the same as it had been with the start for the larger yachts, and all had to make a board to weather the west pier head. Glide lead out followed by Vampire, Lizzie, Wave Crest, and Kittiwake, the others Torch, Siren, and Minna not getting such a good start. On nearing the East bar buoy the wind headed the first lot, the others laying right for the buoy. The Glide got a commanding lead round the Burford buoy and looked all over winning, but as she neared the harbour she got into the next thing to a calm and Lizzie overhauled her, getting round the hauling buoy first. Before all the others could get into the harbour it fell a flat calm, and the race not being finished by nine o'clock had to be re-sailed the next day. The following day however, there was no wind and the race was again postponed until Saturday.

Wednesday, the 16th,—dawned more auspiciously, and the ancients would at once have come to the conclusion that the gods were more favourable to St. George than to the Prince Alfred, as certainly Æolus had behaved indifferently to the latter while the former had every reason to be thankful for the breeze let loose from the bag of the god of winds. Punctually at ten o'clock, the appointed hour, the vessels intending to compete for the 100 sov. prize offered for yachts of any rig, over the long course, took up their stations, and at 10h. 5m. the following shot from their respective buoys;—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
512	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
253	Condor.....	cutter	120	W. Ewing, Esq.	Steele & Co.
1206	Oimara	cutter	165	C. J. Tennant, Esq.	Steele & Co.
943	Menai	cutter	76	W. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey
816	Leah.....	cutter	102	J. W. Cannon, Esq.	Wanhill

And never from Kingstown pier had five such cutters been seen before. Leah slipped first out of the harbour with fine southerly breeze closely

followed by the others, the Fiona and Menai immediately commencing one of those senseless manœuvres of endeavouring to luff up and prevent your antagonist from passing you to windward, which only result in the utter discomfiture of the yachts so acting. In this instance the Oimara got an immediate lead, much no doubt, to her amusement, as she was thus beginning to get rid of one, at all events, very dangerous light-weight. After passing the East Bar buoy the Oimara, Menai and Leah tacked to starboard and shortly after this we heard that the Leah on the port tack fouled the Fiona on the starboard tack, the former holding on in spite of all rule to the contrary. If this is true nothing could be more reprehensible than the conduct of the captain of the Leah, and some stringent rule should be made by our clubs disqualifying a captain so acting from sailing again the same season, in a similar way that the Jockey Club disqualify their jockies for misconduct. Until something of the sort is done your most reckless and lawless skipper gets entirely his own way. Committees as a rule are not half strict enough, they should put down all dodging and unfair dealing with an iron hand, or let us provide ironclad yachts, and let these precious skippers fight it out, while we refrain from mixing in such company, and watch the results from club balconies. But to proceed with the match! Shortly after standing towards the Muglyns, the Fiona carried away her bobstay, and was obliged to bear up, the others in the smooth water and strengthening breeze soon made short miles of it, passing the Dalkey flag-boat,

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Oimara	11	12	0	Menai	11	21	0
Condor	11	14	30	Leah	11	23	0

And now it was "ease off" for the Kish, and the Oimara began to step out in earnest, increasing her lead every mile that she went towards the light ship, which she rounded 28 minutes after leaving the Dalkey flag-boat, the fastest run we believe on record, except that of the Mosquito, over the same ground in a gale of wind. The next round was nothing but a repetition of the former one, the Oimara, notwithstanding all the efforts and good sailing powers of her antagonists, running away from them, though hard pressed by Condor. The Menai carried away her bobstay on the second beat to the Dalkey flag-boat, the race eventually finishing :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Oimara	2	32	7	Condor	2	41	18	Leah	3	3	42

The next race on the "correct card" was for schooners and yawls, but there being only two entries, and one competitor being twice the size of the other, besides being one of the fastest schooners afloat, not much

interest was felt in the race, the issue not being very dubious. The entries were :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
381	Egeria.	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
75	Astarte	yawl	75	W. Battersby, Esq.	Ratsey.

And Mr. Battersby deserves great credit for fighting against such odds. On the gun firing for the start, the Egeria canted on board the yawl, and but for the exercise of very considerable ingenuity, serious damage would have occurred to the Astarte; they were at length cleared from their not over loving embrace, and started on their course. The Egeria went off with the lead, but the Astarte stuck to her work well, and gave the schooner cause to reflect that she was not to be trifled with, and that any slip on her part would be fatal to her chance. The Egeria, however, was too well and cautiously handled to throw away a chance; and as to her canvas, it was the "theme of universal admiration." The Kish was rounded the first time :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Egeria	12 24 10	Astarte	12 36 30

On the second round, the yawl sailed better than on the first round, as either by more careful handling or from a difference in sailing in a different breeze, she did not lose so much time in passing the Kish as in the first round. But it was fighting against hope to do battle in such a wind and over such a course with such an adversary, the race terminating :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Egeria	3 32 53	Astarte	4 4 45

Immediately after the schooner and yawl had left the harbour, the buoys were again occupied by vessels to contend for the 35 sovereigns for yachts of 40 tons and under, and, as three of the competing craft belonged to Kingstown, and a fourth was well known at the port, the match was watched with greater interest than any other event of the day. The entries were :—Kilmeny, Secret, Xema, Amber Witch, and Torpid, 28 tons, Major Longfield.

The Torpid is a stranger to this port, and it is some time since we had seen her. As a rule she is a somewhat heavy boat for light weather, and she now seemed deeper in the water than in her old form. The Secret led out of the harbour, but she had to yield the pride of place to Xema, who in her turn had to yield to Amber Witch, which

was first round the East Bar buoy. On the beat down to Dalkey the yawl lost the advantage she had gained, and was passed successively by Xema, Kilmeny, and Torpid, but after passing Dalkey, with free sheets to the Kish, she again improved her position a trifle, the light-ship being passed :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Xema.....	1 37 40	Amber Witch..	1 40 10	Secret.....	1 48 0
Kilmeny	1 38 20	Torpid	1 42 0		

During the beat from the East Bar Buoy to Dalkey the Torpid again passed the Amber Witch, and Xema left Kilmeny a trifle more, Secret making for the harbour, as she was evidently not going in her right form ; the race eventually terminating :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Xema	5 16 36	Amber Witch... ..	5 25 36
Kilmeny.....	5 18 19	Torpid	5 29 27

Kilmeny winning her second prize this week with 37 seconds to spare.

The fourth race was for a purse of 20 sovereigns, presented by the Railway Company, for yachts under 20 tons, and it appeared sufficiently attractive to draw together no less than eight competitors :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1720	Torch	cutter	15	G. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
789	Kittiwake	cutter	20	Captain Iremonger	Owner
1756	Vampire.....	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
846	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher
	Ripple.....	cutter	12	G. Murney, Esq.	
1025	Mora	cutter	15	J. Cusack, Esq.	Fife
627	Glide	cutter	15	D. Fulton, Esq.	Fulton
	Alexandra	cutter	15	J. Douglas, Esq.	

Of these the Lizzie is Hatcher's last production, and of course attracted the attention of the "*cognoscenti*." She is a fuller vessel on the water line than the Vampire, whatever she may be underneath. The Vampire has a very hollow bow, and is very fine aft, whereas the Lizzie has very slight hollow in her bow, and carries her fullness very far aft. Of course it is early yet to judge of the Lizzie's capabilities, and we shall watch the contest between her and the Vampire next year with considerable interest. They all started except the Alexandra, which we did not see, with flowing sheets and nice southing wind. The Lizzie had the weathermost station, and her captain, wishing to avoid going near the pier and losing the wind, bore down upon the Kittiwake, and, regardless of the lives and limbs of her Majesty's liege subjects on

board of her, and mindful only of the possible extra shillings in view, and the probable reward of beer he would receive on winning, no matter what means he took to secure the end, swept the Kittiwake's decks with the Lizzie's boom, as if he was wielding a flail, a style of proceeding more adapted to the days of Donnybrook fair in its most uproarious and drunken times, than as a pastime where more civilized beings are supposed to gather. This proceeding, however much to be condemned, served the Lizzie well, as she thus got the weather gage, and led round the East Bar, being followed in a ruck by the others.—Vampire, Lizzie, Kittiwake, and Mora, stood on the starboard tack, while Torch, Glide, and Ripple, stayed round the buoy, and stood in towards the land for smoother water. The Kittiwake and Torch soon got into trouble, the former carrying away her main rigging, and nearly her mast, under the hounds, the latter carrying away her throat halyards; both returning to harbour under head sails—the Mora also coming to grief shortly after. The Ripple, while sailing remarkably well, shipped a heavy sea, and, finding it useless to contend against such heavy odds, also bore up. On making for Dalkey it was seen that Vampire had weathered upon Lizzie, who, in her turn, had weathered upon Glide, the only three now remaining in the race. The Vampire retained the lead throughout, and it remains for next year to decide which is the faster boat of the two—Hatcher's old or Hatcher's new 20 tonner. The match was eventually finished :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.		
Vampire	5 10 35		Lizzie	5 22 16		Glide.....	5 23 3

Thursday was another busy day and began with a race for 80 sovs. presented by the Dublin and Wicklow Railway Co., open to all yachts belonging to any recognised yacht club. The eighty little vignettes of her Majesty bringing to the post

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builder
512	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
253	Condor	cutter	130	W. Ewing, Esq.	Steele & Co.
1206	Oimara	cutter	165	C. J. Tennant, Esq.	Steele & Co.

The wind had veered round considerably during the night, and was to the Northward of West, but not blowing in that rough blustering way that it generally does when rude Boreas has a hand in it, but was as mild and gentle as if belonging to some more southern clime. At 10h. 5m., the smoke of the gun was perceived, and barely had the sound reached the pier head before the ropes were let go and jibs hoisted.

The Oimara was very smart in getting away and led out of the harbour closely followed however by Condor and Fiona, neck and neck. At the flag-boat off the East bar buoy Oimara was in the pride of place, with Fiona second and Condor third, and it was matter of general surprise that the Fiona should have been able to stick so close to the Condor, not only during this, but during every part of the race. Between the East bar buoy and the Muglyns Condor passed Fiona, but the latter seemed so little to like the position that she paid a like compliment to the Condor between the Muglyns and the Kish, which was rounded

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Oimara.....	12	27	0		Fiona.....	12	31	30		Condor	12	33	0

From the Kish the wind was as much to the Eastward of North as it had been in the morning to the Westward, so that balloon jibs, balloon topsails, jib topsails, "et hoc genus omne," were in requisition, Oimara still getting away from Condor and Fiona, which were fighting every inch of water that they passed over. The Fiona was making wonderful play and almost to the last the issue of the race was doubtful, and it would have been so to the end had not the Fiona been hampered by Condor all through the day. A little before three o'clock the Oimara was made out coming in towards the pier, Condor and Fiona still together, the former on the weather quarter of the latter but still unable to shake her off. On came the Oimara with her clouds of canvas and there should have been some Mr. Taylor there to have seen her so quickly and so noiselessly lower, on the instant, her extra canvas, and then under all plain sail luff so calmly and so quietly round the flag-ship, heaving-to on the other side of her to watch the slow progress and take the time of the rivals as they came through the pier-heads covered with canvas, it was a scene seldom if ever witnessed, and when witnessed never to be forgotten. The time at the finish was

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Oimara.....	3	39	57		Condor	3	50	57		Fiona	3	51	4

The Oimara winning by some four minutes from Fiona, which lost as good a race as she has yet run.

In the mean time stations were taken for a prize of 50 sovs. for all schooners and yawls under 100 tons, to contend for which only two came to the post.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
45	Amber Witch ...	yawl	89	J. McCurdy, Esq.	Wanhill
75	Astarte	yawl	75	W. Battersby, Esq.	Day & Co.

And here oddly enough the *Astarte* was holding the exact reverse of the position that she had held the previous day, when she had been called upon to fight a vessel double her tonnage, whereas now she was twice the size of her present opponent. The wind being however light held out better hopes this time for the smaller vessel. At 10h. 40m. the buoys were let go and the two yawls passed out of the harbour, but the *Amber Witch* lost a great deal by having to make a tack to get round the flag-boat off East bar buoy which was passed thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Astarte</i>	11 21 0	<i>Amber Witch</i>	11 31 0

From this point to the Kish there was but little variation of position, the wind becoming lighter as they neared the light-ship, the time being thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Astarte</i>	1 17 30	<i>Amber Witch</i>	1 27 45

From thence to the East bar buoy for the second round the *Astarte* left her rival, as at this point she was twenty-eight minutes a-head, the race ultimately terminating by the *Astarte* at 6h. 17m. The *Amber Witch* having got into a calm and not being timed.

As with the similar race of the preceding day, the prize of 30 sovs, for yachts under 40 tons, seemed to create a great amount of interest, not only because many of the competitors hail for Kingstown, but because it was well known that the sailing powers of the different craft were so evenly matched that the issue of the race must necessarily be very dubious.—The entries were as follows :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1725	<i>Torpid</i>	cutter	28	Major Longfield	Hatcher
1508	<i>Secret</i>	cutter	31	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
846	<i>Lizzie</i>	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher
1754	<i>Vampire</i>	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
782	<i>Kilmeny</i>	cutter	30	D. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
1932	<i>Xema</i>	cutter	34	Major Barton	Fife

The *Lizzie* slipped first out of harbour with *Xema* and *Secret* in close attendance, *Kilmeny*, *Torpid*, and *Vampire* forming a second line of their own a little way astern. It was a beat to the East bar buoy which was rounded in the above order. After rounding the Dalkey flag-boat it was a case of flat sheets for the Kish, when *Xema* held first place closely followed by *Secret* and *Lizzie*, with *Kilmeny*, *Torpid*, and *Vampire* as before. After rounding the Kish in the run towards the East bar

buoy Secret crept fast upon Xema, and Vampire made for the harbour. Between Dalkey and the Kish in the second round Kilmeny overhauled Secret going into second place, Lizzie and Torpid falling hopelessly astern, the latter illustrating most clearly what we have said in this *Magazine*, about heavily ballasted and heavily sparred vessels in summer weather. The wind now became light and variable, but Secret again gave the Kilmeny a touch of her quality by taking second place from her, the race ending thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Xema	7 31 0	Secret	7 41 12	Kilmeny	7 46 0
Xema winning with plenty of time on hand.					

For the last race there were no less than eleven entries of vessels under 15 tons to contend for a prize of 15 sovereigns, a very poor remuneration considering that the club were indebted to the yacht owners by their entries for the amount :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1025	Mora	cutter	15	W. B. Price, Esq.	Fife
1720	Torch	cutter	15	G. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
	Alexandra	cutter	15	J. Douglas, Esq.	
1036	Myrrha	schooner	6	A. Faulkner, Esq.	
	Ripple	cutter	12	G. Murney, Esq.	
	Emerald	cutter	7	Major Knox	
	Mora	cutter	9	J. Cusack, Esq.	
1423	Rival	cutter	15	R. Tennent, Esq.	Fife
627	Glide	cutter	15	D. Fulton, Esq.	Owner
	Leonora	cutter	8	J. Byrne, Esq.	
956	Meta	yawl	9	Col. Baker	Monson

The wind had become very light by the time these little vessels left the harbour, and every one thought that the Ripple would serve her antagonist in the same way that she did last year ; she failed however to answer altogether the expectations of her admirers, though her position at the end showed good reason for the raising of such expectations. The Rival got away with the lead, but the Torch soon asserted her usual supremacy, and passed one after another in a marvellous manner. She soon set all doubts at rest by taking a leading place, the time at the finish being :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Torch	6 42 16	Rival	7 49 0	Ripple	7 49 15

The others straggling in one after another as the light and variable wind allowed them.

Friday.—The last day of the Royal St. George, and the one also fixed for the match between the Torch and Kittiwake, and Syren and Surprise, did not begin with a very promising appearance, as at eight o'clock there was such a lack of the necessary element as to lead people generally to suppose that it would be impossible to finish a single race. Towards ten o'clock however a light air was seen coming in from the S.E., and at half-past ten o'clock the following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
126	Oimara	cutter	165	C. J. Tennent, Esq.	Steele & Co.
253	Condor.....	cutter	129	W. Ewing, Esq.	Steele & Co.
381	Egeria	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
568	Ferida	schooner	170	Marquis of Drogheda	Steele & Co.
816	Leah	cutter	98	J. W. Cannon, Esq.	Wanhill

Were at their moorings for the race for the Commodore's cup, open to all vessels belonging to the Royal St. George's Yacht Club, and now held by Egeria as the winner of it last year. There were some who held that the Egeria over such a course would repeat her victory of last year and secure the prize, others again who hold that "*cetiris paribus*" a schooner, even of the Egeria's well earned reputation, can never hold her own against a cutter of similar size and quality, maintained that the Oimara would have half-an-hour to spare, and these proved to be right, and unless some cutter of like weight is built by next year the Commodore's cup, barring accidents, is pretty sure to fall to Oimara's lot, and her owner deserves it for turning out such a magnificent craft. At eleven o'clock precisely the gun fired, when Egeria got away with the lead followed by Oimara, Condor, and Leah, neither the Pilgrim or Ferida letting go their moorings the wind being too light for them. The course was from the harbour to the Rockabill light-house, thence to the Kish twice and home to harbour, altogether about 50 miles. The Oimara and Egeria at once singled themselves out as the two rival candidates for the cup, and though the Egeria did all she could the cutter was too many for her, and fairly beat her on her every point of sailing. Turning the Rockabill for the beat to the Kish the second time the Oimara was seen in advance, and the Kish was passed :—Oimara, 6h. 26m. 0s. ; Egeria, 7h. 14m. 0s.; as near as we could make out.

From this to the run home but little variation as to position occurred, the race finally terminating thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Oimara	7	29	0		Egeria.	8	12 30

And thus ended the Royal St George's regatta, and really too much praise cannot be given to the committee for the punctuality observed in all their movements, a punctuality we have never before seen equalled on any similar occasion.

Taking advantage of the St. George's buoys before they were cleared away, the Kittiwake and Torch, and the Siren and Surprise, took up their stations for two private matches, and in order to avoid confusion it was agreed that the Siren and Surprise should go round the ordinary Prince Alfred course, while the Kittiwake and Torch should travel the reverse way. A gun from the St. George's Club-house started them, and they all four left the harbour on equal terms, with wind at south. Kittiwake and Torch immediately hauling their wind for South Burford, the other two with sheets eased off making for the East bar buoy. The Kittiwake carried a large balloon topsail, and half way between the harbour and South Burford buoy, she unfortunately carried away the hook of the topmast rigging, she was of course obliged immediately to luff up to save the topmast, and thus lost some six minutes while repairing damages. From the North Burford to East Bar buoy the wind became lighter and the Torch seemed to have taken out some patent, *or something heavier*, which enabled her to travel in a most wonderful way in the light breeze, going clear away from the Kittiwake, and coming in some twenty minutes ahead. Whether in a breeze the issue would have been different must remain for time to prove. The Kittiwake certainly was not going in the light breeze as one would expect from her appearance. The others made a very good match of it, and though Siren led round the whole course and was never caught, she was hunted with amazing perseverance, and hotly pressed at every turn by the Surprise, which at the same time in years gone by used to give the Siren a different view to what she had been enjoying to-day; eventually the Siren won her match, passing the flag-boat in the harbour three minutes in advance of Surprise.

ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

On Wednesday, June 24th, this took place, there was not a very large attendance of yachts, and the entries far from satisfactory. In the principal cutter race a hitch occurred respecting the allowance of time—half-a-minute adopted by the committee was considered too much in a short course, and it was only after some difficulty that it was reduced

to 20 seconds per ton. There were four entries for the first prize, of £40, for first vessel, and £10 for second. The following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1075	Niobe	cutter	39	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
1581	Sphinx	cutter	48	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Mandalay
1805	Phryne	cutter	55	T. Grove, Esq.	Hatcher

The Vindex was entered, but did not start owing to a domestic bereavement in the owner's family.

Course, from off Harwich Quay round the Cork Light, thence to a mark-boat moored off the Stone Bench, back to the harbour, round a mark-boat moored up the Stour River, back to the starting point, twice round, about thirty-four miles.

The Phryne got the weather berth, and, as they could only just fetch out the harbour, that was a considerable advantage; next to the Phryne came the Niobe, and to leeward of all the Sphinx. However, when the starting gun fired at 11h. 15m., the crew of the Sphinx were so smart in slipping her moorings and running up her canvas, that she was the first to gather way, and directly luffed up to windward of the other two. Each set a No. 2 jib and big working topsail, and dashed ahead on the wind at a merry rate. Both the Sphinx and Phryne reached away from the Niobe, and the skipper of the former had plenty to do in fetching out to keep the Phryne off his weather quarter, that vessel, a length astern, continually "trying it on." Directly they fetched the buoy outside it was ease away for the Cork Light, with the wind nearly dead aft. The Sphinx set her spinnaker, but it was soon apparent that it would be very ticklish work carrying such a sail, unless a bobstay could be rigged that would set the boom down. It was continually lifting the boom as the breeze came out in puffs, and doubled it up at times like a bow. However, the spar was tough, and nothing carried away. A much greater torment to the Sphinx was the Phryne, still threatening her weather, three or four hands being ready to run in the spinnaker if necessary every time she had to luff up, and that was pretty frequent, so that they were getting a good distance up to windward of the Light. In the meantime the Niobe, with spinnaker set, should have profited by these simple tactics, but she was running no faster than a smack, and declined to reap advantage by the others' folly. The Phryne's crew, thinking perhaps there was too much wind and a little too much sea disturbance, did not

run up her spinnaker, but set a small squaresail instead, and they were not far wrong, as before getting to the light vessel the Sphinx's spinnaker boom reared on end, and the Niobe's came forward, both getting the unruly sail in. The Phryne finding that she tried in vain to get by on the Sphinx's weather, bore away and remained under her lee quarter. They hauled round the Cork Light at

	h.	m.	s.			h.	m.	s.			h.	m.	s.	
Sphinx	11	49	0		Phryne	11	49	30		Niobe	11	54	0

As they came on the wind for the westward beat to the Stone Bench mark-boat, the Sphinx still held her own, although once both the Phryne and Niobe threatened to reach out on her weather as they took a southerly puff or two ; indeed, the Niobe was now on her best point, and if she did not pick up her time in short turning, she would not by running and reaching. In the third board she crossed the Phryne's bow to windward, but in the next the latter regained her lost position, the wind in the mean time breaking the Niobe off. The Sphinx had nothing to complain of, and worked down to the mark-boat very comfortably, with the help of a weather tide, in four boards. They rounded as under :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Sphinx	12	30	0		Phryne	12	30	30		Niobe	12	33	0

Directly they weathered the mark-boat, sheets were eased off, and balloon foresails run up smartly for the going free to the Cliff Foot buoy entering the harbour again. The Sphinx still led as they hauled their wind a bit round the buoy, and stood on for the committee boat. From the latter point they had to turn up the Stour for the other mark-boat, in still water and a light westerly wind, balloon foresails being previously changed for working ones. The Sphinx was doing remarkably well, and weathered on both ; but she got hampered off the pier by a couple of big steamers moored there, and the Phryne again got up close under her lee quarter, and they gybed round the boat almost at the same time, the Phryne, of course, being kept under the Sphinx's lee. As they gybed over, the Sphinx's topmast bowed forward, as if going overboard, and the shifting backstay was hauled taut only just in time to save it. In the run back to the committee boat the Sphinx had her work cut out to keep the Phryne off her weather ; but as they were close on the boat, the Phryne luffed up across her rival's stern, her bowsprit only just clearing the other's taffrail. By so doing she got in rather an awkward position, as the Sphinx was luffing up to make as close a shave as possible of the boat ; the Phryne was completely shut out, and had to bear away to round the boat at all. The Sphinx in the

meanwhile was getting in her sheets, with helm hard down. This, of course, stopped her way a trifle, and when the Phryne bore up to clear the steamer, she caught the Sphinx's weather quarter, knocking away the top rail, part of the taffrail, the block hooks of the topmast backstay, and her own bobstay. Fortunately this was the extent of the casualty, and no one was hurt besides a blow or two in being knocked across the deck. This happened under the eyes of the committee, and the Sphinx protested that the Phryne was in the wrong. Those on board the Sphinx having had time to look and see that the damage was not so serious after all, went to work again at the main-sheet, and, in spite of the confusion of the moment, managed to haul out to windward of her rival. They hauled round the steamer, and completed the first round thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Sphinx	1 20 0	Phryne	1 20 5	Niobe	1 24 0

As they stood out for the harbour's entrance the Phryne was busy repairing the damage done to her bobstay, and had her bowsprit again set down by the time they bore away round the Bell Buoy for the Cork Light. In running for the light this time the Sphinx did not risk her spinnaker boom, but boomed out her balloon foresail instead, the Niobe following suit with a balloon jib. The Phryne set a square-sail, and again tried the Sphinx's weather, and this time the latter made no attempt to stop her ; but, after all, the Phryne could not run her, and the Sphinx was again the first to luff round the Cork Light at

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Sphinx	2	0	0		Phryne	2	0	10		Niobe	2	4	15

The latter was evidently not doing well ; but there was yet a lot of work to do before getting home. They hauled their sheets aboard, and stood to the southward for about half-a-mile, the Niobe going about before getting so far, and seemed bent on making short boards. The Phryne fell away to leeward a trifle, through again carrying away her bobstay: it was soon replaced. In standing to the northward, the Sphinx on the weather bow of the Phryne, the latter stood right in under the land, the Sphinx only keeping in about half as far. But the Phryne did right, as she got the wind more southerly, and when she again stood out she crossed the Sphinx's bow half-a-mile to windward. The wind in the meantime had shortened on the Sphinx and fallen very light ; but the most singular thing was that the wind southered with the Niobe also, whilst the Sphinx, working between the two, had it from W.S.W., the others from S.S.W. The Niobe seemed to have got the best of it as

she crossed the Phryne's bows to windward, when she presently met the Phryne standing out from the land on cross tacks. But the Phryne again appeared on her weather on their next meeting. The Sphinx, in the meantime, was getting in the doldrums, having a very light and very foul wind, and, like the others, a strong lee tide. It was rather tedious work turning down to the mark-boat, and it seemed doubtful at one time if the Sphinx would ever fetch it, as when within a cable's length the wind dropped almost to a calm, and the tide was going eastward like a sluice. Long before this the others had rounded, and were homeward bound with the wind aft, a long way ahead of the Sphinx, as the time they respectively bore away round the mark-boat will tell :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Phryne	3	16	10		Niobe	3	17	10		Sphinx	3	24	0

The Niobe and Phryne, as the Sphinx eased away, had the wind very light, but still they were making as much way as the Sphinx. The latter had set her spinnaker again, the Niobe boomed out her balloon jib, and the Phryne set a squaresail. The wind seemed inclined to be very shifty, and, before the Sphinx had been before it ten minutes chopped round to the westward again. This took her spinnaker all aback, and in a couple of minutes it was down, sheets hauled aboard, and away she dashed with this new and welcome breeze. It continued from the S.S.W. with the other two some minutes longer; but presently they got it from the westward the same. In the interim the Sphinx had greatly improved her position, and as they luffed round the Cliff Foot buoy was not more than four minutes astern of the Niobe, the Phryne being about a-minute ahead of the Niobe. They stood from the buoy to the committee boat, a little off the wind, and flattened down sheets for working from that point to the mark-boat up the Stour. The Phryne led the way, and close in her wake followed the Niobe; the Sphinx, still some four or five minutes astern, by a sudden shift of wind was able to look almost the course, whilst the others were two or three points off it. The consequence was, that when they went about and reached across the Sphinx's bows, they were not more than a-minute and a-half ahead, with the Sphinx doing the best work. The Niobe still stuck to short boards, working as much out of the tide as possible, and rapidly weathered on the Phryne, so that when the latter was standing out from above Harwich Pier the Niobe caught her on the wrong tack. The Phryne at first did not seem inclined to give way, but the consequences would have been too serious to hold on, consequently her helm was put a-lee; but in staying she got in irons, and had the mortification to see the Sphinx creep up on her weather,

leaving her as if her fore-sheet were to windward. The Sphinx was still doing remarkably well in the short boards and still water, and picked the Niobe up so fast that, in the second board after she weathered the Phryne, she met the Niobe on the port tack, and, there not being room to clear, that vessel was now obliged to give way. The Sphinx was at last again the leading vessel, but without much chance of saving her time ; she still weathered on the others, and gained about a-minute in working the last half-mile. As soon as they were round the mark-boat, it would be a run back to the committee vessel, where the match would be finished ; the Sphinx, not very smartly, got her spinnaker half set, and ran down with that ; the Phryne set her squaresail, and the Niobe boomed out her foresail. Nothing more remains to be said, beyond giving the time the match ended :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.		
Sphinx	4 40 46		Niobe	4 42 27		Phryne	4 42 29

The Niobe won the £40, with 30 seconds to spare, and the Sphinx took the other prize.

Two prizes were offered for schooners under 70 tons—the first vessel to receive £15 and the second £10.—Time allowance, half a-minute per ton. The following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rlg.	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
53	Anita	schooner	43	E. Packard, Esq.	Simons
63	Ariel	schooner	12	T. M. Reed, Esq.	Halliday
1856	Waterwitch	schooner	23	H. Allenby, Esq.	Aldous

The course, with slight deviations was the same as in prior matches. The Anita went off with the lead which she increased until completing first round, when shortly after entering the harbour she carried away her jib-boom, but her crew set to work with a will and rigged out a jury. The Ariel stuck to her, and after an excellent race the big-un received the prize. Other sports followed.

At the dinner in the evening at the Great Eastern Hotel, the owner of the Anita thought there might be still better sport had ; and he threw out as a suggestion that the Harwich people should subscribe towards giving a cup to be sailed for from the Thames the day before the regatta was held another year. This would bring a larger number of vessels round, and they would then have some match sailing second to none around the coast.

The owner of the Cambria, thinking this suggestion a good one,

announced his determination to start for such a prize, and if he won it to give another of the same value, to be sailed for the next day. He was extremely fond of racing, had already spent some £15,000 in endeavouring to get a fast vessel, and until he was successful he would go on building every year.

Several gentlemen present then handed in subscriptions towards obtaining the cup, and no doubt next year the Harwich Yacht Club will meet with a host of friends among yachtsmen.—*Field*.

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE popular and thoroughly well managed regatta of this veteran yacht club, always looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation by those who love good sport and to meet congenial spirits in briny contest, was held on Tuesday, June 30th, and Wednesday, July 1st. The only drawback to the enjoyment of the meeting was the unavoidable absence of the excellent Commodore, S. R. Graves, M.P., whose parliamentary duties detained him in London; but even this could only be called a drawback in so far as the actual presence of the gallant commodore was concerned, as the Royal Mersey enjoys the privilege of being so ably officered, that beyond the fact of missing the portly person, the courteous welcome, and the general *prestige* of one so generally esteemed and respected in yachting circles, Vice-Commodore T. Wilkinson Tetley, Rear-Commodore Drinkwater, with the indefatigable Hon. Secretary, Mr. Henry Melling, left not even the minutest detail of the nautical management to cavil at; whilst the numerous and fashionable attendance of the members and their fair friends on board the club steamer, the *Trafalgar*, showed that the well-earned reputation of the club for kindly hospitality was jealously cared for by these able officers.

The morning was overcast, and the wind from N.W., but the sun quickly battled the watch with cloud land, and took charge of the sky, much to the damage of the fresh morning breeze, which old Sol mercilessly devoured.

The course in Liverpool Bay is now so well known to the majority of our nautical readers, as to render description on our part needless; but to the very small minority, if there be such, that have not sailed over it, we say, go and do so, or fail in standing as A1 yachtsmen; for *there is* good sailing and *sterling seamanship* to be witnessed when a tough nor'-wester rips up that world's pathway into a seething waste, and something more than holiday cruising sailordom is required to carry a fight-

ing banner to the fore round that storm-stained and wave-worn nor'-west light-ship.

The first prize was a very richly-chased silver service from the *atelier* of Messrs Elkington, of the value of 75 sovs. ; for this the following vessels came to the starting buoys :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1304	Phosphorus	cutter	C.M. 50	Albert Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
	Eve.....	cutter	41	Ernest Thelluson, Esq.	
512	Fiona	cutter	79	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife

Although the vessels engaged for first and second class prizes were started together, yet, with a view to avoid confusion, we shall describe the respective struggles distinct.

As we before stated, a light nor'-wester prevailed, when Vice Commodore Tetley's signal-gun gave permission "to go" at 10h. 38m.; to the veteran blue jackets who knew the difference between a "hawk" and a "heron shaw," the struggle for the big prize appeared a fore-gone conclusion, but still 'twas a beating wind down river, and the old Liver-haunted Mersey plays mischievous tricks with those who tamper with its "banks." No "bulling" or "bearing" stands the test of the Mersey Exchange—all must be fair—above board—good honest seamanship, or "shares" in her banks may prove a too lasting investment to the daring speculator. However, as anticipated, the Fiona in a few tacks showed the old qualities in perfection, taking two helmsmen to look out the course, one to handle the "twiddling stick" tenderly, the other to see she went no more than her full complement 'tother side of the winds "binocular," still going clean rattling full and "Ware all Banks,"—a style of work that, as usual, soon placed her "the eye of the fleet."

The Phosphorus, which true to her name, at one time blazes like a meteor and anon subsides into respectable mediocrity, took second position; however it is but due to this fine vessel to say that she seems fitted out more as a comfortable cruiser than the flying fifty,—we remember her at her *début*: the Eve assumed the modest *rôle* of the waiting race, quite alive for opportunity to distinguish herself, but evidently appreciating the powers of her formidable antagonists at their just value. The Pillar Buoy was worked well to windward of by the Fiona, 'ere she bore away for the north-west light-ship, the wind having veered a point west and consequently narrowing her working path towards the

Cheshire shore, but in order to woo every fickle zephyr she set a balloon topsail that induced the uninitiated to query as to which was her main-sail proper : at 6½ minutes after her the Phosphorus passed the pillar, but without making any such bewitching addition to her aerial toilette ; the Eve was 18m. 45s. astern of Phosphorus, and apparently in sad want of motive power. The Fiona increased her lead gradually, rounding the nor'-west light-ship at 1h. 10h. 45m., and completing her fine weather toilette as she bore away for the Bell Beacon of the Horse Channel by setting a tolerably respectable balloon jib, (i.e., not *much* larger than her balloon topsail): the Phosphorus second still with 9½ minutes to her account. From this point all doubt was removed as to the destination of the first prize, for nothing less than the upheaving of a new sand bank beneath her keel could stop the Fiona, and therefore not to weary our readers with a monotonous tale of marks and times of rounding, we shall merely say that the flag-ship was passed in the following order and times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fiona	5 14 32	Phosphorus	5 56 20

Turn we now to the second class racers ; they too were started at 10h. 38m., and comprised the following :—£50 cup.—20 to 40 tons—Time race—“Queen’s Course.”

Numbered as in Hunt’s Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners	Builders.
			C. M.		
1932	Xema	cutter	35	Major Barton	Fife
1508	Secret	cutter	33	Thos. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
1569	Snipe	yawl	40	P. B. Drinkwater, Esq.	Wanhill
782	Kilmeny	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
45	Amber Witch ...	yawl	53	J. Mc’Curdy, Esq.	Wanhill
1298	Phasma	cutter	35	Lewis Lloyd, Esq.	Hatcher

They all got away well with the exception of Kilmeny, the Xema getting life into her quickest, and the two yawls evidently suffering from the paucity of wind ; the brave old Secret, that wonderful ever-green specimen of Wanhill’s talent, took the lead of her fleet off New Brighton, with the Kilmeny, now full of sailing, second ; and Xema, Amber Witch, Phasma, and Snipe in the order of their names.

A hard fought battle was waged between the Secret, Kilmeny, and Xema to the Pillar buoy, the Kilmeny eating fairly to windward of her resolute competitors, and weathering the buoy at 12h. 41m. 45s., well hunted by the Secret at an interval of 2m. 45s., and Xema at 3m. 30s., followed by the Phasma and Snipe. Shortly afterwards the Amber Witch was observed to be engaged in sub-marine investigations, and

her scientific proclivities being apparently of an innocent and harmless nature, her crew were left to their own devices, and to report upon the nature of Bay soundings at the next congress of Yachting Savans. The Kilmeny once clear of her fleet evinced a decided ambition for a superior class of society afloat, and launched away in hot pursuit of the first class cutters Fiona and Phosphorus, rounding the nor'-west light-ship at 1h. 21m. 25s., less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes astern of the latter. The Xema's new canvas and other additions to her fighting fit-out were evidenced by the improvement in her going, and she mastered the veteran Secret, though not without a tough struggle on the part of the heroine of 100 battles, taking second place in the race to the Cheshire coast; after this they settled into their respective positions, apparently finding the average of their going on the day and with the wind; the Kilmeny, ably handled, maintaining her lead, Xema and Secret hunting her with a zeal and activity that deserved, if they could not command, better success. The flag-ship was reached at the following times:—Kilmeny 6h. 13m. 14s.; Xema, 6h. 15m. 30s.; Secret, 6h. 25m. 26s.; the Kilmeny thus adding another worthily won prize to her already crowded plate chest.

For the third-class prize, a cup, value 30 sovs., with 10 sovs., to the second vessel, the following celebrated little clippers started at 11h. 21m.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1756	Vampire.....	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
1720	Torch.....	cutter	16	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
1476	Satanella	cutter	15	C. C. Wyllie, Esq.	Aldous
563	Frolic.....	cutter	15	C. M. Richardson, Esq.	Owen
789	Kittiwake	cutter	20	Captain Iremonger	Owen
	Annie.....	cutter	11	T. Miller, Esq.	
	Annie.....	cutter	8	F. Wall, Esq.	

The course for this class was down the Queen's Channel, leaving Pillar Buoy on port hand, thence to the Victoria Fairway Buoy, back to Pillar Buoy, and home again by Queen's Channel.

The start made by the wee barkies was excellent, and the handling of each admirable; in fact, the struggle between little racing clippers of this class is always of an exciting description, from the eagerness to win fame displayed by their owners, as a prelude to vessels of larger tonnage, for the man who transfers a swollen plate chest from a fifteen or twenty tonner to a flying fifty, imports the possession of an amount of pluck, seamanship, and perseverance, that causes first-class racers to tremble for their laurels.

When they had settled down to their racing speed, such as the light winds enabled them to arrive at, the Vampire—another veteran of the wave, proved that her ancient reputation had not forsaken her, and that her powers of going were still unimpaired; what a very puzzle are those of our respectably aged racing yachts which evince this ever renewing juvenescence: can it be explained? Are they perfection, and our so-called improvements a mistake. Well, like other social and scientific mysteries as difficult of solution, we suppose we must await patiently the advent of a nautical Newton to assuage our consuming curiosity. Second to the Vampire came the renowned little Torch, followed by the Satanella, Frolic, Kittiwake, Annie (Miller), and Annie (Wall). During the contest to the Victoria Fairway Buoy, the Kittiwake and Annie (Miller), outraced the Frolic, the Kittiwake taking fourth position; this is a good-looking and wholesome aired clipper, this Kittiwake, but has more the appearance of a craft that would glory in a third reef hardened down than in the pleasant summer-tide delusions of spinnakers or Jack-yarded "Balloon-tau'-sels." These positions were maintained respectively to the finish at the flag-ship, which took place thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vampire	3 30 45	Kittiwake.....	3 51 54	Frolic	3 58 10
Torch	3 35 13	Annie (Miller)	3 53 36	Annie (Wall).	4 8 15
Satanella	3 37 45				

From the above timing it will be seen that the old Vampire's crew sent her launching along a merry pace in the light winds, too fast for even the Torch to make any serious impression upon, these two vessels respectively taking first and second prizes.

On *Wednesday*, the second day, a stronger breeze promised more exciting contests, and still holding north betokened damp jackets to the competitors of the smaller classes. The struggle for what is considered the grand prize of this meeting, namely the cup presented by the ladies of Liverpool, and which for that reason alone, and one far beyond its intrinsic value, fires the breasts of our roving racers with a highly honorable ambition, was destined to disappointment; the invincible Fiona frightened all competitors from the buoys, for although there were no less than six others entered, the owners declined to start. By their rules of three to start or no race the Mersey officers were compelled to postpone the contest for this coveted prize until next season. We think it worthy the consideration of this thoroughly sporting yacht club whether, in this age of progress, and with the peculiar circumstances under which this prize is presented, it would not be advisable in future, if not totally to abrogate this rule, at least to leave it optional with the commanding

officer of the day; it is a rule that cuts both ways, but in the main we think its total absence from the code would be productive of benefit, especially on the point of assuring racing yachtsmen of the certainty of prizes offered; it would likewise we think obviate the chance of a walk over, when no loop hole remained whereby to obtain a postponement.

We have frequently heard the observation "It is a pity to throw away this prize!" made use of as a convincing and convenient argument when the certainty of winning, without a semblance of struggle was apparent; but we think a little reflection would deprive such an argument of its principal force, were we but to consider that the value of the prizes to be won during a season, bears a huge disproportion to the expenses necessarily incurred in the preparation and maintenance of a first-class clipper, it is hardly fair that the caprices of the faint-hearted should be permitted to weigh against the public spirited and plucky racing yachtsman, who devotes his time and purse to afford pleasure to the many that thoroughly appreciate and enjoy a good yacht race, and whose only reward is the victor's wreath; therefore by all means and in every spirit of fair play, let the adventurous racer have the advantage of such chances as may be thrown by fortune in his way; in nine cases out of ten we venture to say that a cup won by a walk over would but afford a graceful opportunity to the favorite of fortune to hand it back to the committee for a future struggle; thus not only would unpleasant feeling, or opportunity for the exercise of a disagreeable privilege, be obviated, but the opening for a display of those generous qualities we believe all true yachtsmen to be possessed of, would remove that little proneness to a grievance that even the finest minds are scarcely proof against.

The officers alive to their duties upon this occasion, immediately substituted a 80 sovereign cup for vessels of 16 to 40 tons, and a 20 sov. prize to yachts of from 8 to 16 tons, which resulted in an excellent day's sailing, and exhibited the ruling spirits of the club in the highly favourable light of being equal to any emergency in which popular opinion was involved.

For the 40 sov. prize the following vessels started:—Xema, Kilmeny, Vampire, Amber Witch, and Phasma.

The course for both classes was shortened by the second run from the Pillar Buoy to the Fairway Buoy of the Horse Channel being omitted.

At 10h. 48m., Vice-commodore Tetley, with his usual *aplomb* effected an admirable start, which although embracing the vessels engaged for both prizes, yet for the reasons aforementioned, we shall keep the descriptions distinct.

Off New Brighton, generally the demonstrative point in a start from the Mersey, the Xema took the lead, and that too with the self-confident determined air of a racer that had made up her mind to the work of the day; second to her was the ever watchful Kilmeny, with the Vampire, Phasma, and Amber Witch in jealous attendance; a very beautiful struggle to windward ensued, the Vampire making a gallant dash to the front, the wind now veering N.N.E., freshened so as to cause Xema and Kilmeny to shift square for jib-headed gaff-topeails, which the former vessel quickly evinced the advantage of by launching into a commanding lead, slipping away from her antagonists hand over hand, and weathering out the Pillar Buoy at 12h. 36m. 20s., just 8m. 55s. ahead of Kilmeny, with Vampire third, Amber Witch fourth, and Phasma whipping up the fleet.

On the passage to the North-West light-ship the Amber Witch out-sailed the Vampire, the Xema still increasing her lead and rounding the ship 5m. 47s. ahead of Kilmeny, with Amber Witch well sailed in third place; from this period of the struggle, the same relative positions were maintained without affording further incident worthy of comment, and the flag-ship was passed as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Xema	4	9	50	Amber Witch...	4	22	30	Phasma	4	32	2
Kilmeny.....	4	20	2	Vampire	4	24	3				

The Xema accomplished a well deserved triumph.

In the second class the following competed:—Satanella, Torch and Frolic.

The Satanella went away with a capital lead, but the wary Torch, cleverly picking her way through the larger vessels that surrounded her at the start, launched out below New Brighton the moment she got room to go, and cleverly collaring the Satanella, repeated her ambitious sister's performance of the previous day by eating her way to the front between the two leading vessels of the superior class. "Wot an owdacious little warmint that 'ere Toorch be!" exclaimed a jolly "shrimper" in our ear, and we shared his admiration to the full at the clever handling of her crew. She even had the conscience to weather the Pillar Buoy fifteen seconds before her big sister, and 6m. 10s. ahead of Satanella, with Frolic third. At the Fairway Buoy of the Horse Channel the Torch had increased her advantage of Satanella to 9m. 40s., with the Frolic raced out of all time. Coming from this mark to the Pillar Buoy, the Satanella knocked 2m. 40s. off her formidable leader, but once round this mark, which she passed at 2h. 9m. 30s., the Torch went away up

river at a pace that left little to conjecture as to the result, and the flag was reached as follows :—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.			
Torch	4	0	51		Satanella	4	11	20
Frolic not timed.								

The triumph of the Torch in this race was the more noticeable from the formidable position she maintained throughout in regard to the vessels engaged for the higher prize, and which afforded considerable amusement at such a wee craft's indomitable pluck in not only vanquishing her own competitors, but challenging worthy comparison with vessels of double her tonnage.

The prizes were duly presented on board the Trafalgar by Vice-Commodore Tetley, an opportunity he did not allow to escape without enunciating some of those excellent opinions on the merits of the competitors, which his long experience and matured judgment so eminently qualify him to form.

Next year will be the 25th anniversary of the existence of this distinguished club, and we are informed the auspicious event will be made the occasion of an aquatic display upon the Mersey, that will not only impress this epoch of its existence upon the future supporters of the Liver-decorated Burgee, but inaugurate a new era in the annals of Liverpool yachting. That it will turn out a triumphant success, the antecedents of the club amply warrant the supposition. Could ardent-wishes be of help, something even greater might be expected, for no club has secured more universal good will than that which flies its time-honoured ensign from the summit of St. Nicholas's Tower.

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB MATCH.

The handsome prize given by this club for two-masted vessels was sailed for at Bangor, Belfast Lough, on Saturday, 4th July, under most favourable circumstances, for trying the merits of the competitors. The difficulty of finding a day at this busy season for sailing this match in Dublin Bay induced the club to accept the offer of its newly-born sister, the Ulster Yacht Club, to join them in getting vessels to go to Bangor, to which place the railway from Belfast has been lately opened, and to change the venue thither, the Ulster Club contributing to the cup, which was, however, to be sailed for by yachts of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club only, and under their rules as to steering and hands. As the regatta had been fixed midway between that of the Royal Mersey and the Royal Clyde, it was not out of the way of vessels going from one place to the other, and there was likely to be a good muster of yachtsmen to man the vessels.

The weather had been so sultry and hot all the week that some change was to be anticipated, and so it proved, as the vessels which left Dublin and the Mersey on Thursday and Friday found a stiff north-easterly gale as they went northward, which brought an ugly rolling sea into Bangor, and made the lying and landing as unpleasant as can be imagined. When your correspondent arrived late on Friday, instead of a large fleet of yachts at anchor, there were only the Egeria, Hadassah, and Nukteris, all the rest having sought shelter under Carrickfergus. The morning of the race was much the same ; a stiff N.E. breeze blowing, and a rolling sea, which made it very difficult to communicate with the shore or with each other, and boating was neither safe nor pleasant. There being no entries for the prize of 50 sovs. and the Bangor Challenge Club, the Club most handsomely resolved to start the schooners and the second-class race together, each sailing for their own prize, while the winner amongst the whole lot was to have the honour of holding the extremely handsome vase, value 100 sovs., presented by Lord Bangor and Mr. Ward, for a year, with the chance of winning it finally next year. The Echo and Minna yawls did not turn up at Bangor, though the former left Dublin on Wednesday ; and the Aquiline did not think her chance good enough to monopolize the gentlemen hands she had brought with her, so distributed them between the Persis and Amber Witch.

The match was for schooners and yawls of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club. Prize—Plate, value 40 sovs. To be steered by members of P.A.Y.C. Yachts of 45 tons allowed 5 paid hands ; 35, 4 paid hands ; 25 to 35, 3 paid hands. All others to be members of a Royal or recognised Yachting Club, the sons of such members, or naval officers.

The second class match was for all yachts, belonging to a royal or recognized club, exceeding 20 and not exceeding 40 tons, the following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
FIRST CLASS.			RATED		
648	Hadassah	schooner	45	Capt. Waring	Ratsey
1279	Persis	schooner	45	T. Steven, Esq.	
45	Amber Witch ...	yawl	38	J. W. M'Curdy, Esq.	Wanhill
59	Aquiline.....	schooner	36	H. Dudgeon, Esq.	Harvey
374	Echo	yawl	21	W. I. Doherty, Esq.	Wanhill
967	Minna.....	yawl	22	B. Hone, Esq.	Can. Wks.
SECOND CLASS.					
782	Kilmeny.....	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
1508	Secret	cutter	31	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
1932	Xema	cutter	34	Major Barton	Fife
1863	Wave Crest	cutter	25	H. Crawford, Esq.	Fulton

All came to the post. The start was to be gybing one. Yachts to pass between two flag-ships, but none to cross the line until the second gun. There was a strong breeze, and the schooners and yawls were under all plain lower canvas. Xema and Co., having a reef in their mainsails

Course—A close haul to a boat off Rockport, thence a dead beat to another off Carrickfergus Castle, close hauled to the boat off the Whitehead, and thence a run back to Bangor, rounding flag-ship, and back as before. Kilmeny jumped off with the lead, closely followed by Hadassah schooner, with Mr. Pascoe French at her tiller; Xema next; Secret and Amber Witch together; Persia, which, having carried away her peak halyards could not get ready in time, last. At the first buoy, Hadassah caught up Kilmeny and Xema came singling herself out from the other cutters, the race being in that class evidently between her and the Kilmeny, the schooners being well matched, and likely in the wind and sea to show the way to their smaller sisters. Kilmeny was on Hadassah's lee bow, and in standing for the shore put her helm down too soon, and crossed her bows, nearly coming in contact with her, the helm of the Hadassah being jammed down barely in time to clear her. This gave Kilmeny the weather guage, and she led round the next mark, Hadassah being second, Amber Witch third, Xema fourth, Persia fifth, and Secret sixth; Persia fast making up her lost ground. It was then a dead run back to Bangor Bay, and main-sheets were eased off to the utmost; the schooners goosewinging their foresails, and the yawl her mizen, it being no easy task to prevent the booms coming over in heavy sea; the larger vessels running past Kilmeny. Half-way across they all gybed, and ran down for the Commodore's vessel:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Hadassah	2	26	30	Amber Witch...	2	26	30	Secret	2	31	30
Persia	2	27	45	Kilmeny	2	30	26	Xema	2	34	0

Immediately after rounding, the Kilmeny's bowsprit, which had been sprung in her passage from Liverpool, went short off in the gammon iron, and the little ship was obliged to give up—a great pity, as she had been doing admirably so far, and would, probably have beaten her great rival the Xema. Persia now came close to Hadassah, both being close hauled, and doing all they could; but the wary helmsman of the latter kept his luff, and would not let her pass him to windward, so she came round his lee, but was cleverly caught, and the Hadassah again rounded first: Persia then put her helm down to go about, and Hadassah did the same, but her fore-sheets, being foul of the topsail-yard, which had just been hauled down, she was slow in stays, and Persia, perceiving it, refilled and stood on, having thus cleared her wind, followed by the Amber Witch. When they next met the latter had gained, and crossed the Hadassah's bows on the wrong tack—a very close shave, but the result justified her trying it, and she passed clear, but failed in her attempt to catch the schooner and establish herself on her weather, both clearing Persia. All now rounded the buoy off Carrickfergus together, and it was a reach of about four miles for the buoy off Whitehead, close hauled along the shore, where they again rounded almost together, and it was plain that, though the race would be a close one, the Amber Witch must win her time off both her larger antagonists, and that the P.A.Y.C. Cup and Bangor Cup would go to Dublin, while Xema, after the Kilmeny had come to grief, had it all her own way with the other

cutters. All sent up their topmasts and topsails, and goosewinged their sails, Hadassah and Persis being close together, and both outrunning the Amber Witch. The struggle between the schooners was most exciting, and, as will be seen by the time: they came in neck and neck, the Amber Witch gaining the splendid prize by 3m. 3s. over her time allowance from the Persis. and 2m. 14s. from Hadassah, the three finishing within 26s. of each other—a magnificent finish to a race of 30 miles, completed in 8h. 20m. 52s., the times being—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Persis	4 11 46	Amber Witch...	4 12 12	Secret	4 26 12
Hadassah ...	4 11 57	Xema	4 19 15		

Xema winning the cutter prize of 35 sovs. in a canter. The third-class race was won by Fyfe's new boat, the Fairlie, but she was disqualified for not properly crossing the line between the flag-vessels at the finish, and the prize went to the Glide. The Torch, Satanella, and Vampire, though present, were unable to start, from various causes, the last having carried away her bobstay bolt in the heavy sea she encountered in her voyage from the Mersey. The Lady Alice won the fourth-class race, Cruiser being second. Thus ended the Bangor Regatta of 1868, which, in spite of the weather being unfavourable for spectators, from the force and direction of the wind, which brought a heavy sea on shore, will long be remembered for its splendid finish, for the liberality of its arrangements, and for the courtesy and attention of the officials, who vied with each other in giving their best assistance to all present, and especially to the members of the P.A.Y.C., who will always remember the kindness shown to them.

Editor's Locker.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB MATCH.

July 4th, 1868.

SIR.—It has pleased your reporter to be very facetious at the expense of this club with regard to the management of their match of the 30th May last ; but before making his comments so sharply, he should first have made quite sure of his facts. As it is, whether from the heat of the day, or from some other cause, he is quite at fault in his description of the yachts rounding the steamer, as he says. “ When she (Fiona) had rounded the steamer a manœuvre was performed by the latter, which, during a quarter of a century's experience of yacht sailing, we never before witnessed,” &c.

“ After Fiona had got round the steamer, anchor was weighed, and she was allowed to drift with the tide up the river to where Phryne, Niobe, and Sphinx were jammed by the flood,” &c., &c.

Now, Sir, permit me to give you a true history of the affair. When it

was evident that the yachts could not get much further, the steamer was taken a short distance below them, and then anchored, but after waiting some time I saw that, owing to the total absence of wind, and the tide being just on the turn, none of the yachts could possibly reach the steamer, and that if nothing was done the match would have to be re-sailed. I therefore suggested to the Commodore that the anchor should be weighed, and the steamer backed up to the yachts (Fiona as well as the others). This was done. The yachts were able to get round, the company on board were gratified by the sight of a very pretty match back to Erith, and no injustice was done to the yacht owners; as, if the steamer had not been moved, they must have sailed the match again.

This is a very different affair to moving the steamer after one of the yachts had rounded; and I shall, therefore, feel obliged by your inserting this in your next number.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

G. W. CHARLWOOD, *Rear Commodore.*

[We beg to say that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents; there are several gentlemen who favour us with their views of yachting occurrences, and of whose capabilities for doing so there cannot be a doubt. We have much pleasure in giving insertion to Vice-Commodore Charlwood's letter—Our motto being, "*Audi alteram partem.*"—Ed.]

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

Aug. 4 to 7.—Royal Squadron Yacht Club

4.—Great Yarmouth Regatta.

4.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Oulton Broad.

4, 5.—Isle of Man Regatta.

9.—Dieppe Regatta.

10.—Royal Welsh Yacht Club—Regatta at Carnarvon.

10 to 15.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club—Regatta at Ryde.

12.—Ilfracombe Regatta.

15.—Royal Dee Yacht Club—Sailing Match.

15.—Paris Regatta.

16, 17.—Rouen Regatta.

18 to 21.—Royal Albert Yacht Club regatta.

20 —International Sailing Match—from Dieppe to Fecamp.

21.—Torbay Royal Regatta.

22.—Clyde Yacht Club—Corinthian Match.

25, 26.—Dartmouth Royal Regatta.

NOTICE.—R.L.Y.C. and other matches in our next.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1st, 1868.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THIS meeting, held June 30th, was the close of the aquatic sports of the club, and we have much pleasure in saying that it proved the best of the season. Prizes of 50 guineas and 20 guineas were offered for cutters and yawls; time for tonnage as handicapped. The following appeared at their moorings:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.	Builders.
458	Eva	cutter	22	Lowe and Burd	Wanhill
1305	Phryne....	cutter	55	T. Groves, Esq., jun.	Hatcher
1468	Santry	yawl	25	W. H. Ridgway, Esq.	Fife
1692	Tartar.....	cutter	60	A. Peglar, Esq.	Hansen

The Dudu, Vindex, and Luna entered but did not start. The course, from Erith to the Nore Light, and back. The handicapping was—Phryne allowed Tartar 12m., Eva 24m., and Santry 25m.; Tartar allowed Eva 8m., and Santry 9m.; Eva allowed Santry 1m.—The absence of Vindex was particularly disappointing, as a good match was anticipated between her and Phryne. The day was fine and a very good breeze from about N.E. The hour of starting was noted by us at 11h. 18m., when the Santry having smartly canted first got underway, but was slow in setting topsails compared with her saucy rival—the Eva—whose machinery acted like clockwork. The Phryne led her compeer,

who seemed rather slow in her movements, (perhaps the old lady was bashful, being in strange company,) it was some six minutes before her topsail was sheeted home. The Santry led through the Rands, followed in the order named by Eva, Phryne, and lastly Tartar, but nearing Purfleet the Phryne ran by Eva and Santry, thus taking the lead, which position she maintained throughout the race. The Tartar having shook off her apathy and drew on her leader, leaving the two little 'uns to do battle together, her efforts were so successful that all who had known her formerly were surprised at the great improvement in her racing power, and it was predicted that she would not require the 12 minutes allowance from her noted rival, which would most assuredly have come off if it had not been for the accidents sustained at the Nore. But, vast heaving ! we are too far ahead of our tale.

In St. Clements, the Santry and Eva had a very smart bit of skirmishing, which as often as we have seen it resorted to has ended by giving their opponents an opportunity of gliding away and making considerable tracks before the film falls from the eyes of the sailing-masters. Such was the case here—it looked very pretty and gave the crews an excellent opportunity of showing off their seamanship:—however at last the Santry, on entering Gray's Reach, took the lead of Eva and they proceeded on their legitimate course, endeavouring, yet vainly, to make up for the loss of time which had been so needlessly thrown away. The Santry led her compeer by several lengths at the lower part of Gravesend Reach. During this time the larger vessels were ploughing ahead, the Phryne still leading by some half-a-mile or so. The wind rather freshened as they got more into the Reach, and the Tartar, by some unaccountable means shipped a heavy sea, which swept her decks from fore to aft, and carried away her boat. This was a dire calamity, as the regulations bound them to the carrying of a boat, thus there was nothing else to be done but bear up and turn their attention to picking up the stray. In addition to this the same sea had carried away the hooks of her weather topmast backstay, which eventually was the cause of a greater mishap to her. Nothing further transpired until rounding the Nore Light which was done as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Phryne	2 21 15	Santry	2 55 17
Tartar	2 33 38	Eva	2 56 12

Here Tartar was only 23 seconds over her allowance, notwithstanding the time she lost after her boat.

The Phryne rounded with great judgment, we wish we could say the same of Tartar, whose timoneer miscalculating his distance overshot the light-vessel, and in hastily endeavouring to correct the error, met with

the serious misfortune to snap his topmast in twain, carrying away the leeward arm of his cross-trees. This accident created great sympathy for Mr. Peglar, it being his first appearance on these waters as a racing man, we believe. There was no time for deliberation—either give up, or set to with a will to find a remedy,—the latter was adopted, and the wreck being cleared away, a jury topmast was run up, made with topsail yard being set on end. Sailors are the best fellows in the world for ready expedients,—whilst other classes are searching their knowledge-boxes, Jack is at work with his mawleys. Having to wait at the Nore for the Santry and Eva we lost that portion of the race relating to the larger craft, and we only came up to the Tartar off Shell Haven, and the Phryne when off Gravesend, so that in endeavouring to overhaul these vessels we lost sight of the other two. The arrivals at Erith were:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Phryne	5 24 45	Santry	6 14 7
Tartar	5 46 40	Eva	6 17 58

Mr. Groves of course received the first prize and the Tartar the second.

Mr. Peglar was warmly congratulated by the Commodore and company on board the steamer for the pluck he and his crew displayed under the trying circumstances by which they were surrounded. This gentleman took his defeat very good humouredly—congratulating his conqueror and assuring the commodore he would another year try to be A.1.

When we read the name—"Tartar"—on the "notice," we did not think it was the ancient dame, that was so many years in Mr. Dawes' possession. It is said she was once a pilot boat, if so it must be many years ago, as we can trace her on our books for nearly 30 years. She has been lengthened lately,—when we first knew her she was 30 tons. Her becoming a racer is quite a new feature in the old gal's career, and we wish her success.

ROYAL YORKSHIRE YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THIS regatta commenced on Wednesday the 22nd of July, with a warm sun and a fine S.W. breeze. Conspicuous by their absence were three of the finest vessels belonging to the club, the Surf, Ellida, and Avoset, the two former not being fitted out this season, and the latter being away on a cruise. The principal prize was a 60 guinea silver vase, with a 20 guinea claret jug for the second, and for them the following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1798	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. L. Co.
	Nettie	cutter	18	Capt. Cator, R.N.	Marshall
748	Ivy	cutter	12	J. G. Kirsten, Esq.	Hamburg
602	Gertrude	cutter	7	P. P. Seddon, Esq.	Grindall
	Snowdrop	cutter	7	E. Davis, Esq.	Nicholson
1469	Sapphire	cutter	28	A. Bannister, Esq., v.c.	Camper
890	Mabella	cutter	28	E. Davis, Esq.	Marshall
1654	Surprise	cutter	8	Capt. Brodhurst	Wallace
	Ruby	cutter	3	W. E. Lewen, Esq.	Kaighley

The sailing committee took advantage of their discretionary power on the morning of the race to handicap the Vindex extra, and at length the matter was compromised by the representative of her owner, agreeing to the enormous allowance of two minutes a ton to compensate for her great racing reputation, the others only allowing half-a-minute per ton amongst themselves; but whether this proceeding was a wise one or calculated to induce strangers to attend from a distance on future occasions is to say the least questionable. The start took place at eleven o'clock when all were quickly away, Nettie and Ivy with the lead. Vindex, who was in the worst station, lost no time in giving chase to her smaller competitors. Large working canvas was the order of the day. Off the Hebbles, Ivy headed Nettie, and Vindex was now fourth. On stretching past the Elbow buoy, it became a tight run to windward in the bend to keep the channel, and Vindex running up into the wind's eye trimmed everything flat while shaking, and then filling away again gave her opponents a taste of her powers by weathering the buoys without making a tack, all the rest having to make a succession of boards to keep the channel. Abreast of Stallingborough, Mabella passed Ivy and went into the second position, Nettie doing remarkably well being fourth, and Sapphire fifth, the others far astern. About Grimsby the Vindex laying her course with balloon foresail set had a long lead, when the wind suddenly headed her coming out from the eastward, and before the others got the shift they were within a mile of her. After a beat down Vindex on the port tack weathered the Bull-float and kept away round it, the following being the times taken :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vindex	1 0 30	Ivy	1 23 5	Sapphire	1 27 30
Mabella	1 15 50	Nettie	1 23 50		

All luffed in for the Lincolnshire shore to get the slacker ebb over the Clee Ness Sand, Vindex perhaps standing too much in and having

to keep away for the Ness buoy. Balloon jibs and topsails were now set excepting by Nettie who had none, and Ivy who carried away the port arm of her crosstree, and had to be content with a jib-header. Above Grimsby however, all having to gybe she set a balloon on the other tack. The flood tide now making favored the sternmost vessels, and little Nettie although passed by Sapphire looked uncommonly dangerous; Vindex being out of the race with her heavy time allowance. The run up was completed without any incident worth recording, save that the breeze freshened a little after Vindex passed the winning boat, thus, again giving the others an advantage though without making any essential difference in her chance of winning. The arrivals were timed thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vindex	4	0	2	Ivy	4	12	54	Nettie	4	15	14
Mabella	4	11	54	Sapphire	4	13	37				

Nettie and Ivy thus taking first and second prizes, which they would even have done from Vindex on the ordinary half-minute scale. The winner is a broad shallow centre-board vessel without topmast and only carrying a small jib, or generally none at all. Her mainsail is laced to the boom. She is fast and weatherly in smooth water, but when at all rough she is no use at all. In this race she was not allowed to shift her keel but had to keep it in one position. The members and their friends dined together in the evening at the Victoria Hotel, after which the prizes were presented. After the yacht race a canoe race took place between Messrs. F. Hoare, A. Pearson, C. Sanderson, and H. Toogood. Mr. Sanderson won, the *two first named mistaking the course*.

Thursday.—The second day was ushered in with a cloudy sky and a gale of wind. The race was confined to yachts belonging to the club, to be manned entirely by gentlemen amateurs with one pilot. The prizes were a 30 guinea cup to the first, and a ten guinea one to the second. The yachts were handicapped by Messrs. W. R. Garthorne and C. G. Rust, as follows :—

	m.	s.		m.	s.
Sapphire, 28 tons, allowance,	0	0	Surprise 8 tons, allowance,	11	53
Ivy 18 " "	0	50	Gertrude 7 " "	12	51
Nettie 12 " "	4	19	Ruby 3 " "	16	53

Nettie to be allowed to use her centre-board. Duly considering the weather, Surprise and Ruby thinking discretion the better part of valour did not start. The gun fired at 11h. 37m., when Ivy was first away closely pursued by Sapphire, and Nettie third. The two first were under double reefs. Gertrude with her topmast on end made a very bad start, the gun having fired before her crew had completed their pre-

parations. This was a great pity as she sailed the course in a most determined manner although nearly smothered, and a better start might have given her a chance of the second prize. After a few hundred yards Nettie had apparently had enough of it as she gave up. The wind was from the N.E., and the two leading yachts bowled away nearly closehauled for the Hebbles with as much wind as they could do with, then when keeping away for Killingholme Ivy shifted her fourth jib. The course had been shortened to round the lower Beacon buoy instead of the Bull, and Ivy maintained the lead she got at starting all the distance, the gybe round being accomplished thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Ivy	12	53	50		Sapphire	12	54 2

Both gybed very smartly, Ivy easing her peak halyards to it. Sapphire now luffed over to the north shore for a slacker tide and smoother water, and the wind blowing in heavy squalls, her weight gave her an advantage, and off Sunk Island she got on Ivy's weather beam soon after taking the lead. Gertrude was now seen going down having struck her topmast. Off the Foul Holme Sand Sapphire led by 2m. 10s., and above Killingholme the water being rather smoother Ivy began to forereach on her antagonist, though the power of the latter kept her to windward. In beating up short tacks in the slack off Skitter Ness however, when appearances promised a close race home, the Ivy got in irons in staying, and shortly after in a squall burst both her starboard chain plates, and had to lower her foresail and heave-to to secure her mast. This she did by passing a rope right under her keel from the mast over the port side and up to starboard, and setting up a tackle to it from the masthead. With this novel preventer shroud, a reef in her foresail, and her throat halyards eased she beat up to Hull winner of the second prize. The times in were thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Sapphire	4	17	35	Ivy	4	43	10	Gertrude	5	9	30

The prizes were presented to the winners on board the committee steamer, and were suitably acknowledged and duly *wetted*.

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE last match for the season of this club, which had been postponed from Monday, the 13th, on account of the absence of wind, preventing any of the yachts getting in before nine o'clock, was re-sailed on Saturday, July 18th, under very much more favourable circumstances, as the

day was fine, with a good steady breeze and smooth water. The race was confined to yachts of the club, of the third class, exceeding 12 tons, and not exceeding 25 tons, for a claret jug and salver, value £25, and £5 for the second, with the usual locket for the helmsman of the winner. The entries comprised the following, and contained the names of several well-known winners; but, unluckily, the Luna did not arrive from England, as there was no class for her in the regatta of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club, otherwise the meeting between her and the Vampire would have been looked forward to with great interest.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1754	Vampire.....	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
1720	Torch	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
1548	Siren.....	cutter	19	D. Corbett, Esq.	Marshall
1863	Wavecrest	cutter	25	H. Crawford, Esq.	Fulton
846	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher

The Luna, Kittiwake, Glide, and Minna were entered, but did not start, the former not having arrived from England, and the two next having carried away portions of their rigging in the previous day's racing.

At 11h. 25m., the signal gun was fired, and the five competitors went away together, with a fresh southerly puff. Siren led out, followed by Torch, Vampire, and Wavecrest, who was short-handed, and fouled her spring, all under balloon topsails, and most with either balloon foresails or jibs. Vampire set her spinnaker, but it was hardly hoisted when the wind ceased, and then suddenly flew to the west, giving Siren who had hauled to the westward under her large balloon jib, a considerable lead, Vampire next, while poor Wavecrest was left completely becalmed in the mouth of the harbour. Vampire soon overhauled Lizzie, who had to bear away nearly dead before the wind to round the last Bar Buoy.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vampire.....	12 20 30	Lizzie	12 23 10
Siren	12 21 0	Torch	12 25 1

The Vampire now quickly shifted her balloon foresail, for a working one, but in a close haul over the strong ebb tide to the North Burford, soon found her balloon topsail, with a 45ft. yard a mistake, and as the tack and sheets were to leeward, it was no easy matter to shift it, her amateurs were, however, equal to the work, and, sending over the tack, they managed to get it in, and the No. 1 working topsail set, but while doing so Siren came up, and tried hard to get past on her weather ;

the skill of Mr. Pascoe French, however, who was at the old lady's tiller, enabled her to stave off her opponent's rush, and when the sail was once set, she soon dropped her, and got round the North Burford at 12h. 45m. 30s., Siren 12h. 46m. 30s., Lizzie 12h. 47m., Torch 12h. 47m. 30s.

In the beat to the South Burford, with a strong breeze, Vampire began to shake off her antagonists, while the Lizzie, Hatcher's latest production, took the lead of the rest, and having had two tons of extra lead ballast put into her, stood up much more stiffly than in the Clyde or Mersey. It was a good reach back to the harbour, the wind lightening as they approached it, which brought the sternmost boats up a little, but the Vampire now had them all pretty safe, and spun round the buoy, with the Heloise schooner fast to it, exactly at two o'clock, Lizzie five minutes afterwards, heading Siren by half, and Torch by a whole minute.

The breeze was now much increased, and Vampire again set her spinnaker, an example followed by the Torch, but the former fearing for her boom, which bent like a whip, soon got it in again, and increased her lead to six minutes: Siren holding her own well with the new ship, Torch falling off a little. All now easily weathered the North Burford, the wind having hauled round a bit, but a shift was evidently impending, and it was very difficult to tell what to do. Vampire, Lizzie, and Torch reached on upon the starboard tack, while the Siren went short round the buoy, and reached back on the port, the most judicious course, as it proved, as Vampire got into a patch of calm, while the Siren came tearing along quite free, and appeared likely to take the buoy from her. A puff caught the Vampire however in time to prevent this and she got round 3h. 24m. 25s.; Siren, 8h. 25m. 16s.; Lizzie, 3h. 29m. 30s.; Torch, 3h. 30m. None of them now could lie for the harbour, and Vampire and Siren stood away on the port tack, for the sake of underbowing the tide, while the Lizzie and Torch went seeking the wind to the southward, getting nothing, however, by their motion. Vampire was now far too strong for the little boat, and soon had her safe under her lee, and, though pressed, at times with her big topsail and No. 1 reaching jib, both of which would have been better in the sail-room, she made great tracks for the harbour, weathering it in the one reach, and, after a very narrow escape of smashing a punt and two men, who rowed across her bows. The race finished thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vampire	4	18	20		Lizzie	4	32 0
Siren	4	28	20		Torch	4	34 0

The Vampire received the cup, and Siren £5.

Thus ends the week's racing in Dublin Bay, which has been the best seen there for many years, and, on the whole, with splendid regatta weather. The Prince Alfred Club have begun and ended the season, having sailed six matches for prizes value £203, including the cup given by the Rear-commodore; the winners being:—

Whit Monday.—Xema, 1st, £30; Kilmeny, 2nd, £5. Helmsman's Locket, G. B. Thompson, Esq.

Whit Tuesday.—Vampire 1st—Rear Commodore's Cup. Helmsman's Lockets for 1st and 2nd—Pascoe French, and D. W. Finlay, Esqrs. Tankards—Messrs. Lyle, Fitzgerald, Dunne, D. Howe, W. Howe, Connor, Clayton, Holmes, and Creighton.

13th June.—Flirt, 1st; £7. Helmsman's Locket, Walter Boyd, Esq. Torment, 2nd; £2.

4th July, at Bangor, Belfast.—Amber Witch, 1st; £40. Locket—G. Putland, Esq.

13th July.—Kilmeny, 1st; £40. Xema, 2nd; £5. Locket—D. W. Finlay, Esq.

18th July.—Vampire, 1st; £25. Siren, 2nd; £5. Pascoe French, Esq.

PRIVATE MATCHES.

Kingstown, Friday, July 17th.—The private matches between Surprise, 20 tons, Samuel H. Close, and Siren, 19 tons, D. Corbet, and between Kittiwake, 20 tons, Capt. Iremonger, and Torch, 16 tons, G. B. Thompson, for 50 and 40 sovs., were sailed to-day.

The start was effected at 11h. 20m. by the two matches together, but in order not to interfere with each other's sailing, Surprise and Siren went round the course to the northward, Kittiwake and Torch to the southward. Big canvas was set on all, the wind being light at about S.S.E., and they got away well together. Surprise luffed up to get on Siren's weather, but failed; both then reached for the East Bar buoy, which Siren rounded about two minutes and-a-half in advance of Surprise, the old boat running with extraordinary speed. A clean full thence to the North Bar buoy, where Siren had increased her lead, and she here met Torch in the other match just rounding, Kittiwake a good deal behind, the latter having carried away her bowsprit rigging, and the hook of one of the blocks on the tackle of her topmast backstay at the South Bar buoy. In the turn to windward, between the two buoys, Surprise's weatherly qualities were brought into play. Both tacked to starboard, Siren, perhaps, a little too far to get the range of it on going about. On rounding it Siren was scarcely 30 seconds ahead, Surprise having picked up her antagonist three minutes and-a-half in the short beat. Balloon jibs were then set for the run back to the harbour, during which Surprise burst hers just a few cloths from the luff, Siren getting away rapidly from her again, and taking the hauling buoy in the harbour about three

minutes and-a-half in advance. Here, again, she met the Torch rounding with a considerable lead of Kittiwake. Ballooners were still carried out to the East Bar buoy, where Siren had improved her lead by another minute. The wind headed the boats between this and the North Bar buoy, and both were close hauled, Surprise getting her turn again, and diminished the distance between herself and Siren. In the strong flood tide which had begun to make, Siren was obliged to make three boards before she rounded the South Bar buoy, the Surprise doing it in two, and the pair were at the buoy together, Siren, however, taking it first. Balloon jibs were in requisition again for the run in to the finish, Surprise having repaired hers in the interim, and sheets being eased off, Siren got away again leading her rival to the flag-ship by two and-a-half minutes, after a very interesting match, the result of which the owner of Siren had by no means anticipated. The time of the conclusion was :—Siren, 4h. 0m 30s.; Surprise, 4h. 3m. 0s.

The match between Kittiwake and Torch was devoid of any interest, the little boat having obtained a prominent lead from the very start, increasing it all through, and coming in a winner by 32 minutes. On the second round Kittiwake's forestay gave up, and the accidents she sustained may account in some measure for the extraordinary lead Torch had of her on coming in. The following is the time of the conclusion :—Torch, 3h. 44m 30s.; Kittiwake, 4h. 16m. 30s.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.

ONE of the greatest events in the pleasure navy, is the yearly gathering of the *elite* to witness, in the Solent, the contentions which take place for honor between the most beautiful specimens of naval architecture. On the present occasion, (August), an unusual number of vessels were centered in Cowes roadstead, and the town appeared full to overflowing with visitors, and from the "Castle" to the humblest hostelry all seemed "crammed" with speculators on the forthcoming events. If you are desirous of being informed of the merits or demerits of the various yachts in the fleet, by visiting those you can be gratified to your heart's content. Every one either knows, or professes to know, the merits of each craft.

The morning of Tuesday, August 4th, broke with every sign of a favourable breeze, and of course all classes from owner to Jack were in high glee.

Her Majesty's cup, for all yachts belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron. "Yawls to be reckoned at once and three-fourths their tonnage, and cutters at twice and half their tonnage. Any vessel having won any royal prize at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta in the last ten years to be weighted five minutes, and two or more royal cups eight minutes in addition. Queen's course; distance, fifty miles. The yachts

will start from the stations off the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle. If ordered to eastward they will go round the Warner, pass to the southward of the Brambles (between the Shoal and Cowes,) then round a flag-boat moored to the westward of Lepe Buoy, back to the Castle, passing between the flag-boat and Castle flag-staff, keeping outside all the buoys on the shoals (Peel included,) except the Middle and Sturbridge, leaving the Warner and flag-boat off Lepe on the port hand. If ordered to the westward, the course will be merely reversed, still leaving the flag-boat off Lepe and the Warner on the port hand. In both cases twice round. The committee will decide, by signal, on the morning of the race, which way the yachts are to cast, in order to avoid fouling when starting. Three to start or no race." To start at ten a.m., Station, No. 1, Egeria next the Castle.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
381	Egeria.....	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
1259	Pantomime.....	schooner	182	Lieut-col. W. T. Markham	Ratsey
37	Aline.....	schooner	215	R. Sutton, Esq.	Camper
216	Christabel.....	cutter	52	Earl Annesley	Aldous
72	Arrow.....	cutter	94	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.	Owner
863	Lufra.....	yawl	193	Earl of Strafford	Ratsey
589	Gelert.....	schooner	166	Colonel Lloyd	Ratsey
1435	Rosebud.....	cutter	51	Sir B. Ohichester	Can Ir Wks.

All the yachts entered were at their stations by nine a.m., and an hour afterwards the start was made, the vessels on slipping their moorings casting to starboard and preparing to beat up over the eastern portion of the course to the Warner light-ship, wind, E.S.E., a nice whole main-sail breeze; tide, the last half-hour's flood.

The Egeria having the better berth, started at ten a.m., with the lead, closely followed by Pantomime. Shortly after the whole were covered alow and aloft; and a day of extreme hard work and anxiety finished in a calm; necessitating another contest for this much coveted honor. The race throughout laid with Lufra, Arrow, Christabel, Aline and Egeria, which passed each mark in the order named. As the vessels could not complete the match, we deem it useless to enter into further details, especially as we have so many demands from other clubs for notice.

Second day.—On Wednesday the 5th, the prize £100 given by the Squadron, for cutters belonging to any royal yacht club, of not less than 30 tons, Queen's course, time race; Royal Yacht Squadron scale; in two prizes of £75 and £25. The yachts will start from stations off the Castle.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1305	Phryne.....	cutter	55	T. Groves, Esq., jun.	Hatcher
1075	Niobe.....	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
253	Condor.....	cutter	129	Capt. Ewing	Steele & Co.
512	Fiona.....	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
1206	Oimara.....	cutter	165	C. J. Tennant, Esq.	Steele & Co.
1580	Sphinx.....	cutter	14	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudslay
72	Arrow.....	cutter	94	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.	Owner
943	Menai.....	cutter	79	W. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey
1798	Vindex.....	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill Ir Wks
352	Dione.....	cutter	44	J. Anderson, Esq.	Hatcher
216	Christabel.....	cutter	52	Earl Annesley	Aldous

Time allowance.—Oimara allows Condor 6m. 7s., Arrow 14m. 10s. Menai 18m. 29s., Fiona 18m. 48s., Phryne 27m. 23s., Christabel 28m. 5s., Sphinx 30m. 50s., Vindex 32m. 26s., Dione 32m. 59s., and Niobe 35m. 29s.

The Seabird and Rosebud entered, but did not come forward ; the others took their stations as placed above, Phryne No. 1.

The hour of starting was punctual at ten, with the wind E.S.E., a whole sail breeze. They bore away to the eastward, and the tide to the first drain to the westward. It was therefore a dead beat on a lee tide to the Warner light-ship—the eastern extremity of the course. The day was bright and beautiful, with the fresh cooling breeze coming in from the Channel; but the sun came down hotly, and there was just the unpleasant probability of its eating the heart out of the wind before the race was concluded, and thus bringing about a second day's unfinished racing. All the cutters carried whole mainsails, with big topsails above. The Clyde cutters rushed to the front, closely attended by the Christabel and Arrow. All soon settled down to their work, each one selecting her particular antagonist as they cleared the roadstead, the Christabel exhibiting a fancy for the Scotch Fiona. At 11h. 15m. the lot were off the Motherbank, the gigantic Oimara, shifting her jib on the quarantine ground. The Condor, Christabel, Fiona, Arrow and Sphinx were in the front of the order named, the Christabel giving the Fiona a decided beating, and drawing up fast on the Condor's weather quarter, looking a full point higher to windward than the latter, and reaching her fast. The elegant little vessel seemed to be going wonderfully, and a few minutes after challenged the Condor and took the lead of the fleet. At 11h. 40m., the Condor, Oimara, and Arrow tacked at Spithead, and stood over for the Noman. The Menai, which passed Ryde the last of

the lot, and tacked close under the Ryde Sands, and was now standing down along their edge on the starboard tack in a good weatherly position, the wind having veered out to S.S.E. Christabel and others in company with her tacked a few minutes afterwards, those keeping their reach to the eastward the longest suffered the most in their position by the southing of the wind. At 11h. 55m. the Christabel, Condor, Fiona, and the Arrow went about under the Noman, the little cutter still holding the lead. The Condor appeared now to be holding a better wind, and her big sister from the Clyde, the Oimara, was also now doing much better than she had been in the earlier part of the race. At noon Fiona struck her jib-headed topsail for a square one, the breeze rather freshening, and spinning the vessels over the tide at a great rate. As the light-ship was neared, however, the breeze fell again rather and became less steady. Tack for tack the vessels beat up in twos and threes for the light-ship, which was at length weathered and gybed round in the subjoined order and times by the six leading vessels, the Condor again, as will be seen, having obtained the lead, and the Dione having become third:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Condor	12 22 55	Dione.....	12 30 35	Oimara	12 34 45
Christabel.....	12 24 15	Fiona.....	12 34 15	Arrow.....	12 36 30

Head sails were shifted for the run back to the westward, which was made without any incident of special interest, excepting that the Christabel gained upon the Condor and entered Cowes Roads neck and neck with her, the wind also gradually falling light as the little fleet neared Cowes Roads, Mr. Stephenson's pier-head, at the east end of Cowes Green, was passed by the yachts thus:—Condor, Christabel, Fiona, Dione, Arrow, Oimara, Menai, Sphinx, and Vindex.

Niobe and Phryne acted as whippers in. The three leading vessels had no sooner passed the point at which they were noted than they sailed into a stark calm. After lying thus for a few minutes a light breeze came up in a direct line from the mark-boat off Lepe and put them, close hauled, on the port tack. While they were thus engaged endeavouring to beat up for the mark-boat, with the aid of a strong weather tide, the eight others came up with a nice breeze in their sails, and met the same fate as their three leaders off Egypt—first a calm, and then the light head breeze down to the mark, the latter being rounded by:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Condor.....	2 11 3	Christabel	2 13 24	Arrow	2 24 32
Fiona	2 11 55	Dione	2 19 45		

After passing round the mark-boat some lay helplessly jammed by the tide, the westerly wind in their sails being too light to carry them over it, while others drifted back on the tide west of the mark-boat again. After some time they felt a little strengthening puff of the westerly wind, varying in strength over the space covered by the yachts, and reversing positions in an extraordinary manner, which enabled them to creep eastward again for the flag-boat, off the Castle Club-house, to complete their first round of the course, which was at length accomplished by them in the following order :—Off Egypt point the Condor was leading. Shifted her balloon for a working jib in readiness to meet the light breeze which stood from the S.E. a cable's length ahead. While executing this very necessary operation the Fiona and Christabel slipped past her to the front, completing first round as follows :—Fiona, Christabel, Arrow, Condor, Sphinx, Dione, Oimara, Menai, Phryne, Niobe, and Viadex.

The rounding was well performed, and they took each their own course, Dione hugging the harbour out of the tide way ; Arrow proceeded to the north shore, and soon after tacking her topsail and racing colours came down without warning—tho' she still kept on. The Phryne and Niobe must try their powers at luffing each other, and after losing much time in the amusement found the other vessels were making tracks towards the goal—passing Ryde in the following order :—Condor, Christabel, Menai, Oimara, Fiona, Dione, Arrow, Sphinx, Phryne, Niobe, and Vindex.

There was a fresh S.W. wind blowing, and from appearances Condor "stood well to win," but "the race is not always with the swift," as instanced in this case, for Condor by standing on too long got ashore off the Club-castle, and there remained. The others meanwhile battling with a strong tide in the west Channel. Ultimately the race finished in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Oimara	8	51	50	Christabel	9	6	30
Menai	8	59	45	Dione	9	9	8

The hour for closing the match according to rule (nine o'clock) had passed but the committee nevertheless awarded the prizes thus :—Dione £75, and Christabel £25.

Third day.—Thursday, August 6th.—The morning presented an unusual appearance, heavy leaden clouds with a great fall of rain and strong puffs veering from S.b.E. to W.S.W., with every indication of a continuance. The prize offered for competition was the Tradesmen's gift, value £100, which has now become an annual custom, and duly

appreciated. The Queen's course was adopted, and the following started; Niobe, Condor, Dione, Phryne, Fiona, Flying Fish, 48 tons, (G. Jessop, Esq.,) Oimara, Arrow, Cambria, Lufra, Sphinx, Vindex, and Egeria.

The Nyanza, 214 tons, (Earl Wilton,) Menai, Rosebud, Aline and Christabel were also entered, but did not leave their moorings.

At ten a.m., the starters cast to starboard, and with every stitch of canvas they could well carry, made to the eastward for the Warner light-ship the furthestmost end of the course in that direction. At the start Niobe led with Flying Fish, Condor, Oimara and Vindex in attendance, but the magnificent Cambria, with Egeria second, and Arrow third with the others in a cluster passed Ryde, on getting more into the open, clear of sands, they found wind and sea increasing, yet on they sped, without starting tack or sheet, and they rounded the Warner thus: Cambria, Egeria, Arrow, Lufra, Oimara, Condor, Fiona, Vindex, Dione, Sphinx, Phryne, Niobe, and lastly Flying Fish. On the return they passed Ryde in nearly the same order, but at the Lepe mark the Lufra and Condor were ahead of Arrow. Lufra hung on Oimara's weather, and old Arrow off the green, luffed across Condor's bow, and afterwards set her balloon foresail, which plan the others likewise adopted. The first round was finished thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Cambria	12 19 56	Condor	12 26 20	Phryne	12 35 30
Egeria	12 21 25	Arrow	12 26 37	Dione	12 37 45
Lufra	12 25 20	Fiona.....	12 31 30	Sphinx	12 39 38
Oimara	12 25 25	Vindex	12 25 0	Niobe	12 40 45

Dione and Niobe now retired, and Cambria at the Warner had increased her lead by two minutes, Oimara and Condor racing for positions, and at the Warner Cambria was leading, then Egeria, Lufra, Condor, Arrow, and Fiona in the order named. They continued in the same order on passing the Noman, but Arrow here came to grief, and when in a position (schooners out of the question) of saving her time easily on the cutters. The wind was coming down thoroughly hard, and with every extra lift the old lady shot along in closer proximity to the Scotchmen, when of a sudden an extra gust fell into her (second) jib, bursting it up from sheet to head, several of the cloths skimming away for Southsea. The blue and silver Arrow was then hauled down, and under jib and foresail, with topmast housed, she ran back in the track for the rendezvous, and Cowes was passed in the following order :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Cambria	2 0 0	Oimara	2 11 5	Phryne	2 34 50
Egeria.....	2 4 50	Condor	2 12 7	Vindex	2 36 0
Lufra	2 10 30	Fiona.....	2 22 55		

Cambria again went away with two square-headed topsails, and Egeria could not have possibly been doing better, and with both topmasts housed on passing the castle, had just two seconds—reckoning time allowance—to the good. Positions afterwards continued unchanged, and the arrivals were as follows, the match being finished in a squall of wind and thick rain at—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Cambria.....	2 25 10	Lufra	2 36 8	Condor.....	2 38 37
Egeria	2 31 16	Oimara.....	2 37 30	Fiona.....	2 50 16

Cambria, which was sailed by W. Nicholls, thus won the Town Cup (Value £100) with 13s. to spare from Egeria, and the match was the quickest ever sailed over the new Queen's Course. The result told the usual tale of a hard reaching wind as to power, schooners of course, occupying leading positions, and with cutters all in order of tonnage.

The steam race for £100 was started at 12h. 15m., Eöthen, the Vice-Commodore, leading by a quarter of a mile off the Peel, and half a mile at the Warner, but on return was not seen to pass through the roads, which Cornelia did. Eöthen ultimately finished about 10m. before Lord Vane's steamer.

Fourth Day.—August 7th, was ushered in with thick drizzly rain, and the clouds had all the appearance of a thorough hard wind prevailing. The card for the day set forth the Royal Yacht Squadron Prize of £100, for schooners and yawls belonging to a royal yacht club, of not less than 80 tons, yawls to be reckoned at once, and three-fourths their tonnage. Course, round the island as follows:—At starting to cast to starboard, and proceed to the eastward, passing outside all the buoys and marks extending from the Island shore, and finishing between a flag-boat moored off the battery and the castle flag-staff. The entries were as follows:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
37	Aline	schooner	215	R. Sutton, Esq.	Camper
1259	Pantomime.....	schooner	132	Col. Markham	Ratsey
1092	Nyanza	schooner	214	Earl Wilton	Steele
381	Egeria	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
863	Lufra	yawl	192	Earl Strafford	Ratsey
589	Gelert	schooner	166	Col. Loyd	Ratsey
183	Cambria	schooner	193	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey

At ten o'clock, the starting hour, the wind was blowing almost half a gale from W.S.W., the sun at times shining out, and with great power. Pantomime, with Aline—and having inside berths—got well

away, Lufra being last to move. Cambria carried whole canvas and both square-headed topsails, Gelert main-topsail and fore-topmast housed; Lufra jib-header and squaresail in addition to whole of lower canvas; Pantomime, Egeria, and Aline jib-headed topsails and fore-topmasts housed; Nyanza two squareheaders and squaresail set. Off the Peel buoy Cambria was leading, then Pantomime, Aline, Egeria, Lufra, Gelert and Nyanza. Off Ryde Aline, who was nearest the Island shore, passed into first place. The wind, in squalls, coming down with great violence, now taken more on the beam than at starting, and necessitating Lufra's squaresail to be gathered in. With the tide fair they were going about ten knots, and breasted the Kicker in 38 minutes from Cowes, their positions at this point being :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Aline	10	38	0	Egeria	10	38	36	Lufra	10	30	3
Cambria	10	38	0	Gelert	10	38	50	Nyanza	10	39	40
Pantomime ...	10	38	25								

The sun now shone out brilliantly, but there was every probability of the wind continuing in strength. Lufra ranged up on weather beam of Pantomime and Egeria, and continued fourth vessel until hauling round Bembridge, when they had a dead noser right across Sandown Bay to St. Katherine's. Topmasts were now housed, and Pantomime reefed canvas. There was no tide to take advantage of, and at sailing to windward the yawl weathered on Cambria entering the bay. Off Woody Point Lufra was half-a-mile to windward of Cambria, about half that distance intervening between the latter and Aline. Overhead the weather continued fine; but the motive power off St. Katherine's may be rated but little short of a gale, each vessel labouring under the heavy press of canvas, and sending up clouds of spray, it became merely a question of power, but Cambria proved her superiority over Aline, and established a great reputation, the result looking entirely between her and Lufra at this point of the race. Reaching across from St. Katherine's to the Needles Aline was more at home, and on rounding the Rocks was second in position of the five leaders, Lufra leading Aline by 2m. Aline leading Cambria 6m., Cambria leading Egeria 9m., and Egeria Pantomime by 11m. Squaresail yards were smartly got across, and topmasts on end, and at a great pace they tore up tide, arriving off the mark-boat as follows. Official time :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lufra	4	2	37	Cambria	4	9	38	Pantomime	4	32	53
Aline	4	3	50	Egeria	4	20	33				

Aline thus won the first prize (£75, with 3m. 5s. to spare from Cambria).
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bria, and Cambria takes second prize (£25) with 5m. to spare from Egeria.

Fifth day.—Saturday, August 8th.—It will be remembered that Her Majesty's Cup was contended for on the previous Tuesday; but in consequence of light winds could not be finished by the appointed hour of nine p.m. The Sailing Committee decided that the cup should be sailed for to day under the same conditions. Accordingly, at ten precisely the signal for the start was given to the following vessels :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
381	Egeria.....	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
1259	Pantomime.....	schooner	132	Lt-Col. W. Markham	Ratsey
37	Aline.....	schooner	215	R. Sutton, Esq.	Camper
216	Christabel.....	cutter	52	Earl Annesley	Aldous
72	Arrow.....	cutter	94	T. Chamberlayne, Esq	Owner
863	Lufra.....	yawl	193	Earl of Strafford	Ratsey

The day was fine, with a very strong wind from the west, which, with the flowing tide, increased to a gale.

Christabel was the first to set her canvas and take the lead, Aline last. The small cutter drew out and took the windward place of all, most of the vessels setting jib-headed topsails to run before the breeze to the eastward. Ryde Pier was passed in half an hour at a great pace, all the vessels being nearly abreast, and the Warner Lightship was rounded at 10h. 48m. in the following order, Aline, Egeria, Lufra, Pantomime, so closely upon each other that it was impossible to time them from the yacht's deck more accurately in the excitement that prevailed while hauling in all sheets to sail back to the westward. The Arrow rounded at 10h. 52s., the Christabel at 10h. 54m.

The sight presented by such a group of magnificent vessels at such a dangerous pace, under the pressure of sail, was grand in the extreme.

The return to Cowes and the Lepe flag-boat was sailed at a most exciting pace, and was rounded as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lufra.....	12 24 40	Arrow.....	12 31 0	Egeria	12 38 30
Aline.....	12 30 50	Christabel.....	12 36 0		

Pantomime ran ashore, and was consequently out of the race, and was shortly afterwards towed off and back to Cowes, or she would have been fourth vessel round. Up to this time she had displayed the fine qualities for which she is so famous.

Arrow did not go to Lepe, but gave up at Cowes, considering herself

fairly beaten, and, as this is not the first time she has retired in a similar manner this season without any accident to justify such conduct, we can only suppose that her racing flag is hauled down for ever, and that we can only now remember her with admiration as for many years the fastest cutter in the world.

The wind having considerably freshened, and the sea increased on the second round, the race became still more exciting, and the Warner lightship was rounded as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lufra	1	30	0	Egeria	1	42	0
Aline	1	32	0	Christabel.....	not timed		

The latter vessel could not be accurately timed, in consequence of the great pace and alteration of sails, &c., on board the yacht in which this report was written, but she came to grief, while manfully struggling and saving her time, in consequence of splitting her mainsail.

Three of the six vessels being out of the race, it was continued with great perseverance and skill by the other three, Lepe being rounded for the second time as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lufra.....	2	49	0	Aline	3	0	0	Egeria.....	3	5	0

The sailing of Aline seemed to retrieve her recent want of success as against Cambria in the race yesterday, and at Havre, for although she carried away her main gaff about 1h. 32m., when gybing round the Warner, she set her trysail, and held her own splendidly in the heavy wind against which she had to beat.

The mark-boat at Cowes was finally passed as follows.—1, Lufra ; 2, Aline ; 3, Egeria. Lufra gaining the cup by 14s. only on Egeria, Egeria beating Aline by 7m. and 3s.

ROYAL SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE regatta this year was held on Saturday, July 25th, under the management of the Vice-Commodore W. Humphries, whose yacht the Skipjack yawl, was the Committee vessel for the occasion.

The first match was for a purse of £50 for cutters and yawls of any tonnage belonging to a royal yacht club ; yawls to sail as cutters, with one fourth of their tonnage deducted. Time race, half-minute per ton up to 50 tons, over 50 tons quarter minute per ton. First vessel to receive £40, second £10. For this the following fine fleet started, viz :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons.	Owners.	Builder.
689	Heron	cutter	42	J. Harvey, Esq.	Ratsey
1692	Tartar.....	cutter	60	A. Peglar, Esq.	Hansen
1075	Niobe	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
1435	Rosebud.....	cutter	51	Sir Bruce Chichester Bart	Can.In. Wks
1296	Phantom.....	cutter	27	F. Rosomon, Esq.	Pinny

This was a handicap race in which Tartar allowed Rosebud 30s., Heron, 4m. 45s—Niobe 5m. 45s., and Phantom 12m. 15s.—Rosebud allowed Heron 4m. 15s., Niobe 5m. 30s., and Phantom 11m. 45s.—Heron allowed Niobe 1m. and Phantom 7m. 30s.—Niobe allowed Phantom 6m. 30s.

The course was from the station vessel off the Royal Pier and Town Quay, Southampton, round the Brambles to the Eastern buoy, thence to the Lepe buoy, back round station vessel, thence right round the Brambles, and back to station vessel to win ; a distance altogether of about fifty miles. The stations were taken shortly after eleven o'clock, by the respective yachts as follows :—Phantom, 1st ; Rosebud, 2nd ; Niobe, 3rd ; Heron, 4th ; and Tartar, 5th. The gun was fired at 11h. 30m. precisely, when all vessels got off tolerably well together, Rosebud, if any, being the smartest in getting under way ; Phantom at once took the lead, followed in succession by Rosebud, Heron, Tartar, and Niobe, but when off the mouth of the Itchen the big yacht carried away her bobstay, thereby permitting the Niobe to pass her to windward, and placing her in a position which she never afterwards recovered. As Netley Hospital was approached, Niobe pressed Heron, and soon passed her to windward. She then challenged Rosebud and it was a pretty race for a long distance between the two, Phantom meanwhile maintaining a splendid lead. Heron was now drawing upon the second two yachts, and a smart race ensued, but off Calshot Castle Niobe went ahead, leaving Rosebud and Heron to contest the third place, the latter meanwhile keeping an anxious eye on the Tartar, which had fixed temporary tackle, and was looking dangerous. Phantom was still well ahead, but as the East buoy was approached, Niobe began to creep upon her, and on the buoy being reached there was only a quarter minute's difference between the two. The buoy was rounded in the following times and order :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Phantom	12 34 40	Rosebud	12 35 0
Niobe	12 34 55	Heron	12 35 30

The Tartar being, as well as could be made out, about a-minute and

a-quarter behind the last named vessel. Phantom now sent up her topsail, and in going to the westward stood in too close to the Wight, and thus allowing the Niobe and Rosebud to pass her, the latter, as Cowes Roads were reached, taking first place. This, however, was a mere temporary advantage, as Niobe picked up, and between her and the other yacht there was nothing to choose till the Lepe buoy was neared, when Rosebud housed her topsail and dropped astern, but Niobe continued to carry hers, and went round the buoy first at 1h. 14m., Rosebud at 1h. 14m. 30s., Heron at 1h. 15m. 35s., and Phantom at 1h. 15m. 45s. Tartar meanwhile had been gaining distance wonderfully, and she rounded at 1h. 16m. 10s.; but no sooner was she round than snap went her temporary bobstay, thereby completely destroying any remote chance she had hitherto possessed of a place in the race, and her owner very wisely struck his colours. In reaching across to Egypt Point the position of the other vessels slightly changed, Niobe keeping first place, Phantom taking second, followed by Rosebud and Heron in succession ; but the latter seemed to think she had taken a track too much to leeward, by which she would not make Calshot Castle, or her captain was labouring under some mistake as to course, for she took a tack fully a mile to the eastward, a loss of time which put an end to all anticipations of this yacht gaining either of the prizes. The station vessel was made on the first round by the vessels in the order just named, and it was very evident at this period that Niobe, who was making her time allowance fast, would, bar accident, become the winner of the first prize. The Phantom was doing wonderfully well, but was very closely pressed by the Rosebud. The White buoy was rounded by Niobe at 3h. 32m. 15s., Phantom at 3h. 39m. 40s., and by Rosebud at 3h. 39m. 50s. In going westward, Sir Bruce Chichester's yacht took second position, which she held to the end, but, as will be seen below, she failed to gain her time on the smaller vessel, which consequently took second prize. The times on each round were :

	FIRST ROUND.	SECOND ROUND.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Niobe	2 20 30	4 39 20
Phantom	2 31 10	4 48 0
Rosebud	2 32 20	4 44 5
Heron	2 39 33	5 1 30
Tartar.....	not timed	not timed

The Niobe was sailed by "Dutch" Diaper, and the Phantom by "Cook" Diaper, both of Itchen Ferry, and splendidly were the two yachts handled.

The next match was for a prize of 35 sovs., for schooners and yawls under 100 tons belonging to a Royal yacht club ; time race, half-a-

minute a ton up to 50 tons, over 50 tons a quarter-of-a-minute ; yawls to sail as schooners, one-fourth of their tonnage allowed. The course was from the station-vessel round the Brambles and back ; twice round, about 35 miles. It was expected that four vessels at least would have entered, but two only closed, as under :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
534	Odalique.....	schooner	51	G. James, Esq.	Marshall
1205	Flying Fish	schooner	42	G. Jessop Esq.	Scovell

They were started at 11h. 54m., and the small vessel took the lead from the first, and maintained it in slashing style, eventually gaining the prize by nine minutes and-a-half, exclusive of the time allowance to which she was entitled. The times on each round were :—

	FIRST ROUND.	SECOND ROUND.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Flying Fish	2 8 4	4 42 30
Odalique.....	2 16 20	4 52 0

Other events of no general interest wound up the day's sport—*Hampshire Independent.*

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB CHANNEL MATCHES.

ON TUESDAY, June 30th, the Channel Match was sailed from the Nore to Dover, for which the following fine vessels started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners	Builders.
			C.M.		
180	Cambria.....	schooner	188	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
629	Gloriana.....	schooner	133	A. O Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey
1259	Pantomime	schooner	132	Col. W. T. Markham	Ratsey
72	Arrow.....	cutter	103	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.	Owner
253	Condor	cutter	129	Capt. W. Ewing	Steele & Co.
352	Dione	cutter	43	Capt J. H. Anderson	Hatcher
943	Menai	cutter	76	W. F. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey
1075	Niobe	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
5580	Sphinx	cutter	47	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudslay
758	Julia	yawl	113	G. F. Moss, Esq.	Ratsey

By the rules yawls were to sail as cutters, and these latter were to allow schooners a fourth of their tonnage. Quarter-of-a-minute per ton, was the allowance.

"Cruizing trim" was the *mot du jour*, with all usual fittings, boats, anchors, cables, &c., the customary crew and a pilot, and the allowance of friends accompanying the owner limited to six. As to canvas—*ad. lib.* The course was from the Nore light-ship, leaving the West Buoy of the Oaze on the port hand, East Buoy of the Shivering on the starboard; outside the Goodwins leaving the North and South Sands light-ships on the starboard hand, and winning between a flag-ship stationed off the Admiralty pier, Dover, and that pier. Commodore Lord Alfred Paget was as usual at his post, and directed all preliminaries from the quarter-deck of his fine steam yacht, the Xantha. At 8h. 30m., the signal was given to "go," and with a nice N.N.E. breeze, overcast sky, and the first of ebb, this splendid fleet got away in grand style, setting balloon canvas, as each got fairly off, and very quickly an array of "muslin" appeared aloft that is not to be witnessed during every-day cruising; very many changes of position took place immediately after starting, which it is needless to enumerate, but when they had somewhat settled to their work, an operation considerably promoted by an increase of wind into a rattling topsail breeze, and good lively water getting up all ahead, the Condor was leading ship, with the Menai, Gloriana, and Arrow in close attendance upon her; then came the Dione, Sphinx, Niobe, Cambria, Julia, and Pantomime in the order of their names; the Menai was doing remarkably good work and promising better, but when off the Shingles beacon she unfortunately carried away her topmast and gaff, and was for a time placed *hors de combat*, and entirely out of the race. The Arrow mastered the Gloriana and shortly went into second place, the Condor still leading in grand style, and carrying *such* a balloon jib! The tailing off of the fleet speedily commenced, and "power" to tell its tale, the big ships gradually going away from their little sisters in the running wind and broken water, which ever and anon became rougher as they gained open water: as they bore away more on their course squaresails were piled up, to which in some instances were added square-topsails, and the Condor made the pace so hot at this period that it seemed she meant to win without giving any other craft the ghost of a chance; the Sphinx at this time seemed in trouble having as it afterwards appeared sprung her main-mast, and of course under such circumstances she had to retire from the fray; off the North Foreland the wind became much lighter, and the Condor still held a commanding lead with the Arrow second, and Gloriana third; approaching the North Sandhead the Gloriana collared the brave old ship at last, but not until the Arrow had sprung her gaff, the Cambria repeating the exploit a short time after, so the three dangerous ships went at it hard and fast.

to work their wicked will over that renowned part of the ocean, whose insatiable maw has swallowed up a golanda of wealth in its time ; now commenced the grand struggle as they got fairly before the wind, and lay their course for Dover ; the Cambria in gybing was struck by a squall that carried away the jaws of her gaff and very nearly brought her to grief ; she was enabled notwithstanding to make a gallant fight of it ; the Gloriana suddenly launched out in a most extraordinary way and began to overhaul the Condor in a manner that threatened another issue to the struggle, and the Pantomime and Julia were coming up fast astern ; however the wind becoming still lighter, the Condor still held her own, and the flag-ship at Dover was passed in the following order and times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Condor (1st prize)	1 53 5	Cambria	2 6 15	Julia	2 18 0
Gloriana (2nd prize)	2 2 20	Pantomime	2 16 30	Dione	2 31 0
Menai, Arrow, Sphinx, and Niobe, not timed.					

The Nore to Cherbourg.—The second Channel match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club from the Nore to Cherbourg came off on Friday, July 3rd, and resulted in a very admirable struggle, in which all who participated were vastly delighted. The following fine vessels started:

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
21	Albertine	schooner	156	Capt. J. Ormsby Phibbs	Inman
180	Cambria	schooner	188	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
629	Gloriana	schooner	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey
1259	Pantomime	schooner	132	Col. W. T. Markham	Ratsey
253	Condor	cutter	129	Capt. W. Ewing	Steele & Co.
758	Julia	yawl	113	G. F. Moss, Esq.	Ratsey

Niobe (did not start.)

The prizes were 1st. 100 sovereigns presented by George Duppa, Esq., and 25 and 10 sovs. added by the Club for 2nd. and 3rd. vessels. The same regulations as to "Sea going trim" as those prescribed for the match from the Nore to Dover were adhered to, the flag-ship being stationed in the harbour of Cherbourg, which was to be reached by its western entrance. After several nautical escapades which afforded much amusement to the respective competitors, a tolerable line was accomplished between the Nore light ship and the Cant Sand, and at 8h. 35m. a.m., Vice-Commodore Lord de Ros gave the anxiously watched for signal. The Gloriana was off like a bird, and the Condor was equally quick in the second place, the Albertine getting away third ;

both Pantomime and Cambria appeared all in irons up and down, but it appears their anchors got foul of the light-ship's cables, and both were compelled to slip after a tough bout at their "mud-hooks, so that against they got a warp ahead the rest of the fleet were well upon their day's journey. The wind as on the previous match was at N.N.E., a nice breeze with every appearance of increasing, but they had to contend against the last half of strong flood, so that the lighter draught vessels made good market of their heels through the Channels were they best could escape the tidal drag, and not until they passed the Shivering buoy did a symptom of ebb give them a lift seaward, and then the Gloriana had a tremendous lead, with the Julia second, Albertine third, and then Pantomime, Condor, and Cambria. At 11h. 20m. the wind became very light with the sternmost vessels Condor and Cambria, whilst the leading ships carried still a good breeze, and consequently these two fine vessels in addition to their mishap, had now to undergo a drifting trial, whilst their wary antagonists were reeling off the knots cheerily ahead of them ; after many chops and changes of wind and position they again got life in them, and Dover was passed in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Gloriana	3	11	0	Pantomime	4	29	0	Cambria	5	8	15
Julia	4	11	0	Albertine	4	34	0	Condor	5	9	10

From this point the wind became very light and veering about in every direction, settling finally into a delightful calm, which ever anon was streaked with tantalizing belts and veins that induced various courses to be pursued by the different vessels, some for the French others for the English coast, in the hopeful endeavour of finding shelter under some lucky cloud holding an embryo hurricane in its murky bosom. It was not however 'til sunset that the various "whistlings" and "tapping of bulwarks," and "blow-good-breezes" bore fruit, and then the vintage came tumbling down from a black and threatening western sky, banked up by ragged clouds that sent their "*avant courriers*" in the shape of fierce squalls to wake up the fleet to life and work. A fresh departure was now made, but darkness set rapidly in, and the first glimpse of morning light was anxiously watched to tell the tale of "who shall?" In the short half of the middle watch the Secret oozed into a pair of curious binoculars, when a nor'-west wind opening the eastern path to the first tints of old Sol, discovered the Cambria to be the favorite of fortune, with the Gloriana second well astern, and then Albertine, Julia, Pantomime, and Condor, in the order of their names, all racing down wind for the coveted land-fall of Cherbourg ; the crew of the Cambria were no doubt elated at the success of

their night's work and did but the wind prove true, it looked very like another triumph for her. At 5h. 40m. land was made out ahead and to leeward, and with the goal in sight, every nerve was strained on board the leading vessels for the final struggle; as the morning wore on the wind became lighter, and the Gloriana drew rapidly up with Cambria until she established herself under her lee quarter, and attempted to force a passage, but not being able to do this the Cambria forged ahead of her when the wary Gloriana closing up under her lee, seized that opportune moment when the puff caught her, and instead of again trying the lee, put her helm down and with a rapid half tack went saucily out on Cambria's weather, where after administering a strong dose of "blanket," she forged ahead in gallant style, taking a winning lead that was never after threatened, and the Pantomime having mastered the Condor, no other change took place, and the flag-ship at Cherbourg was reached in the following order on Saturday forenoon:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Gloriana	10 55 0	Albertine	11 13 0	Pantomime.....	11 21 0
Cambria	10 57 30	Julia.....	11 18 0	Condor.....	11 25 30

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

ON JULY 23rd, the revels at Queenstown commenced, which owing to various other engagements was not so well attended by craft as on prior years; but still several well known favourites put in an appearance and contended for the good prizes offered. The first race on the card was for vessels above 40 tons, prizes, viz: £75 for first, £25 for second. The Oimara, Astarte, and Menai entered, but just on the point of starting the owners of the last two objected to the allowance made them by Oimara, the result of which was no match.

The next was for yachts not exceeding 40 tons, of any rig, time race, first prize £20, second £10. The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
1508	Secret	cutter	31	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
1725	Torpid	cutter	28	Major Longfield	Day & Co.
1932	Xema	cutter	35	Major Barton	Fife

Kilmeny was entered and ready to start when a yacht which had been cruising about, by some mismanagement ran into her, smashing her mainboom in twain and very nearly injuring some of her crew, thus

placing this smart little clipper *hors de combat*, much to the chagrin of her owner and crew, and causing great disappointment to the public with whom the Scotch lass is a favourite. Three others Menai, Vampire, and Lizzie also entered but declined the contest. The wind which had been shifty, settled to about north-east, at the hour of starting, which was one o'clock, p.m. The two were all alive, with crews as active as Kilkenny cats. Torpid, on this occasion belied her name, for she was wide awake and away first, with Secret in rapid pursuit. When outside these vessels shook out reefs, they had taken in before starting, not finding the wind increased as was expected, and they all made rapid tracks for the western flag-boat off Cork Head, and 'ere rounding, the Xema had so gained on Secret that she passed it 1m. 15s. ahead of her, and within 1m. 10s., of Torpid; they then hauled their wind for the southern flag-boat which as well as the other marks were left on the port hand. The Secret lost no time in tracking her leaders, and passed the southern flag-boat first, having put Xema and Torpid a quarter-of-mile under her lee, as the wind then came. At 2h. 28m. Torpid and Xema tacked into the land, Secret shortly after, all being now on star-board tack; Torpid sent down topsail and housed topmast, an example that ought to have been followed by Secret, whose topsail was now doing her more harm than good. At 3h. 55m. in going about she was headed by the wind, and got into irons for nearly five minutes, during which Xema and Torpid came up on her hand over hand. All tacked together to seaward at three o'clock, and after a board in shore far enough to tack for the buoy, Xema having weathered on Torpid, and both on Secret, they went about again and fetched it, Xema first at 3h. 15m. 20s., Torpid 3h. 11m. 3s., Secret 3h. 21m. 15s.; squareheaders were then set on Xema and Torpid, balloon foresails on the former and Secret, for the run into the harbour round the Bar Rock buoy, where Xema was in advance of Torpid by 1½m.; Secret about eight minutes behind Torpid. On going out again the wind headed the leaders off Carlish Fort, and they had to tack in Grayball Bay to weather the western point of the harbour. Secret holding her luff just fetched out in the one tack to the western flag-boat where the time was—Xema 5h. 21m., Torpid 5h. 25m., Secret 5h. 34m. No material changes occurred in the positions of the boats in the beat to the southern and eastern flag-boat beyond the circumstance of Xema making two minutes more on Torpid, their times at the eastern flag-boat being Xema 5h. 40m., Torpid 5h. 46m., the latter being obliged to make a short board just at the flag-boat to get round. Torpid sent up her balloon topsail for the run in with balloon jib, Xema her largest working topsail. The wind lightened as the

leader approached Roche's Point, while Torpid and Secret were carrying up a snoring breeze with them, both shortening their distance from Xema, who turned the point at 6h. 57m., Torpid at 6h. 59m., Secret at 7h. 2m. 30s., and it now looked very uncomfortable for Xema. The wind headed the yachts between the forts, and Xema broke off considerably, so much so that she had to tack off Spike Point to weather the spit on going in. The wind still favoured Torpid and Secret, who were both able to lay up for the Spit without tacking. Xema struggled gallantly to the last, but was unable to take her time off Torpid. The race concluded as follows:—

	h. m. s.	 		h. m. s	 		h m. s.
Xema	7 31 17	 	Torpid.....	7 33 25	 	Secret	7 39 43

Torpid being the winner by 52s. Canoe and rowing matches finished the day's amusements.

Second day.—Friday, July 24th, broke with a cloudless sky, and a strong breeze from the east. The first prize again did not fill as the same occurrence respecting allowance from Oimara kept the vessels from the start, although Astarte and Menai had entered. The sailing committee therefore gave an extra prize during the day.

The match for all classes belonging to members of royal or foreign clubs of any rig, time race, first prize £50, second £10. The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
84	Avalanche	cutter	50	J. Wheeler, Esq.	Owner
1932	Xema	cutter	34	Major Barton	Fife
692	Heroine	cutter	50	J. C. Atkins, Esq.	Wanhill
782	Kilmeny	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
1725	Torpid.....	cutter	28	Major Longfield	Day & Co.

The damage sustained by Kilmeny on the first day having been repaired, she was amongst the most active in the fray. The wind was so powerful that precautions against accidents by taking an overdose of Æolean physic; all housed topmasts, and Xema, Kilmeny, and Torpid took in a reef. Kilmeny got off quickly, then Avalanche, Xema, Torpid and Heroine last, who had the berth to leeward and hung heavily before she got off. In the beat down to the Spit, Xema, on starboard tack, went about for Avalanche, on port tack, where she might have held on, as Avalanche was going about herself, Torpid then weathered on both. The Spit was then rounded by Kilmeny, Torpid, Xema, and Avalanche in the order of their names. In reaching through the channel, Xema came up on Torpid's weather, but was unable to pass her, and Avalanche

who stood out in mid-channel, got a breeze, and ran through Xema's lee off Carlish Fort, and came up and challenged Kilmeny, while Heroine had stemmed up on Torpid. The breeze freshened as the yachts approached Roche's Point, and it was passed by Kilmeny first, with Avalanche on the top of her, Heroine third, then Xema, with Torpid very close on her. The yachts were directed to go to the eastward to day, and on getting outside close hauled on port tacks for a beat to the eastern flag-boat the wind and sea increasing according as they went from the land. Here the heavy tonnage told in favour of the big ones. Avalanche disposed of Kilmeny shortly after passing the point, and in the beat out against the heavy sea Xema and Torpid weathered on Kilmeny. The time at the eastern flag-boat was:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Avalanche	3	27	0	Xema	3	30	0	Kilmeny	3	35	0
Heroine	3	27	30	Torpid.....	3	30	30				

The large ones set square and the small ones jib-headers for the run to the western flag-boat, during which the two leaders got far away in advance and had a race between themselves, the other three forming a pretty match in their own class. The Bar Rock buoy having been rounded, and Roche's point passed in the same order, the yachts prepared for another turn to windward for the eastern flag-boat a second time. The large yachts retained their topsails, the small ones sent theirs down, and housed topmasts. At 5h. 56m., in the beat out, Kilmeny weathered on Torpid. On passing the eastern flag-boat Avalanche was three minutes and-a-half ahead of Heroine, Xema about twelve minutes astern of her, Kilmeny and Torpid very much behind. Xema set a square-header after rounding, Kilmeny and Torpid jib-headers. All had to gybe before approaching the western flag-boat, and in performing the operation Torpid's topsail seemed to have got foul of her backstay, and she had to lower the sail, but set it after. The leaders continued for the rest of the match to increase the distance from the 30 tonners, which could not be expected to do anything on such a day with yachts of a class so much more powerful than their own. The following is the time the different yachts arrived:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Avalanche	7	1	51	Xema	7	26	30	Torpid	7	40	2
Heroine	7	6	13	Kilmeny	7	36	45				

The owner of the winner, who sailed his own yacht (and no one could have done it better), was greeted with the hearty cheers he deserved on passing the flag-ship.

The next match was for yachts not exceeding 25 tons; time race, first prize £20, second £5. The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1754	Vampire.....	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
1052	Mamie	cutter	22	Capt. O'Brien	Rany
846	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher

Esk and Sappho were entered but declined to start. The signal to go was given about one p.m. All had a single reef in, and housed top-masts. Lizzie was first on, followed by Mamie and Vampire, who were fouling each other just before the start, and she took the Spit first; Vampire second, having weathered on Mamie in the beat down; but the latter after rounding ran past Vampire like a shot, and having run up on Lizzie she and Lizzie turned Roche's Point together, Vampire a couple of minutes astern. On the tacking out to the eastern flag-boat in the rough water Mamie had the best of it again, and she succeeded in taking the flag-boat from her just by a second or two. Vampire being close in attendance, and only one minute behind. The yachts then ran back to the harbour (the course in this match being confined to twice round the eastern flag-boat), during which Mamie had gained one minute on Lizzie and two on Vampire, the time of their passing by in Roche's Point being Mamie, 2h. 50m. 0s.; Lizzie, 2h. 51m. 0s.; Vampire, 2h. 53m. 0s. Mamie increased her lead round the Bar Rock buoy to the point, going out there again for the eastern flag-boat 6m. 45s. in advance of Lizzie, and 9m. 17s. of Vampire. In the beat out, however, Lizzie regained some minutes, the time at the eastern flag-boat second time being Mamie, 4h. 30m.; Lizzie, 4h. 33m, 10s.; Vampire, 4h. 40m. 0s. Lizzie's ability telling for her in the sea way. Vampire carried away her bobstay just after rounding, which deprived her of any chance. However, up to the time of the accident the "Kinsale Hooker" proved herself to be more than a match for the two crack twenties of the day, and she still continued to increase the gap between herself and Lizzie all the way to the flag-ship, when the time they concluded was thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.	
Mamie	5 18 31		Lizzie	5 23 49

Mamie was sailed by her owner. She was built this season at Kinsale by a ship carpenter, who has not had much experience in yacht building; but there is no doubt she is a boat of extraordinary speed for her size.

Rowing matches closed the regatta for 1868.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB OF IRELAND MATCHES.

SATURDAY, JULY 25th.—Queenstown was all alive for the third day's amusement, under the auspices of another club. The Westerns availing themselves of the yachts being present on the 23rd and 24th, were prompt on deciding upon offering for competition the following prizes, viz:—£50 for yachts from 20 to 100 tons; and £25 for yachts under 20 tons. For the first prize the following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons.	Owners.	Bullders.
75	Astarte	yawl	75	W. Battersby, Esq.	Day & Son
45	Amber Witch ...	yawl	51	J. M'Curdy, Esq.	Wanhill
84	Avalanche	cutter	50	J. Wheeler, Esq.	Owner

The course was the same, the yachts going to the eastward. The wind was about east, a nice topsail breeze, which died out during the day, large working topsails and jibs were set; the start was effected at 12h. 36m. 35s., all canted off to port together, Avalanche being to windward gathered way first and took the lead, and before the large yawl obtained her speed Amber Witch shot by her, and was second turning the Spit, the yawls then set balloon foresails, the cutter her balloon jib, to reach down the channel; off the Carlish Fort the wind headed the lot, and the ballooners were stowed: Astarte had now come up on Amber Witch, and it was stem and stem together for some minutes, Astarte eventually ran through her lee, Avalanche passed the point going out three minutes ahead of Astarte, the latter one minute and a half in advance of Amber Witch, all close-hauled, and stood a long reach on port-tack out to sea, at 1h. 27m. Avalanche tacked into the land, the wind southing outside, Astarte followed the leader at 1h. 33m., but might have done it sooner as the cutter on the other tack appeared to be sailing away rapidly; Amber Witch before tacking showed some judgment by getting in her topsails, which was only flapping about in the top, and she housed topmast, at 1h. 46m. Avalanche tacked under the land to fetch the eastern flag-boat, and did it, Astarte 1h. 49m., but did not, and had to make a short board before getting round, Amber Witch tacked at 1h. 58m. It was rounded thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Avalanche	1	55	0	Astarte	2	12	0	Amberwitch ...	2	16	0

Avalanche quickly set her balloon-jib, and with her lead of 1m., and the tide in her favour ran for the south and western flag-boats at a fearful bat; the yawls set balioon-jibs also, but now might be said to be com-

pletely out of the race, as Avalanche rounded the western boat about two miles ahead of them, Astarte being about a minute and-a-half in advance of Amber Witch. At three o'clock Astarte burst her balloon jib-sheet in a heavy gust, and had to cut away the lashing at the bowsprit end and got the sail in, Amber Witch came up on her before the working jib was set, and both sailed up the channel together, meeting Avalanche coming out for her second round at the Carlish Fort; the time of rounding the Bar Rock buoy first time was:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.	
Avalanche	3 11 31		Astarte	3 36 53		Amber Witch... 3 38 17

With such a lead as this it was hopeless for the yawls to expect any other result than what followed; they, however, determined to fight it out between themselves, after passing Roche's Point the second time, the wind had lightened, but it was still a beat to the eastern boat, which Astarte rounded some three minutes in advance of Amber Witch, the cutter being then past the western boat, and making great tracks for the port; between these two flag-boats the yawls ran mast and mast together, and the Amber Witch took the western boat first, leaving her large rival all the way up to the Bar Rock buoy by a few seconds; here it fell calm, and Astarte withdrew, Amber Witch continuing under the idea that there was a prize for second boat, was carried up by the tide past the flag-ship. The cutter was timed as arriving there at 6h. 15m. 35s., Amber Witch at 7h. 22m. 17s. The Avalanche thus became the victor.

The next match was for yachts under 20 tons; first boat £20, and the second £5; time race; once round the long course. The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1754	Vampire.....	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
846	Lizzie	cutter	20	O. H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher
436	Esk	cutter	10		Harvey

The gun was fired at 1h. 23m , the Esk got away quickly, but was soon led by Vampire and Lizzie, the latter turning the Spit first, and reaching down the channel to Roche's Point five seconds in advance of Vampire and eight seconds of Esk, sheets were now got in, and all stood out to sea on port tack, Vampire making a long leg of it, while Lizzie went about soon, and reached in to the shore. Lizzie, coming out on port tack, just weathered Vampire standing in on starboard tack, the latter took a long stretch into the shore, and meeting Lizzie going in, just weathered her, and took the eastern flag-boat by

thirty seconds, Vampire 3h. 34m. 30s.; Lizzie 3h. 36m. 0s.; Esk, not timed, but a mile or so astern, between this and Roche's Point Lizzie had lessened Vampire's lead to one minute-and-a-half. From this to the conclusion it was exciting enough, but Lizzie was doomed to be second again. The time at the flag-ship was:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.		
Vampire.....	4 37 53	 	Lizzie	4 39 30	 	Esk.....	5 27 45

During the evening five well-contested rowing matches, each for £5, took place, and caused a deal of amusement.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

AFTER the close of the regatta at West Cowes, the town of Ryde, has a great accession of visitors, the well known Victoria matches being an immense attraction. This year the nautical *fete* began on Tuesday, Aug. 11th. The first prize offered was the Town Cup value 100 sovs., subscribed for by the inhabitants. It was open to all royal or foreign clubs ; the following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
180	Cambria	schooner	193	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
632	Goshawk	schooner	255	T. Broadwood, Esq.	Hansen
253	Condor	cutter	133	Capt. Ewing	Steele & Co.
512	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
948	Menai	cutter	79	W. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey
1206	Oimara	cutter	165	C. J. Tennent, Esq.	Steele & Co.
1075	Niobe	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
21	Albertine	schooner	156	Capt. J. O. Phibbs	Inman
381	Egeria	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
907	Marina	cutter	65	J. C. Morice, Esq.	Ratsey
352	Dione	cutter	44	Capt. Anderson	Hatcher
	Psyche	cutter	45	A. Congreve, Esq.	
37	Aline	schooner	215	R. Sutton, Esq.	Camper
1850	Phryne	cutter	55	T. Groves, Esq	Hatcher

Time Allowance.—Oimara allows Condor, 4m. 7s., Goshawk, 7m. 23s., Aline, 12m. 0s., Cambria, 15m. 2s., Fiona, 16m. 46s., Menai, 17m. 20s. Albertine, 19m. 37s., Egeria, 20m. 17s., Marina, 21m. 17s., 20s., Phryne, 25m. 33s., Psyche, 30m.-37s., Dione, 31m. 32s., Niobe, 33m. 29s.

In addition to the above the Shark, Vindex, Thought, and Prima Donna entered but did not start. The morn was showery and unpleasant, and at the time of starting there was a much better breeze than had been expected. About 10h. 50m. they were all on the go, and Phryne,

slipped off with the lead—but as the larger vessels felt the weight of the wind, which was about W.N.W., the Condor and Fiona came out from the ruck as second and third, with Oimara fourth, and just on the weather quarter of the handsome schooner Cambria, which held fifth place, Niobe being sixth, and Dione seventh, with Menai eighth. All eight stood in on the starboard tack soon after the start for the island shore, Psyche being the first to go about, and shifting jibs during the movement. The noble topsail schooner of Mr. Broadwood in the meantime was the centre of a group of racers further off in the strength of the lee running tide, across which, however, Aline had boldly kept her reach towards Stokes Bay shore. A light, but strengthening westerly puff, caught the division under the island shore, of which Psyche took the first benefit, and Fiona taking it next, the little Niobe coming out on the weather of the great Oimara. The wind continuing from west Psyche, Fiona, Condor, Oimara, Niobe, Cambria, Menai, and Dione became the weather division, with Egeria to leeward in nearly mid channel. The lee division comprised Phryne first, Goshawk second, Marina third, Albertine fourth, Aline fifth.

At 11h. 45m. a.m., Cambria tacked on the Motherbank, and started off in chase of the cutters ahead of her, having now by far the best position of all the schooners engaged in the race. Egeria keeping her reach on the starboard tack over to the weather shore, went about on the Quarantine ground at noon and stood out for the Middle buoy in the wake of the weather division, the lee division racing almost as hopelessly to leeward as ever, Phryne leading, with Goshawk second.

Approaching the West Middle, Dione, who had approached mid channel, was racing along abreast of Oimara, Psyche still leading, then Fiona, Condor, Oimara, Dione to leeward, Niobe, Cambria, and Menai next in order, the others far astern and to leeward. At the buoy Dione hauled her wind, shooting up for the buoy and improperly made Niobe bear away, which was the subject of a protest. Oimara likewise exhibited the bugbear from her rigging, but we did not notice her grievance. Phryne still leading had to make a short tack before rounding the buoy.

The clouds had now lifted and rain cleared up, the sun struggling hard to get through, but in spite of this the weather looked dismal, which not even the sight of this splendid fleet and most pleasureable of watering places could dissipate. Oimara, five minutes after rounding, had sent up jib-topsail, Condor and Cambria balloon jibs, and they were rushing through the tide at a pace that was slowly but surely extinguishing the chance of the little cutters. Goshawk set weather square-

topsail studdingsail, but there was not sea room or wind sufficient to move her, although she appeared more than a match for Albertine. Off the Quarantine grounds the other Scots (Fiona and Condor) had set their jib-topsails, Cambria had drawn up and passed Oimara, and was hardly pressing the leading cutters. At 12h. 30m. Fiona's jib-topsail had the effect of cracking topmast, midway from cap to masthead, and down came the crop with a run.

All was now plain sailing to the Nab, Cambria at the Warner having passed the Fiona and gone through Psyche's lee. At the Noman the difference between the first vessel (Condor) and the last (Albertine) was 41m. Egeria at this point of the race had gained on Condor, but had lost 2m. with Cambria, Oimara holding her own, and gaining 7m. on Niobe; Aline at 1h. 35m. passed Phryne, and at 1h. 36m. had balloon jib burst out at the tack, delaying her until another smaller one was got out. Phryne hauled down balloon jib before rounding, but stuck to her balloon topsail, and Goshawk took in stunsail, the Nab Light was rounded with a difference between first and last of 40m. 20s. Cambria having a thorough schooner's wind raced up on Condor's weather, but at the Noman the latter, who had steered well to leeward of her rival, drew the wind clear, both luffing sharply, and to the last giving the two-sticker a sight of her fashioning, as the times subjoined of first round will show, viz:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Condor	2	4	20	Egeria	2	16	25	Phryne	2	39	12
Cambria	2	4	48	Menai	2	18	14	Albertine	2	44	57
Oimara	2	5	40	Dione	2	19	5	Goshawk	2	46	40
Fiona	2	11	32	Niobe	2	22	12	Marina	2	49	45
Psyche	2	14	5	Aline	2	36	45				

A fine race was now going on between Menia and Dione; off the Peel Bank Psyche's big topsail yard went in the slings, and sent up a jib-headed topsail in its place. Off Osborne they all felt a freshener, the weather continuing overcast and rain now descending; the West buoy of the Middle being for the second and last time rounded. In the run back to the eastward after rounding the buoy Cambria and Condor were seen holding about the same positions, but Oimara, at the time of closing on the pair of leaders, broke off her topmast about half-way between the cap and the truck, and at once luffed in for the anchorage off Ryde, giving up any further share in the race. The wind continued steady, at fresh whole sail strength, but the chief interest in the match was now confined to the doings of Cambria and Condor, the small cutter standing the best chance of winning the prize by receiving time. So evenly were Cambria and Condor sailing that in going over the dis-

tance from Ryde Pier head, on finishing their first rounds, to the West buoy of the Middle and back again, not a second had been lost or gained on either side, the cutter still retaining just the 28s. she gained on the schooner by her manœuvring in jamming the schooner up under the edge of the Ryde Sands, in running in to finish their first round. Goshawk soon afterwards shortened sail and gave up, her spirited owner as well as his noble craft having well done their share in the day's sport.

The run out to the Nab and back was soon made, and with the breeze still singing pleasantly and full from the south-west the yachts passed between the flag-boat and the commodore's yacht the second time, and completed the race as follows, Cambria going splendidly with her lee rail level with the water, and Condor looking quite as grandly as she tore along under the schooner's stern. Off the Nab the cutter had carried away her balloon jib, and this enabled Cambria to pass into No. 1 position, which otherwise, simply from want of a suitable force of wind, she would not have gained.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Cambria.....	4	18	10	Fiona	4	32	40	Psyche.....	4	50	50
Condor	4	19	55	Aline	4	45	0	Dione	4	53	40
Egeria.....	4	31	0	Menai	4	47	10				

Cambria was thus the winner of the prize by both position and time. Her owner has reason to feel a pride in the possession of so beautiful and fleet a craft, and the taking off her lead keel previous to the match to Dover has done her the good Ratsey prophesied. Oimara and Fiona as we have stated both carried away topmasts, which naturally much impaired their chances.

Second day.—Wednesday, August 12th.—This was an off day, and was confined to sailing in squadrons, under Commodore Thellusson and the Marquis of Exeter, Vice. They weighed at 2h. 30m., and lay for Spithead, In the evening the Regatta Ball took place, and was, as usual, both numerously and brilliantly attended. The decorations, &c., were of the most tasty description, and the supper table was enriched by the cups given by the Commodore, the town of Ryde, J. Ashbury, Esq., T. Broadwood, Esq., and Captain Lovett. To add to the display there was some magnificent racing cups won at Stockbridge, Beaufort, Bath, and other race meetings.

Third day.—Thursday, August 13th.—This was fixed for a race for a plate of £100, presented by the Marquis of Exeter, the vice-commodore; being £75 to the first vessel, and the next yacht of any rig to receive a prize of £25; open to all yachts belonging to the Royal Victoria and Royal Yacht Squadron; course round the Isle of Wight. Yachts in full seagoing trim, with water tanks supplied for a week's

cruise. Yachts over 100 tons to carry their usual cutter and dinghy; yachts of and under 50 tons their usual dinghy; all vessels to carry a life buoy. One man for every ten tons (fractions of tons not to count) in addition to owner, skipper, pilot, cook and steward. Three working friends allowed in yachts of and above 130 tons; below 130 and over 60 tons, two working friends; 60 tons and under, one working friend, who must be members of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club or Royal Yacht Squadron. Yawls under 100 tons to have a fourth of their tonnage deducted when sailing with cutters; when with schooners one-fourth their tonnage added. A time race according to the following special conditions; if the race is completed under five hours, $1\frac{1}{4}$ Ackers' scale; under six hours $1\frac{1}{8}$ ditto; under seven hours 1 ditto; under eight hours $\frac{7}{8}$ ditto; under nine hours, $\frac{5}{8}$ ditto; if completed in or over nine hours and under twelve, $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto; if not completed under twelve hours no allowance of time.

Time Allowance.—The *Lufra* which sailed as a cutter of 146 tons, allowed the starters viz:—*Condor*, 7m. 20s., *Menai*, 15m. 35s., *Aline*, 19m. 6s., *Cambria*, 20m. 5s., *Shark*, 23m. 40s., *Egeria*, 25m. 25s., *Goshawk*, 26m. 18s., *Pantomime*, 27m. 35s., *Amulet*, (Rev. V. Tip-pinge,) 40m. 50s.—*Fiona*, *Marina*, *Psyche*, and *Dione* entered but did not start.

Soon after daylight a strong south-easterly wind swept through Ryde Roads from the Channel, moderating in its force, however, between seven and eight o'clock, when the rain, which had been falling in light showers all the morning, came down with great violence. About eight o'clock the racing craft began to hoist their sails, and heave in upon their chains, and by about a quarter to nine all were lying hove-to and waiting for the signal to be off. This was given at the appointed time, and 10 out of the 14 on the card let draw their head-sheets in a storm of wind and rain as they started on the starboard tack, with the wind and tide right in their teeth, to beat up for the Bembridge Ledge buoy.

At 9h. 15m. *Goshawk* was about on port tack, passing under *Egeria's* stern, and crossing the bows of *Cambria*, *Condor* walking away to windward of all at a great pace. At 9h. 30m. *Aline* and *Cambria* were somewhat unpleasantly near each other close under the Horse Shoal, and there was some shouting, but no damage was done, although *Cambria* lost ground. It would appear that *Cambria* having stood in close under the Horse Shoal had just gone about on the port tack, when she found *Aline* coming right down upon her upon the opposite tack. The pilot of *Cambria* (Nicholls), seeing that he had no room to put his

vessel, with the deadened way she had at the moment upon her, under Aline's stern, hove her about again to avoid a collision, the pilot of Aline shaking his vessel up in the wind for a minute for the same reason, but keeping her reach. At 9h. 43m. Egeria crossed the bows of Cambria, with Condor leading her half-a-mile dead to windward; Aline came third, Menai fourth, Cambria fifth, Pantomime sixth, Goshawk seventh, Lufra eighth, and Amulet ninth. Through St. Helens the wind freshened, and the rain came down very heavily; an attempt to set Cambria's fore-topsail failed, and after the flapping of the sail aloft had delayed the vessel considerably it was at length got down on deck again, and the topmast housed. Aline was now going beautifully, and seemed to be leaving Cambria, but Condor in the boards between the Spit Forts and the Ledge buoy was most unquestionably thrashing the pair of them and all the fleet. Laying out on the starboard tack from Bembridge Ledge for Dunnose, Condor led Aline a good mile, Cambria being about a quarter-of-a-mile astern of Aline. The rain now slackened, and the wind gave signs of an indication to veer a trifle west; as it fell light Aline seemed to increase her lead of Mr. Ashbury's schooner, and Egeria and Pantomime lessened their distance astern of her. Menai crossed Sandown Bay ahead of Egeria and Pantomime, but she appeared to come out from St. Helens inside the Ledge buoy, and if so necessarily became disqualified. In standing out on the starboard tack off the Ledge buoy, preparatory to tacking for Sandown Bay, Lufra suddenly bore up, and ran back for the inside of the island, as though she had met with some sudden mishap. At 10h. 55m. Condor bore away round Dunnose, and slackened sheets for the run past the Undercliff for Rocken End. At eleven o'clock Aline breasted Dunnose, Condor leading by about five minutes, and the same time elapsing before Cambria had brought it on her beam. Menai came eight minutes after Cambria, then Egeria, Pantomime, Goshawk, and Amulet. Off Ventnor Condor shifted head sails, the schooners likewise following suit, and running up fore-topsail, Egeria and Pantomime drawing on Menai, who, with Condor, were going along grandly, and Aline exhibiting quite her old form. Off Woody Point the subjoined will show the positions of the vessels:—Condor, Aline, Cambria, Menai, Egeria, and Pantomime.

On rounding St. Catherine's they had a close haul across Freshwater Bay, the rain again descending, and weather looking seaward thick and dirty. They now felt the tide on their weather bows, and Condor on the close haul, was rapidly leaving the leading schooners, Egeria having now gone into fourth place; but as the breeze freshened Menai appeared to wake up, but had Pantomime, who was going well, in close attend-

ance. The vessels made one reach off the land in Freshwater Bay, and on again shaping their course on port tack to weather the Needles, found Channel tide running hot, and on afterwards hauling round the rocks Condor was first, leading Aline by about 8m., Cambria, 8m. after Aline, then came Egeria, Menai, and Pantomime, Goshawk, Shark, and Amulet not to be seen. The wind was now dead on the mast, and squaresail yards were smartly got across on the schooners, Condor carrying spinnaker, Menai squaresail and square-topsail, the schooners investing in squaresails and square-topsails, and in some cases fancy canvas. By a telegram received at the club, when passing Yarmouth, it appeared that Condor was then leading Aline by ten minutes, and Aline the Cambria by eight minutes. From hence they ran towards Ryde on the starboard tack, carrying all light canvas, and finished the race in a squall of wind and rain from the westward, at the following times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Condor	3 25 55	Cambria	3 38 32	Menai	4 18 30
Aline	3 31 45	Egeria	3 54 45	Pantomime	4 14 50

Condor having to give Aline 11m. 46s. for difference of rig, lost the prize with upwards of five minutes to the bad, Aline taking first (£75), and Condor second (£25), the latter on account of being the next of any rig in position after winner. Lufra, Shark, Goshawk, and Amulet bore up at the back of the island, and returned through East End.

[We are compelled for want of space to withhold the Channel Matches until next number.—*Ed. of H.Y.M.*]

CLYDE YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THIS regatta, which we were unable from want of space to notice in our last number came off at Largs on Thursday, the 22nd July. Following on the two days of the Royal Northern, an excellent entry was secured, and the winners of the 40 and 20 tonners had an opportunity of playing out the rubber, resulting as will be seen in the triumph of the Maria and Vampire. The 10 tonners had also another chance by which the Vision managed to divide the laurels with the Ripple. A race for small schooners and wherries not exceeding 12 tons, was this year added to the programme, in which two new vessels competed—the Falcon, a beautiful little composite schooner of 9 tons, built by her owner Mr. Cornell, low in the water with good beam and shallow draught—and the Rona a schooner of 11 tons, built by Mr. Quisten of Largs—a weatherly looking craft of quite a different type, which had evidently scarcely a chance in the light breeze which prevailed during the day. In the smallest class the Gipsy King had it all her way as usual.

In the unavoidable absence of Commodore the Hon. G. F. Boyle, the duties of the day devolved on Vice-commodore Powell, who hoisted his Swallow tail on board the Snake, which was handsomely placed at the disposal of the Club by its most obliging and hospitable owner Mr. J. A. Lockett.

The course was from the flag-ship moored in Largs Bay round Skelmorie buoy, thence round Toward buoy, thence round a buoy on the Bute shore near Mount Stuart, and home, — twice round for the two larger classes, once round and a distance to Skelmorie for the 10 tonners and schooners, and once round for the small craft.

The first race was for a purse of 30 sovs. for yachts of any rig above 20 and not exceeding 40 tons, with a time allowance of half-a-minute per ton.

The entrance money on each of the races was liberally given as a second prize. The entry for this race was as follows:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
906	Maria	cutter	35	N. B. Stewart, Esq.	Fife
1932	Xema	cutter	34	Major Barton	Fife
340	Denburn	cutter	31	S. King, Esq.	Fife
1508	Secret	cutter	31	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
782	Kilmeny	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
1725	Torpid ..	cutter	28	Major Longfield	Day & Co.

With the exception of the Secret, all the vessels put in an appearance. The wind was easterly and rather light; but as the races commenced with a beat up to Skelmorie there was no balloon canvas in requisition. A start was made at 11h. 38m., Kilmeny getting first past the flag-boat with the Denburn and Maria, Xema and Torpid in close attendance. The first round was devoid of any special interest—the Kilmeny holding her position and the Xema getting ahead of Denburn and Maria. The time was as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Kilmeny	2 7 20	Denburn	2 17 11	Torpid	2 21 11
Xema	2 10 44	Maria	2 18 2		

In the second round the Maria improved her position considerably, getting ahead of the Denburn and Kilmeny and challenging Xema—the Denburn and Torpid falling a long way behind. A very close tug ensued between Maria and Xema, and as they tacked inshore to Largs pier before passing through between the Commodore and the flag-boat it was difficult to say which would win. The Xema came about first, the Maria standing on a few seconds longer. On coming round both were on the starboard tack close-hauled to weather the flag-boat—Xema ahead but Maria to windward. Xema failing to weather the flag-boat her helmsman attempted to turn it by shooting her in stays just abreast of it, as the Maria was passing it to windward. The consequence was a foul, Xema striking the flag-boat and driving it against Maria and also catching Maria on the quarter, but without doing any damage. A protest was lodged for Xema on the ground that

Maria did not give her room at the flag-boat. No doubt if Maria had huffed when Xema tacked at the flag-boat, the latter might have got round without a foul, and saved her time on Maria, but Maria being on the starboard tack was not bound to give way. The protest was accordingly disallowed by the committee. A closer finish has seldom been witnessed. The time was as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Maria	5 1 52	Kilmeny	5 5 55	Torpid	5 24 34
Xema	5 2 0	Denburn	5 19 45		

The Maria has thus taken two prizes out of the three times she has raced. The second prize fell to the Kilmeny—the Xema being held as disqualified. The second race was for a purse of 20 sovs. for yachts of any rig above 10 and not exceeding 20 tons, with three-quarters of a minute time allowance. The entry was as under.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1754	Vampire... ..	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
846	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher
6	Adeline.....	cutter	20	J. E. Reid, Esq.	Fife
627	Glide	cutter	20	D. Fulton, Esq.	Owner
1720	Torch	cutter	15	G. B. Thomson, Esq.	Fife
459	Fairlie	cutter	15	R. Ferguson, Esq.	Fife
476	Satanella	cutter	15	C. C. Wyllie, Esq.	Aldous
194	Carina.....	cutter	15	R. G. Webster, Esq.	Fife
403	Ellen	schooner	17	W. Wyllie, Esq.	Halliday

The Ellen, Carina, and Torch failed to show. The others went off to the signal at 12h. 6m. 13s.—the Lizzie leading, followed by Satanella, Glide, Fairlie, and Adeline. Vampire had passed the Commodore rather before the gun was fired, and was sent back, an infliction which her owner took with as much good humour as if he had known the result of the race, although the mistake cost him three or four minutes, the wind being very slack at the time. The race was a very close one, but it soon became apparent that the two 20 tonners would be able to take their time out of the 15 tonners, (the Adeline from her small sails may fairly be classed with the latter). The first round was completed as under :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lizzie	2 47 5	Glide	2 54 7	Adeline	2 59 35
Vampire.....	2 49 1	Satanella	2 55 30	Fairlie	3 2 0

In the second round the Vampire, which had evidently made up her mind to win, managed to give the Lizzie the go-by in the beating. There was no special feature of interest in the sailing of the others, but they all carried on to the finish which was as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vampire	5 59 20	Glide	6 15 52	Adeline	6 23 45
Lizzie	6 2 11	Satanella	6 16 9	Fairlie.....	6 26 52

The Lizzie getting the second prize. The third race was for a purse of 10 sovs., for yachts of any rig above 5 and not exceeding 10 tons. with a time allowance of one and-a-half minute per ton, for which the entries were:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders
1406	Ripple.....	cutter	9	J. M. Forrester, Esq.	Fife
	Vision.....	cutter	9	M. Carswell, Esq.	
801	Lady Alice.....	cutter	9	N. Boyd, Esq.	Owner
	Eva	cutter	9	J. Lemon, Esq.	

The wind was very light at the start of this race which was made at 12h. 34m. 1s., the Vision getting away first with Lady Alice, Ripple, and Eva some distance astern. We give simply the result from which it will be seen that after a close race between the three first named the Vision succeeded in defeating the Ripple and took her first race in Northern waters, the Ripple getting second prize.

FIRST ROUND.			h. m. s.	FINISH			h. m. s.
Vision			4 16 24	Vision.....			5 55 45
Lady Alice			4 19 50	Ripple.....			5 56 54
Ripple			4 21 30	Lady Alice.....			5 58 32

As already mentioned, the Falcon carried off the 10 sovs. in the schooner match, and the Gipsy King the prize for the five tonners.

Several minor sailing races and rowing matches followed, including a canoe race which has now become a featnre in Clyde Regattas. A display of fire-works concluded the days sports, which were witnessed by a large turn-out of spectators.

Corinthian Handicap Match.—On Saturday, 22nd August, came off at Hunter's Quay, Dunoon, and proved one of the most interesting races that has been witnessed on the Clyde this season. The great feature of this match is, that the yachts must belong to, and be steered by, members of the club, and only one paid hand is allowed on board the smaller class yachts, and two paid hands on board the larger class.

Mr. F. Powell, of the schooner Aglaia, in the absence of the Hon. Com-
modore Boyle, officiated as Commodore, on board the schooner Snake, Mr. J. A. Lockett, kindly placed at the club's disposal. Mr. Wm. York, the hon. secretary, Mr. Charles Henderson, and Mr. J. M. Forrester were also on board assisting, and time was kept by Mr. Mackenzie, Greenock. There was a large number of yachts present cruising about.

The match was for a purse of £15 to the first yacht, and a piece of plate, value £5, presented by the Rear-Commodore to the second yacht.

The entries, and time allowance for which the yachts were handicapped, were as follows:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Handicap Allowance.
					m. s.
469	Fairlie	cutter	15	R. Ferguson, Esq.	0 0
1476	Satanella.	cutter	15	C. C. Wyllie, Esq.	0 0
194	Carina	cutter	15	R. J. Webster, Esq.	1 0
485	Falcon	schner	9	C. Connell, Esq.	20 0
479	Fairy Queen.....	cutter	9	J. Harvey, Esq.	16 0
	Vision	cutter	9	M Carswell, Esq.	16 0

The Glide, Silva, Ripple, Excelsior, Claribel, and Hawk entered but did not appear—the Ripple being reported as having met with an accident in coming up. The starting gun was fired at 12h. 26m. 15s. The little Vision got away with the lead in admirable style—the Falcon being second, with Carina almost abreast of her. The Fairlie was fourth, Fairy Queen fifth, and Satanella was unfortunate in getting round, being fully two minutes astern of the leading yacht. The Satanella was the only yacht that carried a topsail, all the others having their topmasts housed. The Fairlie immediately after the start went to the front, and Carina and Satanella passed Vision successively in the reach to the Ashton flag-boat, which was rounded in the following order:—Fairlie, Carina, Satanella, Vision, Falcon, and Fairy Queen. In the turn to windward for the Shoals buoy Satanella picked up Fairlie, and Fairy Queen which was going remarkably well with the boats of her own class reached Falcon and Vision. The time at the buoy was as under :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fairlie	1 20 28	Carina	1 21 10	Vision	1 29 45
Satanella	1 10 35	Fairy Queen	1 28 20	Falcon (about) ..	1 34 39

After rounding Satanella set balloon foresail, and Fairlie (after a good deal of consideration) a square-headed topsail, with which the latter began to go away; Carina under her new canvas running both the leaders very close. The flag-ship was gybed round at the following times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fairlie	1 49 31	Carina ..	1 50 50	Vision	2 2 39
Satanella	1 50 15	Fairy Queen	2 0 9	Falcon	2 5 18

The Fairlie kept in front during the distance across to Ashton, and turned the buoy about seventeen minutes ahead of Satanella. In the dead beat up to Shoals Satanella showed her superior beating qualities, and went so much to windward as to astonish those who were on board the Fairlie. She turned Shoals fully three minutes ahead of the Fairlie. The Fairlie tried well to regain her lost ground in coming home, but could not manage it. A capital race was witnessed between the two nine-ton cutters, and nothing could equal in interest their handling by the amateur yachtsmen on board. So close were they in coming over from the Shoals, that it was difficult to say which was first. Fairy Queen only turned round half-a-minute a-head of the Vision. The Falcon was also close on them, and with her time allow-

ance was not half-a-minute behind the Fairy Queen, and only three minutes behind the Carina. They came in on the final round as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Satanella	3	12	8		Carina	3	18	26		Vision	3	38	6
Fairlie	3	15	13		Fairy Queen	3	37	29		Falcon	3	41	54

Satanella winning her first cup on the Clyde with plenty of time on hand. A large fleet of yachts assembled to watch the race, among which we noticed the Persia, Madcap, Onda, Lesbia, Maria, Rona, Bedouir, Coolan, Kilmeny, Niobe, Aglaia, Denburn, Reverie, White Squall.

Schooner Match.—A private challenge match was arranged with the special intention of trying the Aglaia and Reverie, both built by Messrs. Steele, Greenock, against two or three of Mr. Fyfe's new built schooners. Intimation of the match was sent to the following schooners :—Aglaia, F. Powell, Esq.; Reverie, J. Courtland, Esq.; Fiery Cross, J. Stirling, Esq; Persia, T. Stevens, Esq.

Only the two first-named answered the invitation, and they were started at 2h. 19m., immediately after all the yachts in the first race had passed on the second round. Aglaia got away first, and they kept very close together throughout, coming in thus :—Aglaia, 3h. 39m. 25s.; Reverie, 3h. 44m. 30s.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB MATCH.

GRAVESEND TO RAMSGATE, JULY 11TH.

THIS match was one of a class rapidly becoming popular both with yachtsmen and the public—with the former probably, because the conditions and the distances, and the waters sailed over give considerable chances of success to yachts not constructed or maintained for racing, as we have it between Erith and the Nore, or over the Queen's course at Cowes, while the public, who learn the events and results of such matches almost solely through the agency of the press, (as very few can witness even the start or finish;) still seem to regard sea going matches sailed by vessels in cruising trim, as not only more exciting but also as better tests of the qualities of yachts and yachtsmen—how far this be correct time will best shew. The Prince of Wales Yacht Club evidently consider that if true at all the principle should apply to the small boat, clever and fast clippers to whose encouragement the efforts of that club are specially directed. Hence the match we give a brief sketch of, and we think our readers will agree with us that it is well worth recording. We are glad to observe that the prizes were not paid for out of club funds, but were presented by spirited members of the club, Mr. Massingham and the Vice-Commodore, as the members of a Thames Yacht Club have a fair claim to an opportunity of witnessing the matches their subscriptions go to pay for—and this they cannot have in these matches, for which no happy name has yet been formed.

The following vessels entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1360	Queen	cutter	15	Capt. Whitbread	Hatcher
365	Dudu	cutter	15	G. Hammond, Esq.	Hatcher
14	Ærolite	cutter	8	— Dowdall, Esq.	Aikenhead
458	Eva	cutter	21	W. Low, Esq.	Wanhill
306	Dagmar	cutter	5	A. Louch, Esq.	Duck
	Clytie	cutter	12	F. Fabri, Esq.	

Of these Eva, Ærolite, and Dagmar started in last year's match. On the vessels mustering below the Lobster on Saturday morning Queen was missing, to the disappointment of those who looked forward to this seagoing match to settle the rival pretensions of the sister vessels, Queen and Dudu, which are of the same tonnage and by the same builder, Hatcher, though on very different lines, and have both been most successful. It was supposed the fresh easterly winds had prevented Queen from getting round from Southampton.

The yachts were started at 6h. 55m. a.m., by the Commodore and officers of the club from the screw-steamer Eagle, which had again been kindly placed at their disposal. Wind E.N.E., fresh, and more than two hours of the ebb tide gone. The Dudu, in the southernmost berth, canted to the north, starting in a leisurely, though workmanlike manner; and not sending up a topsail for nearly a quarter of an hour, as though she were inclined to hold her antagonist rather cheaply, and, but for accidents, this might have lost her the race. The other yachts more out in the stream, canted to the south; the Eva's anchor which was dragging before the start, was smartly got, and she took the lead, sending up a jib-headed topsail directly she put about on the Kent shore; and at East Tilbury she was leading by three quarters of a mile, Dudu, which soon passed the smaller yachts, when fairly started, second; Dagmar, Clytie, and Ærolite in succession. In the Hope Clytie and Dagmar sent up jib-headed topsails; Ærolite housing her topmast, the better plan, none of the vessels doing any good with them while they did carry them. In Sea Reach Clytie which had become third, shifted for a smaller jib.

The Chapman was passed at 8h. 30m., Eva nearly a mile to windward of Dudu. The Dagmar here gave up and ran back, followed before Southend by Ærolite, the lump of a sea which now came on putting their chances of success out of the question, and Clytie on reaching the Nore bore up for Sheerness wisely, perhaps, as she was very short-handed, though as matters turned out had she persevered she would have second prize. Below the Nore Eva first and then Dudu struck topsails and housed topmasts. At 10h. 15m. the Commodore finding the sea increasing, and fearing for his engine fires in the heavier sea to be encountered off the Foreland, ran back to Sheerness in the Eagle, and proceeded by railway to Ramsgate to meet the racing yachts, and, judging from the accounts of the captains of the steamers of the weather they met with, it was probably prudent. Just above the

Spile buoy the *Eva* was observed to round to and run back; her boat had broken adrift, and the time lost in recovering it let up *Dudu* and a close fight took place between the two vessels through the Five Fathoms Channel, and the flood now meeting them several boards had to be made. *Eva's* ill-luck stuck to her, for near the East Spaniard she sprang her gaff and carried away the sister hooks of the main halyard block. An attempt was made to re-set the mainsail reefed, but *Dudu* having secured a long lead the *Eva* gave up the race off the *Reculvers*, and ran back to Sheerness. But for these accidents she would about have won, having been exceedingly well handled throughout the race. The *Dudu* took a reef down and lowered her foresail at the West Last buoy, and rounding the Foreland without accident concluded as severe a trial as a 15-ton boat could well be set by winning off Ramsgate at 4h. 48m.

The first prize was presented to Mr. Hammond the same evening at the Royal Oak Hotel, the Club-house at Ramsgate, with well-deserved eucomi-ums on the pluck of her crew and on the manner in which she had been sailed. No other yacht having sailed the course through, the second prize remains in the hands of the Club.

THE UNION JACK, OR, THE STARS AND STRIPES.

THE challenge issued by Mr. Baldwin, of the American Yacht *Sappho*, on behalf of the American pleasure navy to the British yacht fleet, was worthily responded to; and although we cannot say that the long wished for contest with our cousins over-the-way has exactly come up to our notion as regards its origination, still we are glad to see, that although forced in a measure to take up the "gauntlet," figuratively so to speak, flung upon our briny threshold, we had yachtsmen equal to the occasion, and possessed of vessels able to do the work required of them. We have long and persistently urged upon the yachtsmen of England, the necessity that existed for recovering the *prestige* that was unmistakeably lost on that day, when the Majesty of England was informed in terse phraseology that the "America was first, the rest no-where!" We had long fondly hoped that a similar message with "England first and America,"—well not exactly "nowhere"—but a good second" would 'ere this have resounded over the bay of New York: but for the small instalment—and an infinitesimally small instalment it is—that we have received to the national credit, we are truly grateful. This gratitude however is strongly tempered with the hope that now our sea rovers have fairly engaged in hostilities, and their fighting banners are given to the winds, no middle course will for a moment be contemplated, that the friendly combat may be fought out to the *sweetest* end; namely that the brave old Burgee which is our pride and boast, notwithstanding the temporary cloud that dims its glory, may be restored to its pristine splendour, the first in the world.

The result of the race on Tuesday, Aug. 25th, is however very far from

accomplishing this triumph; to call such an event "the great American challenge yacht race," tasks our inventive grammatical powers to find words adequate to its correction, and in our philological distress we must take the nearest sized substantive that will plug the shot hole, and merely write the word "farce." Ay—that may be about the nearest fit, "the great American challenge yacht farce!"

Now in thus slightly altering the captivating title that "thunderers," "gaily bellowgraphs," "flags of England," and "matutinal pillars," have thought fit and proper to allow their type to frolic in, we distinctly desire to be understood as disclaiming in the most remote degree, the slightest disrespect to any of the parties engaged, individually or collectively; our heart is too much set upon the subject matter at issue to deliberately sit down and pen jokes about it. There is a word that has recently crept into common use amongst us, when we say us—we mean the aquatic world, and particularly that portion of it that rather likes sensational phraseology. We often find that Johnson and Walker fail us in such a word when we want to convey a deeply seated, passionate, highly-wrought idea; and convey it too delicately yet forcibly, tersely and yet full charged, like as by a prodigious noun of multitude: labouring under such a difficulty the French and Latin tongues are levied upon as a rule; but we have twisted Delille and Valpy into fits, Boyer or Ainsworth don't hold it, Virgil is no where, and Madame La Duchesse de Praslin has been sought through until our eyes ached, and we have had to fall back on that little vulgar noun, of what derivation or by whom given birth to we are fain to confess ignorance; it has a North Sea *smack* about it, and may be heard in the vicinity of Barking or the Texel—where a strongly ruling passion—an *idée fixe* is called "a fad."

We have several "fads" to confess to, but the *premiere* "fad" the *fad fixe* is—we want to see that day of 1851, that thrashing we owe,—fairly—honourably—and gallantly repaid; fought stem and stem, beam and beam, fathom and fathom, without a single loop hole left wherein to stow an objection, or from out of which to haul even the remnant of a doubt; we want to see a struggle out of which British yachtsmen will take *the Burgee* after a battle worthy of the name, that the nautical world must cry "*Optime*" to the Jack, and "*Valde*" to the Stars. We are not actuated by the slightest animosity in the matter, far from it; but we have got hammered into our brains some sort of a bull-dog notion that we of the "Jack" are able to build a ship and sail her against any nation in the universe; and that the Stars and Stripes *are about number two*. We have been defeated we honestly admit but vanquished—NEVER!

Our safety valve having been sufficiently exercised, we shall proceed succinctly to describe a race between four British clippers, accompanied for a short period by an American yacht, said to be of great speed and arrived from New York specially to challenge the best English yachts of the day.

It was agreed that there should be a Sweepstake of £2. each. Time for tonnage, R. Y. S. Scale. Course once round the Isle of Wight. To start off Cowes Castle. The course to be completed by the first vessel in nine hours,

or less, or the race to be void for that day. The race to be sailed under the directions and by the rules to be supplied by the R.Y.S.

The American Schooner Sappho to be entered as of 310 tons; the English Yachts according to Thames measurement, as measured at Cowes. (Sic.)

Cutters to have two-thirds of their tonnage added.

No square-sails to be carried, but no limit as to fore and aft sails or to men.

No greater time than twenty minutes to be allowed.

The race to take place on Tuesday the 25th August, 1868. Vessels to be at their stations at eight a.m., and to start punctually at nine o'clock.

Entries to be sent in to the Secretary of the R.Y.S., Cowes Castle, 36 hours before the time of starting.

The Oimara undertakes to sail the Sappho upon even terms; but with respect to the English Yachts she will have two-thirds of her tonnage added, and be classed as of 275 tons, the Condor as of 215 tons, the Aline 215, the Cambria 193. All other cutters upon the same scale.

The vessels that came to the start were as follows :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
37	Aline.....	schooner	212	R. Sutton, Esq.	Camper
253	Condor	cutter	129	J. Ewing, Esq.	Steele & Co.
1206	Oimara	cutter	165	C. J. Tennant, Esq.	Steele & Co.
183	Cambria.....	schooner	188	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
	Sappho	schooner	210	Capt. Baldwin	Poillon

Time Allowance.—Sappho allows Oimara, 0m. 0s.; Condor and Aline, 9m. 12s.; Cambria, 11m. 55s.; Oimara allows Condor and Aline 6h. 16m.; Cambria, 8m. 59s.

At 10 o'clock the gun gave them liberty to go, and certainly the excitement both afloat and ashore has seldom, if ever, been equalled; not even in the America's year. There was a nice north-westerly breeze on an east-going tide: the Cambria's crew were lightning "fisted" with her canvas, and right saucily the bonny craft tossed her white and blue banner in defiance of the red cross and lone star, as she courteously showed the way to her portly Columbian sister down the Solent; the Oimara and Condor were as quickly on their tracks, whilst the stately Aline took matters more leisurely, as if she thought there was more luck in it; a sudden sun-burst almost immediately after starting killed the promising wind that had gladdened their crews hearts, and the melancholy thud of balloon canvas sobbed a suspicion of tide work. Sappho having moved up upon the Cambria in one of the expiring flaws began to look out for a breeze off the mainland, and made a move for the Northern shore, getting rewarded for the manœuvre by another launch to the front. Approaching Ryde the Aline caught a vein of air, and running the chord of the arc described by the Yankee threatened to place her No. 2; but the Condor gently reminded her elder relative of the

"Woman's right question," and that one "person" was as good as another just at that moment, and "perhaps better" as Paddy says; but the Aline was inexorable to such argument, and "blanket" or "no blanket" the Condor must be suppressed in the native waters of fair Aline, so past Ryde the red and black battle flag went to the fore gallantly. There were some immaterial changes during flaws of wind and runs of tide, but it was not until they neared the Noman, when they got a fresh hand at the bellows and all their canvas sleeping, that any distinctive programme of station was marked out so far; here Aline had established her lead, with Condor close on her quarter, Cambria a dangerous third, Oimara well up fourth, and the American, *Credat Judæus*, a bitter bad fifth. Some of the worthy and excellent chroniclers are courteous enough to give the Sappho some further credit, but we like to call a spade a spade upon such occasions as this, and with all due respect to the superior judgment of those who are inclined to another opinion, we say that from this moment until the arrival at the flag-ship at Cowes, the race was between four British vessels, with, if it will assuage anguish, a partly American audience. It is true, approaching Bembridge Ledge, the Yankee element was slightly galvanized, the convulsive throe of finality perhaps, whether voluntarily, or involuntarily—deponent sayeth not, *cras credemus, hodie nihil*. Even this slight evidence of life was unnatural, for the Oimara was in difficulties with her gaff-topsail yard, and like sensible men her crew made steady honest work to remedy their mishap, without exhibiting unnecessary haste. The beat to windward up the back of the island has been so often described, and the present occasion presented so many similar features, that we will summarize the process by saying the opinions of old salts were fully verified; when two *such* cutters as Oimara and Condor caught the "two stickers" on a wind, and "jammed in a clinch," they of course had a pleasant time of it, and all the fun of weathering out the schooners as fast as they could haul a line; but for all this there were many to insist—now that Cambria—anon that Aline had the lead, of course they admitted the latter vessels were to leeward, and so *chacun a son gout* say we.

Off Ventnor the Sappho, at the time miles dead to leeward, carried away her jib-boom; in common courtesy we very much regret that such an accident should have occurred; but that it had the slightest influence on her position with relation to the racing vessels, however disposed to play the civil to a stranger, we must say that any person who was weak enough to cherish such a notion, laboured under, what we hope was, a pleasant delusion. The Oimara and Condor were bitter hard to beat so long as wind and tide were playing their game, and up to St. Catherine's Point accordingly a magnificent race took place between the Oimara and Condor, and the Cambria and Aline; here the fire of flood was spent and the wind was found South of West, and those who were in the secret of that wonderful portion of this course, when wind and tide just agree to differ at this particular point, rubbed their hands in furious glee and chuckled to each other "now we *shall* see a bit of seamanship and pluck!" And sure enough they did; the cutters shifted their square-headed for jib-headed gaff-topsails, and prepared to show what powers

they were possessed of to bear out the well known traditions of their rig, and moreover what pretensions they have to the proud titles of being the best of their rig afloat. Bravely they performed their *devoir*; in vain did the Cambria and Aline strive for the weather gage, they might forge ahead to leeward in the rough and broken sea roused up by the tide against the wind, to appear with a most flattering lead, but the two daring cutters were always the fatal, "wee fut or twa in the winds ee," that the true "salt" knows so well the meaning of; the power of both Cambria and Aline told splendidly in this rough bit of water, but the Cambria had the pull unmistakeably, going through it like a steam-ship: as to the cutters they went like sea-witches, and the uninitiated in windward tactics were enlightened on a few points anent the same, when the Needles were reached, and it was found that Oimara was first round, Condor second, Cambria third, and Aline fourth, with intervals of about two minutes between; not a few were of opinion that Cambria would wrest the lead from Oimara here, but that "wee fut" to windward made all the difference in the world.

Now a new phase of the race began, and the advantage the cutters gained turning to windward trembled in the balance when there was such a run to the finish; the heavy sea had told its tale upon them, for the greater powers of hull possessed by Cambria and Aline brought them well up to their work, when all bore away for the western entrance to the Solent. It was all running and every stitch of the schooners ordinary canvas was telling, with such additions as proved all-powerful in making up the water lost on a bowline. Sconce Point witnessed the first move towards a *dénouement*, and Yarmouth saw the Cambria overcome Condor and Oimara, and the Aline following suit; in fact the schooners had it now as completely their own way off the wind, as the cutters when they had the "two-stickers" jammed hard and fast at the back of the island, and it required very little second-sight," (which by the way—was a gift very plentiful at the commencement of the race) to prognosticate the result. Hand-over-hand the schooners launched down wind, the Aline doing her "bitter goodest" to bring the Cambria to terms, but no—the saucy West-Cowesian had the tiller in her teeth—and it was not likely she would let her birth place be disgraced; every inch of water did the gallant cutters fight to the last, but eventually both were out-run, and as fine a race as Cowes ever witnessed was brought to an issue at the flag-ship as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Cambria	6 17 50	Oimara	6 23 10
Aline	6 19 55	Condor	6 24 3

We have to thank Mr. Baldwin for a very pleasant day, and the opportunity of witnessing a grand race between four magnificent vessels; for this he is entitled to the gratitude of all who witnessed their splendid performances. We cannot, we must honestly confess, see any reason for entertaining the notion, that the accident of carrying away a jib-boom could have had the least effect upon the Sappho's chances of even occupying a place in the

race, inasmuch as she was out of it altogether long before it went. When Commodore Stevens brought the America over, he well knew what she was able to do, and her subsequent performances fully justified his judgment, and redounded to the credit and fame of American yachts. It could not be supposed that English yacht builders sat down to eat humble pie for 17 years; however we were unprepared in 1851, common sense would lead to the supposition that we would be as equally the reverse in 1868. We have frequently prophesied that the vessel fit to redeem Englands credit in the international struggle would *come*; it is very likely she has too, and that the man to do it worthily is close at hand; but that we can claim the slightest credit, as against America, for the exhibition of August 25th, beyond the spirited alacrity with which the challenge was accepted, we utterly deny. A magnificent struggle amongst ourselves it undeniably was, that however we can witness every day: but when British yachtsmen were aroused from the Land's End to the Orkneys, and Slyn Head to Yarmouth Roads, by the bold challenge flung at *the flag* in the very stronghold of Sea Racers, they expected to see the challenger exhibit even some feeble portion of the powers that warranted such a challenge, especially coming from a representative of such a world famed yachting station as America now boasts in the Bay of New York; little wonder therefore that there was donning of blue jackets, that hard-weather hats and garments were pressed into service at a moments notice; and that there was coaching, and railing, and paddling, and screwing in hot haste to that noted trysting castle of Cowes. Mr. Baldwin must have been fully aware of what he would have to encounter, although perhaps he very justly entertained a *small notion*, from our not having yet had the pluck to fly a racing flag off the club-house at Hoboken; that however is merely a matter for *irritation* and time, the former of which we will undertake to make perpetual. To bring such a vessel as the Sappho, as the representative of the modern school of American yacht racing, and issue a challenge to the whole British squadron of yachts, savours so much of a practical joke upon common sense, that we are almost inclined to think, if American yachtsmen entertain that respect for themselves, which we certainly exhibit towards them, it might not be safe to repeat it; and we rather think furthermore that it imperatively demands some explanation, it cannot be possible the English Yachtsmen were selected as the *simplest* medium for advertising a Yankee adventure in naval architecture. Barnum has been lately seeking a re-habilitation of his doubtful notoriety by engaging in a foot-race, perhaps *unius dementia dementes efficit multos*, though sorry indeed should we be to think the proverb in its entirety applied to the present.

We are very glad to see Mr. Baldwin in English waters, and we feel assured that the hospitable welcome for which Cowes and Ryde are renowned will greet our American brother blue-jacket; but when he assumes such a *role* and *treads a measure* likely to compromise our favorite national air of Rule Britannia, we warn him that it requires somewhat more than ordinary pretensions to ability, to carry him scatheless out of failure. If the Sappho was properly and fairly sailed on the day, as we have no reason whatsoever

at present to doubt she was, we should rather decline applying any *decided* opinion of her merits. But should subsequent events lead even to a remote suspicion that the handsome craft had not her own way, then perhaps *an* opinion may be heard not far from the right one.

As to any case being made out with regard to ballast, spars, sails—*et hoc*, neither excuse or explanation are tenable—facts are too obstinate to admit of partnerships with presumptuous fallacies.

We have been rather amused at a communication received from Cowes, enclosing an "Io Pæon" on the *Cambria*; we must inform our correspondent that we fully agree so far as the magnificent appearance presented by, not only the *Cambria*, but the *Aline*, *Conder*, and *Oimara*, on the run home for the flag-ship: however graphic the language used by the enthusiastic *Chronicler* he alludes to, we cannot plead guilty to any sensation of "terrors" inspired by any of the vessels, much less the winner: the prurient scribe who described the finish in such warlike language seems to have inoculated our worthy correspondent; but notwithstanding the many flattering encomiums the latter passes upon the gallant victor of the day, we rather think we discover a vein of sly irony underlying all, as a mild example of which, and our reason to decline its insertion here, we shall merely ask his attention to the peroration of his *doggrel* refrain.

" The *Cambria*'s a sweet English clipper,
An invincible—thorough sea-boat;
And her crew—each man hitching his waist-band—
Cry—"Sare we are 'terrors' afloat!"

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Sappho*'s dimensions are:—Length of keel, 115ft, length on water-line 123ft., length on deck 125ft, breadth of beam 26ft. 7in., depth of hold 11ft., tonnage, 310 tons, o.m., draft of water forward, 9ft., aft 11ft.

Her bowsprit is formed on an uncommon plan being a continuation of the bow. Her accommodations are very spacious, the main cabin is 26ft. long and has been finished off in a very superior manner, the panels being beautifully colored pink and white, and the lines gilt. She has six state rooms and her forecastle is very large, accommodating ten hands. She has also a bath room, a toilet room, and three rooms for the captain and visitors.

ROUEN.—A regatta will be held on the 13th and 14th September instant, when numerous prizes will be given for yacht and rowing matches.

CODE OF REGULATIONS.—This has been received and will appear in our next.

SYSTEM OF BUOYAGE.— Will receive due attention.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.—An answer to the Rear-Commodore's letter in a future number.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1st, 1868.

WEATHERING ON THE WARD ROOM, OR, BUSCUIT- NIBBLER'S LUCK.

WE shot from under the frigate's lee as her bell struck the hour of noon. As we ranged up alongside of the Sea Lily and gave our bit of red bunting to the wind, the truth suddenly dawned upon the anxious expectants, and such shouts of laughter rang out over the waters as hardly, I think, have made that harbour resound since. Fairfax Phillimore was almost beside himself: was this the *thing* he had spared nor time nor trouble to meet, that he had insulted the renowned Mr. Ward, by asking him to exert his superlative skill against; there was a resource, he would forfeit, but 'ere he could give the order to haul down his angel's flag, the gun from the frigate belched forth, the Lily's crew trimmed her sheets, and she fairly kicked the tiller under her bobstay and ran away with them; if the laughter was merry when we first made our appearance it swelled in volume and intensity when we got fairly under way; the "Coroner's Inquest," played such antics before high Heaven, that we were fain to roar ourselves: one moment she was up shivering in the wind, the next she was off full batt with it over her quarter, jerking up her stern and taking insane headers at imaginary seas, whilst her sails like a choice collection of toy balloons seemed each to have a particular wind of its own, that swelled it into the most extraordinary contortions: by great coaxing I prevailed upon Herbert to take in some half-dozen of

Concluded from page 319.

the flying kites, one or two having taken that precaution on their own behalf: by the time this was accomplished we were fairly in the run of the tide; I looked under the sails to see could we make even a pretext for fight, when, lo—far in the distance I saw the Sea Lily with her canvas all in a flutter, the wind had suddenly veered to the west, and she found herself jammed away dead to leeward of the mark, whilst we were nearly a mile to windward;—now for it—at it we went, oh, that gentle zephyr from the land, what nice names we called it, how lovingly we apostrophized it! And even ventured upon slightly alluding to superior judgment: whilst the incorrigible Paddy Sartoris pulling a handful of raisins from his jacket pocket, stretched himself at full length in the bottom for ballast, and pronounced his superior officers a pair of “blighted muffs” that ought to be ashamed of themselves for taking advantage of such a blessed “fluke.” By good fortune the dropsical side of the “Inquest” was the lee one, the flowing tide caught the protuberance, and our wind bags of sails began to drag us along at a rate that astonished not only ourselves but the rotten old edifice in person, for she evinced such an inclination to celebrate the unusual event by a mighty draught as started Sartoris like a volley of squirts.

In the meantime the crew of the Lily, startled not a little at the position in which they found themselves, were making her do a rare bit of sailing, but as we drew nigh the buoy, we bowling off the wind—they close hauled as they could squeeze, it was evident not all the skill or cunning of her renowned timoneer, despite he had the tide to help him, could weather that mark; and the confusion of opinion that loud voices and expressive gestures proclaimed to reign on board, lost them the precious moment when a short tack would have been worth gold to them; how we thrashed the crazy plank of the venerable “Inquest’s” sides; with what hypocrisy we called her “our beauty,” and plaintively entreated her to “show a leg” for this once only; and as though she were a coy old maid, still pervious to flattery, the dear old wretch went bobbing away coquettishly at the rippling wavelets, and flirting about her stern with a conceited wag, until she kicked up a wake like a tide “rip;” whilst to add to the perplexity of our antagonists, the young imp Sartoris commenced treating them to a mild New Zealand war dance, accompanied by a series of bush-ranger’s yells of “Coo-e-oo-e,” creating a fresh diversity of opinion as to the probability of our foundering, which Herbert’s vigorous performance with a fire bucket tended not a little to increase. We were just upon the buoy, the Sea Lily, glancing through the sea like a shark, was coming stem on to our lee quarter with the purpose of rounding upon our weather, and shooting in between us and the mark; but the beam wind which hustled us along gave good

command over the "Inquest," and we kept the "Coroner" so dead upon the buoy, as generously to leave the Lily's helmsman three alternatives,—to go the wrong side—to run us down,—or to bear away again across our stern, the latter of which he wisely adopted amidst the laughter and cheers of not a few curious crews, that had reached away to the spot to witness what was considered to be the climax of this ludicrous struggle.

When I put the helm down to round the buoy, we fully anticipated a hand-to-hand fight with our obstinate old "Coroner," or that she would wear round upon her heel and "ram" the Lily as she shot under our lee, but to our surprise and delight the "lob side" did us good service, and round she came by the wind as though we had a spring to the buoy; we were quite satisfied in having triumphed for half the struggle, so we indulged in three ironical cheers for the Boanergian Swan, but which Sartoris called celebrating "bungler's luck;" and as we calculated upon no further opportunity for self glorification on that day, proceeded to "make the sun," stopping Paddy's allowance half an hour for his continued insubordination: during these convivialities the "Coroner" had been left to her own devices, for the notion of bringing the Lily to task a second time was too preposterous: the latter went about on rounding the mark, and away on her homeward voyage, but keeping well out where the ripple on the water denoted a stronger breeze; we forged in towards the land on the original tack without any definite tactics, beyond a shadowy notion of not presenting ourselves within the harbour until the shouting was over and we might slide in unnoticed; but we could not control fate, some seek for greatness, others have it thrust upon them: suddenly we experienced a very considerable movement in the body which the venerable "Coroner" sat upon as her own; it partook of that antagonism of forces which a man realizes when his head is knocked in one direction and his heels in another; she careened until we thought it nearly time to jump clear of the wreck, but a glance at the shore cleared up the mystery; we had hit the first of the ebb tide by the land,—down along which it was rushing like the first burst from a mill tail, while in the offing the poor Lily was still vainly striving to burst up the flood, with the surge boiling up to her hawse pipes.

Herbert Blake gave a low whistle, I was afraid to speak fearing to divert the luck, and Sartoris cross-legged on the stem executed a "Chifney rush."

"The old wretch is a witch!" at length he shouted, "let her have it and go!"

Between a vigorous swaying to and fro of the tiller and booming out her head sails to windward we cajoled her round; as the dropsical side left

the water it gave a great "sthuck" like a foot drawn out of soft mud, and she flopped over on her flat side with a splash similar to that of a plank cast broadside on the sea; the exertion seemed too much for her, she lay down lazily, and the water "soughed" in over the gunnel, until Paddy Sartoris, making use of evil prophecies as to her final destination, jumped out upon the weather side, and we following his example as quickly as convulsive laughter would permit us, managed by a judicious "one—two—three" to restore her to a tolerably upright position; but no—she would have her list, and Herbert would not compromise the dispute by lowering an inch of calico; she should carry it,—or drag it—or go to the bottom; so away we went, the "Coroner" taking in "lippers" now and again, Herbert bucket in hand battling like a man in the gap, I striving might and main to steer small and keep her from ranging, and Sartoris taking advantage of our hands being full, kept jumping about like a juvenile demon incarnate, executing the latest varieties of the *pas de cannibals*, and yelling out "Coo-e-oo-es" as he piled up one after another those diabolical calico ornaments I had vainly hoped never to see set again:—shouting at him was in vain, heaving buckets of water resulted similarly, but what was more exciting still—the more he packed on, the more the confounded old "Coroner" seemed to like the joke, and she began to fly along at a speed that sent the water surging out clear from under her lee side in a hissing sheet of foam, that put an end to Herbert's labours; talk of the Sea Lily going! Why at that moment we would not exchange with a dozen like her; taking her bearing by a ship on the horizon she seemed to whirl away astern under our lee as though she were at anchor, although she had a slashing breeze and her sails threatened to leave the bolt ropes. Were we asleep and dreaming,—was this the old "Inquest" so contemned—so jeered at?—I involuntarily looked for the gold swabs and felt for the cocked hat; one seemed just as reasonable of realization as the other: Herbert indulged in the most ferocious of hurrahs whilst Sartoris's "Coo-e-oo-es" might be heard a mile away; the sound of distant cheering caught our ears,—was the "Coroner's Inquest" going to win really?—There was no doubt of it now, even if it blew a gale in the Lily's favour, her doom was sealed: the frigate around whose stern we had to pass lay not a cable's length in our head-way; faster and faster, and yet faster still the old "Coroner" launched along, she quivered from stem to stern as if the pent up energies of a long neglected existence had at last got the patiently waited for opportunity—that young hoyden to compare with her indeed? Even her tiller shook like an aspen, and her masts yielded gently to every motion as if resolved to do their utmost "for an old lady at her time of life;" we humoured her with a

vengeance—sure such an exhibition of calico never was seen; it would have provided private integuments for a feminine academy of unlimited extent—a village bleach green in its glory of apparel would have been just a pale spot in comparison; what if the Lily, with her beautiful symmetry and her exquisitely set snowy canvas, looked the *beau ideal* of a racer, gliding light as thistle-down along in our wake?—What if we looked like a ramshackle old raft of planks, carrying a cotton plantation run to seed? What had any private reasoning as to such a manifest truth to do with public opinion? Had not public opinion changed its mind, not weather-cock fashion, but with a reasonable delay of seventy-five minutes, and was not the Lily a deceit and palpable humbug, and the “Coroner’s Inquest” a beauty and the correct model?

We sped like an arrow beneath the frowning batteries of the frigate, we could distinguish a fringe of bronzed faces and waving “tarpaulins;” up in their hereditary mizen-top a *melee* of “reefers” were asserting their prescriptive right to individual expression of feeling; we could see the Rev. Mansfield Blake in the hammock nettings, with his arm round the black cook’s neck to steady himself, (was he not a man and a brother?) delivering a peroration that terminated in a strongly emphasized “rah.” Captain Harrington poised on a gun carriage zealously following the precept and example of the church, and a bevy of—oh, such faces,—beamed from the quarter-deck! I almost hear now the delicious soprani that so harmonized with the deep bass, when a hurricane of cheers following the thunder of the gun, proclaimed that the first “Luff” had lost his first race.

Whilst the shouting was at fever heat a boat dashed alongside, and before we could resist the violence, we found ourselves severely embraced by something that clung like a damp swab, eventually discovered to be the constructor of our victorious craft, who assured us with convulsive sobs we had rescued his name and talents from oblivion!

Another and another followed until it was amazing what a cargo of friends the “Coroner” bore; one discovered that we displayed amazing judgment and skill at the start; another was charmed with our seamanship at the buoy, another still had closely watched our masterly tack into the ebb tide, a fourth declared the handling to be a superb display of seamanship, and a fifth announced the vessel to be perfection, and her opponent a thing to look at.

Of course it must have been all true? If our native modesty (?) prompted us to candour, might it not prove offensive?—We accepted the situation!

There was something however we could look upon in that race as a genuine result, the charity was benefitted. The race also was reputed

to be the most fortunate event of Phillimore's life; it saved him popping a very indiscreet question that very evening, and rumour attributed a temper to the lady—amiable of course;—moreover there were collateral results. He has sailed many a race since and won not a few, these and the "service" have rubbed all the "corners" off, and the approach is more accessible: he is on the high road to his "flag" now, and the legend "for valour," gallantly gained and modestly worn, may be seen on his breast. Poor Herbert Blake—brave Paddy Sartoris. The former sleeps beneath the moss green sod—the victim to a tyrant of the quarter deck: the latter was found surrounded by his boat's crew,—all frozen to death, whilst on a watering party in the M——; his little jacket placed carefully over the stalwart frame of the coxswain of the boat, and other of his garments amongst those of the crew, who like the coxswain, had evidently succumbed—before the ice arrow struck down their noble young officer.

SOUTHAMPTON CLUB REGATTAS.

On the 13th July, a prize of £20 was given for yachts not exceeding 15 tons. Time race, one minute per ton,—first vessel £15, second £5. For this the following started:—Queen, cutter 15 tons, Captain Whitbread; Firefly, cutter 13 tons, J. Bowyer, Esq.; Nautilus, cutter 14 tons, C. M. Brett, Esq.

The course was from off the piers, up Southampton waters, round a buoy off Marchwood, returning down, and rounding H.M.S. Hector, and returning to committee-boat, the Euxine steamer, kindly lent by the P. and O. company, three times round, making a distance of 21 miles. The wind was about E.N.E. favorable to rounding the course. It is almost needless to say that Queen took the lead, and kept it throughout—in fact they all arrived in the position stated in the entry,—at the close of the race:—

	h.	m.	s.			h.	m.	s.			h.	m.	s.
Queen	3	16	3		Firefly	3	27	38		Nautilus	3	33	0

The Queen consequently received the first prize and Firefly second.

During the contest of the foregoing match the following yachts started for a prize of 10 sovs:—Algerine, cutter 10 tons, F. Rosoman, Esq., Don Juan, cutter 10 tons, W. Cooper, Esq., Ibis, cutter 10 tons, S. Smith, Esq., Cerilla, cutter 8 tons, W. Gordon, Esq.

The same course, and time allowance as the former match. It was entirely in favor of the Don, as she proceeded with the lead, which was retained throughout. The Ibis and Cerilla gave up, and the Don Juan

came in at 3h. 25m. 30s., and Algerine. 3h. 29m. 50s. The former received the prize. Rowing matches, &c., concluded the day's sport.

On Monday, Aug. 31st.—The splendid challenge prize given by F. Perkins, Esq., was again contested. It may be remembered by many of our readers that at the regatta of this club during the season of 1867, a challenge plate of 100 guineas was sailed for by the *Thought*, and *Phantom*, each of 27 tons; the former owned by G. Wells, Esq., and the latter by F. Rosoman, Esq., but owing to a protest against the latter for having as it was alleged, fouled the *Thought*, the committee decided that the match should be sailed over again during the present season. And on the 1st of August, last, the race came off between the two rivals, when the *Phantom* was declared the victor, by 2½ minutes; but another protest was made against her for not having passed the Spit-buoy on the proper tack, according to the regulations of the committee. The *Thought* thereby, became the yearly tenant of the plate for the *Phantom's* misdeeds, and the latter was warned to be more cautious for the future.

By direction of the committee it was ordered that the Challenge plate should be again sailed for, and the event naturally created considerable excitement among the yachting patrons at Southampton. The *Lady of the Lake* saloon steamer, was specially engaged by the committee to accompany the yachts round the course, and their instructions could not better be carried out, than under the charge of Capt. Short, another adept in such matters, affording all on board an opportunity of observing every feature of the race. Accordingly the day arrived and the two rivals found themselves in friendly antagonism with the matchless *Niobe*, belonging to the Vice-Commodore, and the schooner *Flying Fish*. By the hour appointed they severally took up their stations in a line abreast the Town Pier, No. 1 being nearest thereto, viz :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1704	<i>Thought</i>	cutter	27	G. Wells, Esq.	Hatcher
1296	<i>Phantom</i>	cutter	27	F. Rosoman, Esq.,	Pinney
534	<i>Flying Fish</i>	schooner	40	G. Jessop, Esq.	Blanshard
1075	<i>Niobe</i>	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher

The weather was everything that could be desired for the occasion, a splendid breeze from the westward prevailed throughout the first round of the course, which somewhat increased during the second round, as to cause the sailing qualities of the yachts to be fully tested. The *Niobe's* superior size had to yield 6½ minutes for difference of tonnage, nevertheless, as the result will show, she was well able to afford it. The

course was from their stations down the Southampton water, passing round the Calshot light-vessel, thence to the westward round the Lepe Buoy, leaving both on the starboard hand, thence returning round the light-ship leaving it on the port hand, thence round the flag-boat, leaving it on the starboard hand, twice round the course. At 11h. 40m. the start was effected, and the yachts got well away together, Niobe drew out and her superior power under canvas was manifest, then came the Thought, Phantom, and the Flying Fish. In this order they proceeded down the Southampton water, and on passing Calshot light-vessel they were timed as follows :—Niobe, 12h. 30m. 30s.; Thought, 12h. 32m. 30s.; Phantom, 12h. 34m. 0s.; Flying Fish, 12h. 34m. 40s.

Their respective powers by the wind now commenced, and they kept their reach to the southward and westward until 12h. 40m., when the Niobe, first went about and made a board to the northward and westward, the ebb tide in their favour, each tacking in the wake of the other. Having weathered the buoy with the sou'-wester thereon, the Niobe again tacked and reached over to the Island below Egypt, at 1 p.m., she again went about, and was well to windward of her competitors, by minutes. The Thought and the Phantom, keeping each other company and working to the westward under the Island shore. The Niobe again tacked and stood across the Solent, but fell short of the buoy, but soon made up for it, by a short tack and Lepe buoy was rounded as follows :—Niobe, 1h. 9m. 0s.; Thought, 1h. 11m. 45m.; Phantom, 1h. 11m. 57s.

The two latter yachts were nearly neck and neck, the Flying Fish was not timed. In fact the concentration of thought was now directed to the daughter of the King of Lydia, the arrogant Niobe, who onward pursued her course and disregarded the friendly attachment which appeared to exist between the two twenty-seven tonners. After rounding the black buoy the course to the light-ship was as straight as an arrow. At 1h. 20m. the Niobe gybed over and prepared to round it, the Phantom fast overhauling the Thought, but it seemed to be "thus near and no nearer; and the breach between the two rivals, was but a matter of seconds: Phantom hugging her antagonist, as a cat would a mouse. Eventually the light-ship was passed as follows :—Niobe, 1h. 47m. 30s.; Thought, 1h. 50m. 30s.; Phantom, 1h. 50m. 44s. From thence they kept their reach up the Southampton water, shaving the mud and tide to the goal, and completed the first round of the course as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Niobe	2 44 30	Phantom	2 48 40
Thought	2 48 20	Flying Fish	2 58 35

The committee vessel having returned to the Pier to time them and enable the visitors to take a run on shore.

After rounding the flag-boat the yachts continued on the second round of the course with the last ebb in their favor. At 3h. 15m. 0s. the committee-vessel again left the pier, breeze freshened. At 4 p.m. we fell in with the yachts in the neighbourhood of the Brambles. Thought and Phantom hugging each other, now contending for the second prize, for barring mishaps they had no chance of becoming the yearly tenant. The challenge cup was safe for the Niobe, which had stood over towards the Island to shun the flood which was making strong up the middle. A pretty display of seamanship was observed in the tactics of those on board the two rivals, Phantom had got the weather-gage of the Thought and seemed inclined to keep it, being on the starboard tack she held her own by law of the sea, and compelled the Thought to give way. While all this skirmishing was going on Niobe was walking away miles to windward under the Island shore, Phantom and Thought at 4h. 10m. were working down under the north shore, they at 4h. 20m. reached over to the Island, wind moderating. Niobe now off Gurnard Bay went about and stood across the Solent but fell short of the buoy, but she soon made up for it by making a short board to the southward and westward, and then brought the buoy under her lee, which she passed twenty minutes in advance of her next opponent. Meanwhile the breach between the Phantom and Thought widened, and they now tacked to the westward of Gurnard Bay, and stood across, Phantom weathered the buoy but Thought was unable to fetch it without another short tack. The following is the time of rounding the Lepe buoy the second time :—Niobe, 4h. 31m. 0s. ; Phantom, 4h. 51m. 0s. ; Thought, 4h. 55m. 15s.

From thence it was "square away," but the Niobe had gained the advantage of twenty minutes. At 5h. 10m. the steamer left the little ones off the N.W. Bramble buoy, whereas the Niobe was half way up the Southampton water, and the steamer proceeded onward to time them at the goal which was as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Niobe.....	5	40	30		Phantom	6	11	25		Thought	6	15	32

After which the yachts came alongside the committee-vessel, where the friendly competitors received the hearty welcome, which awaited them from the Commodore, there was no protest this time, and the Vice-Commodore received the custody of the challenge plate for the ensuing year. The other owners promised to compete for it in 1869.

ROYAL WELSH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE annual regatta held in connection with the above Club took place on Monday, the 10th August, and though we have seen a more numerous fleet at anchor on the Menai Straits at many previous meetings the number of yachts assembled was sufficient to insure a fair amount of sport, for those interested in the sailing part of the day's proceedings, while the fact of two Liverpool crews having come over to contest with the two local crews for the gentlemen's amateur rowing cup, an unusual amount of interest was promised for the lovers of rowing, the two together combining to guarantee a sufficient reward to Vice-Commodore Turner for the activity and energy he invariably displays in furthering aquatic sports in the locality.

The principal prize was a £50 cup for yachts of any rig and size, and consisted of a well designed centre-piece, reflecting credit on the club, and being a great improvement on the useless and unornamental articles which are too frequently chosen by club committees. The second prize of £25 was for vessels belonging to the club, and was in every way an equally well selected piece of plate. Colonel Gamble's fine screw yacht "Nora Creina" acted as flag-ship, and was decked out as befitted her position and her appearance.

For the £50 cup the following yachts took up their respective positions :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1304	Phosphorus	cutter	50	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
846	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher
1508	Secret	cutter	50	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
28	Alexandra	cutter	15	T. Douglas, Esq.	Mill. In. Co.

One has been so accustomed to see either a nor'-wester or sou'-wester raging with more than ordinary force at these regattas, and bringing back from the sea, on the bar, the different combatants with hot haste and wet jibs, that one considered that sort of thing indigenous to the Principality, —and that the 50 tonner would have it all her own way, the 10th August this year however broke differently, and brought hopes to the owners of the smaller vessels which under ordinary circumstances could never have been raised. The course was to Fairway buoy off Carnarvon Bar back to flag-boat off Plas Brereton, thence to flag-ship to finish about 20 miles, which was considered sufficient in such light

weather. At 12h. 32m. precisely the gun for the start sent forth its signal, when they all slipped their anchors. Unfortunately the Secret became somewhat hampered with Alexandra at starting, so that the strong tide then running set her on the sand bank in front of the clubhouse, and delayed her something more than a quarter-of-an-hour. The wind was S.W. with strong tide setting right against the different craft so that short tacks were the order of the day. Lizzie took the lead at starting, but directly the Phosphorus got way on her she slipped into the first place and kept it, followed by Lizzie, Alexandra, and Secret, which had now got off the bank and was fast overhauling the small vessels. The wind continued very paltry and light, but notwithstanding, on reaching the Fairway buoy the Phosphorus had her time off her antagonists, but here the wind got still more light and variable, so that by the time they got back to the bar the ebb tide was making and the Phosphorus had to anchor, the others coming up until the tide was also too strong for them, when all anchored close together so that a fresh start had to be made on even terms with half the course run over. The wind now came to the eastward, necessitating a repetition of the morning's work, and though the Phosphorus again took the lead, on weighing their kedges she failed to take her time off the Lizzie, though she did all that could have been expected of her considering that in reality she had to give the whole allowance of time for one half the usual course, in the lightest of winds, and shortest of tacks. Secret being somewhat unlucky in the variable winds was deprived of the position she would probably otherwise have secured.

According to the official chronometer they arrived :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Phosphorus	8 48 15	Secret	8 58 35
Lizzie	8 54 40	Alexandra	8 59 55

The Lizzie was awarded the prize by time.

In the mean time the race was being run for the R. W. Y. C. cup which had started eleven minutes before the race above recorded, the entries being :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
51	Anemone	cutter	18	T. Turner, Esq.	Robinson
789	Kittiwake	cutter	20	Capt. Iremonger	Owner
1590	Spray	cutter	15	W. Poole, Esq.	Williams

The course was over part of the same ground, being a little shorter than for the £50 cup. It was much the same tedious affair as the other

race, and to attempt a description would only be a vain repetition. The Kittiwake took the lead, and though the Anemone crept up when the Kittiwake anchored in the narrows by Belau to save being driven back by the tide, she again went ahead on weighing their kedges, the race finishing thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Kittiwake.....	8 36 20	Anemone	8 46 10
Spray not timed.			

For the amateur's rowing cup four four-oared gigs came to the starting point, "Countess," of Liverpool, "Lily of the Valley," Carnarvon, "Undine," of Liverpool, and "Alice" of Carnarvon. After being properly marshalled by the Vice-Commodore a most excellent start was effected—Undine took the lead followed by Lily of the Valley, Countess being half a length behind. On turning the flag-boat off Belau, Countess had succeeded in gaining the lead, and drew gradually away until some three lengths interposed between her and the second boat. Ultimately the Countess won beating Lily of the Valley by two-and-a-half lengths, Undine being four lengths behind second boat. In the evening the usual display of fireworks illuminated the walls of the old Castle, and the club ball at night completed an agreeable gathering, organised by the Vice-Commodore in his usual happy manner.

ROYAL ALBERT YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

It was originally intended to hold this affair on Tuesday, August 18th, but from some cause the sports did not begin until the following day, (Wednesday) when the weather was anything but favorable. A very good entry for the first match, a handicap for a prize of 50 guineas, comprised the following yachts :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1675	Niobe	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
1692	Tartar	cutter	54	A. Peglar, Esq.	Hansen
	Psyche	cutter	45	A. Congreve, Esq.	
516	Christabel	cutter	51	Lord Annesley	Aldous
2	Abeona	schooner	26	T. Fuller. Esq.	Stow
862	Dione	cutter	44	Capt. Anderson	Hatcher
1580	Sphinx	cutter	47	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudslay

In addition to the foregoing vessels, the Menai and Fiona entered but did not start—the latter having carried away her mast as specified in the Cherbourg return match.

The course was from a flag-vessel to the westward of Southsea pier, round the Warner, thence round the S.E. buoy of the Middle, back round the Spit buoy, thence round the flag-vessel.

The start took place at about 11h. with a light E.S.E. breeze, amid a regular down pour, rendering the voyage very unpleasant and disagreeable. The Tartar had rather the lead, with the Abeona, Christabel, Sphinx in close attendance, the others drawing on them. All laid their course on the port tack for the Warner. This proved a very tedious affair, for the rain had the effect of destroying what little wind they felt at starting. All sail was packed on but no advantage arose from it as Aquarius was too powerful for Æolus. Off Southsea Castle the Christabel challenged the Tartar and for a time had the lead, but the latter was slightly in advance on rounding the Warner. 'Ere many minutes elapsed the Christabel again had the premiership which she retained to the finish of the match. It was nearly a drifting race to the S.E. buoy of the Middle, which was rounded in the following order :—Christabel, Tartar, Sphinx, Psyche, Dione, Niobe, and Abeona apparently, for the thick rain and haze prevented accurate timing. The whole fleet lay perfectly helpless, and it was never expected they would be in possession of so much propulsive power as would tend to finish the first round, let alone the three ; however, *nil desperandum*, the wind suddenly sprang up from the southward, the Christabel woke up, and stole gently away, tracked by Sphinx which had outran the Tartar, as also did Niobe and the others, as will be seen by the following times of finishing the first round :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Christabel	8	6	40	Psyche	8	17	30	Abeona	8	23	20
Sphinx	8	9	30	Dione	8	20	3	Tartar	8	34	40
Niobe	8	12	5								

Away went Christabel with saucy Sphinx straining every yarn to overhaul her, before rounding the Warner, but they had to make a short board, the Christabel notwithstanding held her own, and they rounded in the same order as above, altho' not so close. Sheets were then eased off for the run to the E.S.E. buoy, the leading craft with the exception of Sphinx keeping outside the Noman, and she standing on inside just touched the ground, but the shock was slight, for scarcely a minute elapsed before she was ploughing away again. The fleet now laid their course for the Spit with a fresh breeze, and after passing, hauled their sheets, making a short board for the land, so as to fetch well to windward of the flag-vessel, which they rounded thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Christabel	6	33	15	Niobe	6	40	55	Psyche	6	56	41
Sphinx	6	38	25	Dione	6	42	10	Abeona	7	6	50

Tartar had resigned the contest, and immediately on rounding the Abeona followed her example finding she stood no chance. After rounding the Warner light-ship for the last time the breeze became more brisk, daylight decreased, and the rain plenteous, thus adding to the discomfort of the crews. The Dione and Psyche also withdrew, we should think thoroughly disgusted with their day's *pleasure*. The others held on their course—Sphinx trying to take the *shine out of Christabel*, but it was all in vain, and with the Niobe gallantly fought the race to the finish, which was timed thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.		
Christabel	8 26 8		Sphinx	8 31 58		Niobe	8 37 5

Christabel had to allow Sphinx 1m. 45s., and according to the above finish she had 4m. 5s. to spare, therefore the 50 guinea prize went to her noble owner.

During the preceding match another was going on between a smaller class of yachts belonging to the club, under 12 tons round the Noman buoy, thence round the measured mile buoy, back round the Spit and starting vessel. The prizes were first vessel £10, second £5. The following started :—Onyx, 9 tons, C. S. Pearn, Esq., Dora, 9 tons, B. Nicholson, Esq., Teal, 11 tons, Capt. T. L. Bridge. They experienced the same as their larger sisters, and it would be uninteresting to enter into details, suffice it to say that Dora took first prize and Onyx second,—there were six minutes between the two. The Teal having been carried out of her course by the tide did not arrive for some time after.

Second day.—Thursday, Aug. 20th.—The sports were recommenced, under the same unpleasant weather, with squalls of wind and showers of rain, but in despite of this there was a tolerable wholesail northerly breeze, that gave indications of lasting, and therefore those more particularly interested in yachting were anxious to see the matches—altho' the public generally had their ardour *damped*.

The first match on the card was for the Albert cup, value £50, for cutters of 35 tons and upwards. Time race, as follows :—Sphinx to allow Niobe 3m. 30s., and Menai to allow Sphinx 8m., and Niobe 11m. 30s. The entry included Fiona, but only the following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rtg	Tons	Owners	Builders
943	Menai	cutter	76	W. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey
1580	Sphinx	cutter	47	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudslay
1075	Niobe	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher

The course is triangular in form, fourteen miles in length, the base of the triangle being parallel with the Isle of Wight, and the apex being at the starting point off Southsea beach. This triangle enclosed the anchorage at Spithead, and the position of the wind enabled the vessels racing in the two matches to sail over the course with one short tack to fetch round the Middle buoy, and a short beat up over the distance between the Spit buoy and the starting vessel to finish each round.

The starting gun boomed forth the welcome summons about 10h. 50m., and Niobe up canvas to shew the way to her competitors, who were equally on the alert, as the Menai soon showed in front, and the Sphinx rushed to the second place. The Niobe and Sphinx had brief struggles before the former would be left behind. The Warner was rounded thus :—Menai, 11h. 23m. 15s., Sphinx, 11h. 25m. 10s., and Niobe, 11h. 26m. 15s.; a near and a capital match thus far. The Menai now dashed off with a fresh spurt for the Spit, which was passed as above. On rounding they stood over for a short board towards South-sea Castle, so as to weather the committee-vessel, but the yachts could not fetch it, and had to tack again, after which it was gybed for the first round at the following times :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Menai	12	54	5		Sphinx	12	56	25		Niobe	1	1	45

They went out to Warner on a slack tide, the reaching wind being all in favour of Menai, which starting with a drier mainsail than the others, found her sail stand better than either Sphinx's or Niobe's. Wind still held true, veering a little more northerly, and from the Warner to the S.E. buoy they were all close hauled. Strange to say, on this point of sailing Menai was beating Sphinx more than on a long reach. They made one short tack for the S.E. buoy of the Middle, and on afterwards rounding the Spit Menai was leading Sphinx by 9m. 20s., and Sphinx leading Niobe by 7m. 30s. From the Spit in they had a short stretch of windward sailing, accomplished in three tacks, and the second round was as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Menai.....	2	50	30		Sphinx.....	3	0	40		Niobe	3	7	50

The cutters looked very handsome as they tacked round the flag-boat and then gybed over and slacked their sheets for the Warner. The Menai had now an immense advantage over the other two owing to the state of the tide, as she would save slack water out to the Warner and in again from there to the east buoy of the Middle.

Between the flag-boat and the Warner the Sphinx ran the Menai, reducing her time astern of her to 6½ minutes, and getting within her

time allowance, and the Niobe running the Menai over four minutes. On the wind, however, between the Warner and the Middle buoy, the Menai again increased her lead on the Niobe, as did also the Sphinx, the latter appearing still to keep within her time allowance from the Menai. All three carried with them westward as much wind as their big sails could well do with. At 20 minutes past four the Menai hove in sight again from the flag-boat as she passed the Kicker point on her return eastward for the Spit buoy, the wind now lulling again. At 36 minutes past four the Menai went by the Spit buoy, and as she was luffed to the wind her further progress to the flag-boat was checked by the strong ebb tide which was running out through the harbour channel. In the meantime the Sphinx closed rapidly upon her, running through from the Kicker to the Spit with a fair tide, and passing the latter just eight minutes—her time allowance—astern of her. The Menai stood well over for Southsea, and then going about made for the flag-boat, catching some lucky puffs from off the land.

The Sphinx tacked short of the Menai's position, and had to screw up considerably to fetch round the flag-boat, which, however, she at length accomplished. The Niobe tacked still shorter than the Sphinx had done, but finding the race gone, anchored under Southsea beach without passing by the flag-boat. The two were timed thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Menai	4 51 24	Sphinx	4 59 56

The former of course receiving the prize.

The Vice-Commodore gave a prize value £25 for vessels belonging to the club, not exceeding 35 tons. The following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1704	Thought	cutter	27	G. Wells, Esq.	Hatcher
1296	Phantom	cutter	27	F. Rosoman, Esq.	Pinney
2	Abeone	schooner	26	T. Fuller, Esq.	Stow

Luna entered but did not appear. The trio went off at 11h. 20m., the Phantom having slightly the lead ; the others hunting her close for the Warner, which was rounded by Phantom at 12h. 0m. 10s., Thought 12h. 0m. 30s., and Abeona, 12h. 3m. 45s. The course was from the Warner to the westward, on to the south-east buoy of the Middle, Phantom increasing the distance between her, Thought having shifted her square-topsail for a jib-headed topsail, which served her well. In going back from the mark buoy of the Middle, after opening the

Kicker, Phantom again sent up her square-topsail, and Thought had at this time gained upon her, and on rounding the starting-vessel the first time the vessels were timed as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Phantom	1	30	5		Thought	1	30 45
Aboena schooner did not round but gave up.							

The race was now reduced to a match, and on going to the Warner for the second time the Thought sent up a balloon topsail, which movement was of no great advantage to her, on account of the short distance to the Warner that she was able to carry it, and she took it in before the Warner was rounded, the vessels gybing, round at—Phantom, 2h. 5m., Thought, 2h. 7m. In going to the westward for the second time both vessels set their jib-headed topsails on account of the wind falling short, just laying their course to the Middle. In coming back they both set their large square-headed working topsails, and the Thought her balloon foresail, which it was thought, from such frequent shifting of sails, was of no great advantage to her. The breeze had held true in force and direction during the day, and now Phantom looked surely like winning the Vice-Commodore's prize, the time taken on their passing off Southsea on the second round being—Phantom, 3h. 30m. 45s., Thought, 3h. 34m. 10s. All plain sailing for the rest of the match, and Phantom went steadily on, increasing the intervening gap, and ultimately winning, at the latter part, a somewhat easy match, the following being the times of arrival :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Phantom	6	5	33		Thought	6	16 33

Third day.—Friday, August 21st.—A splendid prize was presented this day, by E. Boutcher, Esq., a cup value 60 guineas, to which was added a sweepstakes of 5 guineas each vessel entered. The following came to their moorings :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1075	Niobe	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
943	Menai	cutter	76	W. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey
253	Condor	cutter	129	W. Ewing, Esq.	Steele & Co.

Considerable delay occurred in getting the vessels off, the Menai raising an objection to the allowance of time to be given to the smaller vessels by the Condor, but the objection was ultimately withdrawn, and the Condor, Menai, and Niobe took up their stations for the race.

It was a quarter past eleven before the three vessels were started, the wind then being very light from about west and by north. The start

was made from moorings with canvas down. Whole mainsails were soon up, and supplemented by balloon jibs and topsails, excepting the Niobe, she carrying her big jib on her bowsprit instead of a balloon, as her two rivals did. The course was round the Isle of Wight commencing at the east end, the Niobe leading out, with the Menai second and Condor third. The Menai's topsail was a "picture" in more than one sense, its head yard, when down on her deck, nearly covering its entire length.

A cable's length separated the Niobe and Menai, and about half a cable the latter and the Condor, as the trio passed by the Horse Fort works, the latter weathering and drawing upon the leaders as all hauled up close upon the wind for the Bembridge Ledge buoy. The Condor gradually drew upon the Menai and Niobe, and at 11h. 54m. she passed the Menai on her weather when between the Warner and Nettlestone Point, and made straight for the lee of the Niobe. But in the light prevailing winds Mr. Gordon's little cutter was not to be caught so easily even by so capable a gourmand as the Condor, and, catching a light puff in her sails out of Brading harbour, she shot ahead again into her old leading distance.

As the Niobe, Condor, and Menai approached the Ledge buoy, the light wind came out from a cloud overhead, about S.S.W., breaking all three off their course. The Condor took in her balloon now and set her working jib. The buoy of the Ledge was passed thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Niobe	12 27 53	Condor	12 45 45	Menai	12 30 30

The Niobe stood off for a minute after passing the buoy, and then went about and stood across Sandown Bay, looking up for Shanklin. The Condor went about when on the weather of the Niobe. The Menai stood out twice as far as the others, and then going about on their trail shifted her balloon for a working jib. Under the Culvers the Niobe and Condor caught a breeze off the land from about west and by south for a time, and spun away across the bay at a fine rate, while the less fortunate Menai lay nearly becalmed astern of them.

The Niobe and Menai worked up through Sandown Bay in short tacks under the shore between Redcliff and Sandown; the Condor at the same time kept a longer reach off, and gained on both the others by the manœuvre. At 20 minutes past one the Niobe and Condor went about on opposite tacks, the Condor out to sea and with her head looking about N.W. by W., the Niobe under Sandown with her head about W.S.W.; the Menai on the same tack as the Niobe, and about half-a-mile astern of her. A quarter of an hour afterwards the Condor

crossed the Niobe's bows some distance ahead of her, and then going about exchanged her square-headed topsail for a jib-head. Off Dunnose they found more sea on, if the slight tidal heave met with could be called a sea, and the wind now being a nice steady breeze from W.S.W. the Niobe took in her big jib off her bowsprit and prepared to thrash up for St. Catherine's; but the Condor was now in her best form, and moving through the water like a spirit.

At 2h. 20m. all three vessels were on the port tack, with their heads looking across Chale Bay for the Needles. The Condor was passing over the outer part of Rocken-end Race, off St. Catherine's point, with the Niobe a good half-mile under her stern, and the Menai four times that distance. The Niobe behaved beautifully in passing through the broken water of St. Catherine's, and was losing nothing to the great cutter. The Menai made a board off to the southward just east of St. Catherine's Point, caught a southerly puff in her sails, and got a truer run of the weather-going tide between the Point and the Needles. Wind, 3 p.m., quite a full sail breeze from W. by N. to W.N.W., the wind getting north of west as the cutters sailed west across the bay. The freshening up of the wind on the weather tide raised up a bubble of a sea in the bay that suited the Condor much better than the Niobe, enabling the former to completely outpace the latter over the water between Atherfield and the Needles. The Menai, from her greater size, did better across the bay than the Niobe. The further the three got across the bay the more the wind freshened, and the bubble of the sea increased until the gallant little Niobe pitched her bowsprit under water. The Condor tacked from under the Highdown Cliffs, between the Needles and Freshwater Gate at 20 minutes past three p.m., and a minute afterwards carried away the main halyards, and brought down the gaff with a run. A dozen hands sprang into the rigging immediately, and re-rove the halyards, the sail being got up again and topsail sheeted home in 16 minutes from the time the accident occurred. The Niobe went about for a short board off from the land immediately the Condor met with her mishap, sending down her topsail, and housing her topmast. The Condor soon afterwards sent down her topsail, as did also the Menai. The Needles was passed by :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Condor	3	58	0		Niobe	4	3	30		Menai	4	20	50

With main booms eased right off on their starboard quarters, and balloon topsails and jibs set, the three cutters now commenced their run up the Solent for home, meeting the tide strongly against them as they entered the Hurst Channel.

The vessels luffed over for the north shore from Yarmouth Roads to

shun the tide, which was running like a mill-sluiice to the westward, through Fidler's Race.

As the Niobe had to receive upwards of 21 minutes from the Condor as time allowance, and passed round the Needles only 5m. and 30s. astern of her, she appeared to have every chance of taking the prize, without the big cutter should run her very much between the Needles and Southsea.

The Condor ran up for Cowes Roads with her staysail down, and the sheet of her balloon jib passed over to the port side. At 5h. 25m. the Niobe gybed over on the north shore, the Condor doing the same when between Eaglehurst and Lepe, the noble cutter tearing along at a tremendous pace. Up to the eastward the three spun along before the wind, meeting a slackening tide after passing Cowes Roads, and without any change of position, except that the Condor seemed to draw upon the others the farther she sailed. The race was brought to a conclusion by their passing the flag-boat off Southsea-pier and beach as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Condor	6	37	2		Niobe	6	59	25		Menai	7	13	45

The Condor won the sweepstakes and the cup by 1m. 23s., after giving Niobe time.

PROPOSED NEW YACHT SAILING REGULATIONS.

[As we have every desire to give yachtsmen an opportunity to offer an opinion on a subject which affects the interests of all, we annex the following from a nobleman who is a great lover of yachting,—but at the same time we reserve to ourselves the right of future comment.—*Ed. H.Y.M.*]

August 22nd, 1868.

Mr. Editor.—If on perusing the subjoined paper you find it worth while publishing you will do me a favour by inserting it in your Magazine. The Code is taken as you will see almost literally from that of "Red with White Maltese Cross," and I have only made a few additions and alterations. I have taken the liberty of submitting it to the Yachting Congress, which I am glad to see has at last assembled, and from which I expect the greatest benefit to yacht racing and yacht building, composed as it is of such practical men and real yachtsmen.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.,

A YACHT OWNER.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

1.—That all the matches and the yachts sailing therein be under the direction of the committee, appointed to manage the same, whose decisions are to be given strictly in accordance with these rules and be final.

2.—All yachts must be entered six days before the day appointed for the race, any yacht may enter after that time up to six o'clock of the evening previous to the race, by paying double entrance fee; entrance money to be returned to starters.

3.—That only in the case of thick weather the committee have power to postpone the race to the next day.

4.—That the duration of a race be unrestricted, and original length of course be adhered to.

5.—That schooners be divided in two classes. First class from 101 tons upwards, Second class up to 100 tons.

6.—That cutters be divided in five classes.—First class exceeding 80 tons, second class exceeding 40 tons and not exceeding 80 tons, third class exceeding 20 tons and not exceeding 40 tons, fourth class exceeding 10 tons and not exceeding 20 tons, fifth class not exceeding ten tons.

7.—That in mixed races over 100 miles, cutters add one-third of their tonnage, under 100 miles two-thirds of their tonnage.

8.—Yawls in mixed races add one-fourth of their tonnage in all courses.

9.—Schooners in mixed races remain at their normal tonnage.

10.—In mixed races time for tonnage to be reckoned after handicapping, with time allowance as schooners.

11.—Measurement according to the Royal Thames Yacht Club.

12.—That every fraction of a ton be reckoned as a whole ton.

13.—Any yacht may enter in any class higher than that to which she belongs on adopting the minimum tonnage of the larger class, for which the prize is offered, taking time allowance of that class.

14.—Walk over may be allowed when more than one vessel has been entered the day previous, excepting in the case of rule 3.

15.—Clubs to provide starting moorings.

16.—That the owner, or, in his absence a member of a royal or recognised yachting club, must be on board during the race, and will be held responsible for the fair sailing of the vessel.

17.—That no ballast be touched after the first gun is fired. Vessels convicted of shifting to lose prize and pay £50 fine, to go towards another prize for the same kind of race; next vessel takes the prize.

18.—Protest to be made within one hour after the protesting vessel's arrival, and verdict to be returned within twelve hours.

19.—That the non-shifting of ballast be a question of honour, consequently neither sealing or visitation to take place.

20.—That springs be allowed on the same anchor chain as the bow-fast, but not to be carried to a buoy, pier, other vessel, or fixed point.

21.—That sails be unrestricted.

22.—That the number of hands be unlimited.

23.—All vessels exceeding 20 tons to carry one of their own boats. All vessels to carry one or more circular life buoys ready for use.

24.—That the number of friends be unlimited.

25.—That yachts may anchor during the race, but must weigh the anchor before re-starting, and must not take hold of any pier, vessel, buoy, or any fixed object.

26.—That no sweeping, towing, poling, or pushing be allowed.

27.—That each yacht must go fairly round the course, and not touch any buoy, boat, or vessel used to mark it out, or foul any other vessel in the race.

28.—That any yacht belonging to a recognised yachting club impeding the progress of any vessel engaged in a match, should be fined five pounds, on protest being made by the vessel impeded.

29.—That in rounding any buoy, boat, or vessel used to mark out the course, or passing any pier, rock, shoal, or any obstruction to sea room, yachts must give each other room to pass clear of it, and of each other, nevertheless should one yacht overtake another, the leading vessel may luff up (as she pleases) to prevent her passing to windward, but must not bear away or drive her adversary to leeward. N.B.—The lee side to be considered that on which the leading vessel carries her boom, and no vessel to be considered leading until she has drawn so much ahead as to give a free choice to the other on which side she will attempt to pass.

30.—That if two yachts be standing towards the shore, or towards any buoy, boat, or vessel, and not be able to go about without coming into collision with the windward one, the latter shall at once go about on being hailed by the owner of the leeward yacht, or the person acting for him, the yacht so hailing to tack at the same time.

31.—That yachts going free shall invariably give way to those on a wind, whether engaged in the same or different races.

32.—That yachts on the port tack shall invariably give way to those on the starboard, whether engaged in the same or different races.

33.—That any yacht running on shore, or foul of a buoy, or vessel, may use her own anchor, boats, warps, etc., to get off, but not receive assistance from another vessel or from the shore. Any anchor, boat, warp, &c. used, to be taken on board again before re-starting.

34.—That each yacht carry her proper distinguishing flag of a suitable size at her main-topmast head, which is not to be hauled down unless she gives up the race; if the topmast be carried away or lowered on deck, to be carried or re-hoisted in a conspicuous place.

35.—That any yacht wilfully disobeying or infringing any of these

rules be disqualified from receiving any prize she may otherwise have won, and her owner be held liable for all damages caused by such disobedience to other yachts, flag-boats, &c.

36.—Sailing committees or persons deputed by them, are bound to await the arrival of the yachts, take their time, receive protest, and deliver prize.

37.—Time allowance for schooners of first-class exceeding 200 tons, five seconds per ton; exceeding 150 tons and not exceeding 200 tons, ten seconds per ton; exceeding 100 tons and not exceeding 150 tons, fifteen seconds per ton. Time allowance for schooners of second class exceeding 50 tons and not exceeding 100 tons, fifteen seconds per ton; up to 50 tons, thirty seconds per ton.

38.—Time allowance for cutters of first-class, exceeding 100 tons, five seconds per ton; exceeding 80 tons and not exceeding 100 tons, ten seconds per ton. Time allowance for cutters of second class, exceeding 40 tons, not exceeding 80 tons, fifteen seconds per ton. Time allowance for cutters of third class, exceeding 20 tons and not exceeding 40 tons, thirty seconds per ton. Time allowance for cutters of fourth class exceeding 10 tons and not exceeding 20 tons, forty-five seconds per ton. Time allowance for cutters of fifth class, not exceeding 10 tons, ninety seconds per ton.

39.—That owners bind themselves to pay their usual hands not more than 10s. 6d. for winning, and nothing for losing, extra hands 10s. 6d. win or lose.

40.—That clubs have to issue their programmes in the year previous.

41.—That yachts that have won prizes should not be handicapped otherwise than by their regular time allowance.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB OCEAN MATCHES.

OCEAN racing appears to be recognized now-a-days by the yacht owners of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club as one of their fundamental principles, and accordingly each successive season we have to chronicle some one or more brilliant deep sea episodes in the proceedings of this thorough yacht club.

On Saturday, August 15th, the grand race of 1868 took place, the course being from Ryde to the inside of the west-end of Cherbourg breakwater, with time allowance as below. The prizes were 100 sovs. presented by Commodore Thellusson for the first yacht of any rig, and 60 sovs. by T. Broadwood, Esq., for the second yacht, of a different rig

to the winner of the first named; the competition being confined to vessels belonging to members of the club.

The wind was at the early part at south-east veering later to south-west with brilliant sunshine, and a nice summer tide ripple over the sea.

At a few minutes after eight o'clock, a.m., the racing fleet subjoined got underway, and at the appointed time hove-to in line off Ryde Pier, the respective crews all impatience for the signal gun.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
180	Cambria	schooner	185	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
632	Goshawk	schooner	255	T. Broadwood, Esq.	Hansen
253	Condor	cutter	129	Capt. W. Ewing	Steele & Co.
907	Marina	cutter	65	J. C. Morice, Esq.	Ratsey
512	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
948	Menai	cutter	76	W. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey
352	Dione	cutter	48	J. Anderson, Esq.	Hatcher
37	Aline	schooner	212	R. Sutton, Esq.	Camper
640	Guinevere	schooner	308	C. Thellusson, Esq.	Nicholson
1259	Pantomime	schooner	132	Lt-Col. W. Markham	Ratsey
381	Egeria	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill

Time allowance.—The Guinevere allows Condor, 2m. 30s., Goshawk, 5m. 46s., Aline, 9m. 23s., Cambria, 12m. 25s., Fiona, 14m. 9s., Menai, 14m. 43s., Egeria, 17m. 40s., Marina, 18m. 40s., Pantomime, 21m. 9s., and Dione, 29m. 15s. If the race was completed under seven hours, whole scale; if over seven and under 12, half-scale; if over 12 hours, no allowance of time.

The Hyacinth yawl and Maia schooner were also entered, but Vice-commodore the Marquis of Exeter in the former sailed at early dawn for Cherbourg to time their arrivals, and Maia did not make her number amongst the fighting flags.

At nine o'clock the warning flash and the hollow roar that reverberated over was rivalled by the instantaneous commands bellowed forth in every variety of the human voice to let "draw head sheets," and away went the ocean rovers like a flight of Curlew. With the tail of the south-east wind it was a beat out to St. Helen's; the Fiona and Dione showed first to windward, and then ensued those manifold changes in a short turn to windward that are only interesting to those who come out victorious, and prove rather monotonous in account to general readers, suffice it to say that when they had settled down to their work they had another turn to windward to St. Catherine's in order to get a true wind clear of the land and shape a course for Cherbourg, which when they did accomplish they could barely lay a clean full and bye, and whatever advantage the cutters had gained turning to windward, the

schooners when they got the open sea ahead speedily went to work, and in fore-reaching the wondrous single stickers Condor and Fiona, threatened to reduce it to a minimum; the broken water too at the back of the island brought the schooners powers into play, so that when all stood away on the starboard tack the schooners were well up with the formidable "wind-eaters" the Condor with Fiona in jealous and close attendance were the leading vessels as the shores of the Wight became level with the horizon, whilst the Aline and Cambria fought knot and furlong close astern of them. At 2h. 30m. p.m., the French land was made, the Condor leading gallantly with the Fiona, both to windward of the Aline and Cambria, with the Guinivere, Egeria, Pantomime, in the order of their names; and the Goshawk, Dione, Menai, and Marina far astern. At 3h. 30m. the leading vessels were reaching for Cherbourg, and on this point of sailing the Aline and Cambria speedily overpowered Condor and Fiona and began to leave them fast, whilst the Cambria bravely tackling the more powerful Aline, after a determined fight went to the front in gallant style; this the Aline's crew were not disposed to permit without a further struggle, and balloon canvas was sent aloft with lightning quickness, to be as promptly met by a similar display on the part of the active crew of the Cambria; for twenty minutes the motions of these two noble vessels caused many a brave heart to throb anxiously; they were closing in with the breakwater of Cherbourg fast, when lo! the wind was observed to fall light with Cambria, whilst the Aline still carried a whole cargo of the full weight; at once the latter made a rush to pass the Cambria to windward, which the latter as promptly stopped by a rapid "luff and fill again," but the "timoneer" of the Aline was a wary professor of the "conjuring wand," and knowing full well the danger of losing way and coming within the attraction of the Cambria, by following up the luffing and filling game, he gave the Aline a vigorous "wipe away" astern of the Cambria with all the weight of wind her sails could command, and like a thorough master of his craft, sent her launching through the Cambria's lee like a raft shooting the falls of St. Mary, and all was over but the shouting; a ready brain and active hand at the tiller won this race, for before the Cambria could recover the steady way lost in luffing, the wind had become too paltry to help her; whilst the Aline, as has been often witnessed by yacht racing men, carried the wind with her as if the rapid movement of her seemed to fascinate the dying breeze, and the west end of the Breakwater was reached by the Aline's clever tactic at a moment when the Cambria's success seemed a certainty; the following were the times:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Aline	5 13 18	Condor	5 31 15	Egeria	5 44 13
Cambria	5 15 25	Fiona.....	5 39 20	Pantomime	6 8 0
Guinivere	5 28 25				

As the race had exceeded seven hours this reduced the time allowance on the card to half scale, and the Aline was therefore declared to win the Commodore's Cup from the Cambria by 36 seconds. The Condor took the prize from the Fiona by the same rule by about 2m. 11s. The sternmost vessels in the race as they reached the land brought the stronger breeze from the sea in with them, and thus shortened the distance very materially between them and the foremost craft.

To keep up the racing spirit, once evoked, is not a very difficult matter, and whether for love or money a race back to Ryde was determined upon; that thorough seaman and enthusiastic yachtsman, Captain Philip Cosby Lovett of the Mirage schooner, was resolved however that the victor homeward-bound should have a chaplet of sovereigns as well as she of the outward passage, and generously presented a purse of 50 sovereigns for schooners and yawls, whilst with equal evidence of yachting spirit J. Ashbury, Esq. presented 50 sovereigns for cutters. For these prizes the following vessels started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
180	Cambria	schooner	185	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
37	Aline	schooner	212	R. Sutton, Esq.	Camper
640	Guinivere.....	schooner	308	C. Thellusson, Esq.	Nicholson
381	Egeria	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
253	Condor	cutter	129	W. Ewing, Esq.	Steele & Co.
907	Marina	cutter	65	J. C. Morice, Esq.	Ratsey
512	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
943	Menai.....	cutter	76	W. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey
352	Dio. e	cutter	43	Capt. Anderson	Hatcher

Monday, the 17th of August, broke with a nice E $\frac{1}{2}$ N breeze, and shortly after 8 a.m. the two fleets clustered off the west-end of the Cherbourg breakwater, whence the Commodore's signal at 9h. p.m. sent them launching out through the passage in splendid order, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of admiring Frenchmen; whom we verily believe think the English yachtsmen are mad upon seamanship and yacht racing, and accordingly shrug their shoulders in a compassionate way; we are glad however to perceive the mania is contagious, and that we are rapidly inoculating our excellent neighbours with a passion for adventure under

canvas. The Egeria at the head of the schooners, and Fiona of the cutters were first away, with Aline and Cambria following the first, and Condor and Marina the latter, the Guinivere, Menai, and Dione close in their tracks, afforded a beautiful sight to the thousands who witnessed the start from every point of vantage afloat and ashore.

All went well and in similar order until a half hour's offing was obtained; the wind however was far from steady, and blowing in veins and sudden puffs, which partook of that sort of weather termed by certain erudite chroniclers of aquatic sport "fluking weather," though on what principle we are at a loss to determine, as the land-lubbers word "fluke," pertaining rather to the order of literature of which Mr. John Camden Hotten is the popular guide, philosopher, and friend, is in our experience more uniformly employed to denote a fortunate stroke of billiards, of which the achiever is entirely innocent with intent &c.; whilst the briny word "fluke" is a favorite expression with the hardy South seamen when running with a fair fresh breeze, "here we go all-a-flukin!"

Be this as it may, however, the Fiona was leading her fleet of cutters in beautiful style, when lo!—one of these erratic puffs, which without, any visible weight of wind, occasionally astonish the most weather-wise by their effects, swooped full upon the doomed Fiona; one moment the beautiful fabric was gliding swiftly along in all the pride of her sea-born fame, making the rippling waters hiss with her knife-like stem as she cleft her way to apparent victory; the next—the bonny barkie lay a helpless dismantled wreck,—the plaything of the wave she had so often triumphed over. Like as though swept away by a monsoon blast everything went over the side, leaving but a bare stump of her main-mast over the deck, the spar it is reasonable to suppose must have been previously sprung during some one of her notable struggles, and escaped notice, for there was not that force of wind that could otherwise account for such a disaster. The Guinivere with the Tyne schooner, and the Menai cutter at once gave up the race, and bore away to her assistance.

This unlooked for mishap reduced the competitors to three in each class, viz:—Aline, Egeria, and Cambria; Condor, Dione, and Marina. The Condor took a commanding lead of the two small cutters, insomuch so that barring she met with similar ill-fortune to the Fiona, which, although possible, was, to say the least, highly improbable, from this period her victory assumed a certainty, the anticipation of which was justified by her winning Mr. Ashbury's prize as she liked, doing the course with but indifferent and baffling winds at the commencement, finishing up with a very pretty little hurricane of rain and wind, at 1h. 54m. 5s. in 14h. 54m. 5s. After a long day's wary manœuvring

between the three schooner celebrities engaged, as evening approached the Cambria and Aline got clear away from the formidable Egeria, and closing in with the land of the Wight, a wild and stormy evening set in, accompanied with terrific rain squalls and a darkness almost palpable ; amidst this combination of difficulties the crews of the Cambria and Aline proved that the stuff British seamen are reputed to be made of is not yet worked out ; on the contrary, that there is plenty of it still to the fore, and crack on these noble clippers did through storm and darkness, and drenching rain bursts, after a fashion that proves yacht racing is not exactly the drawing room, kid gloved, highly perfumed, sunny weathered amusement, that some of our know-nothing land-lubbers, or hypercritical mariners of the severely professional all-knowledge type, endeavour to imagine it. But once during the final desperate struggle of that night did these fearless and worthy opponents catch a fitful glimpse of each other, and then like two Phantom ships they loomed gloomily as spectral visions, and vanished in the darkness ; but on that night or rather on Tuesday morning, as fierce a battle was brought to a gallant end—as ever was fought by two determined canvas-backs in the Solent Sea, as may be inferred from the times of their arrival at the flag-ship, viz :—Cambria, 12h. 48m. 30s.; Aline, 12h. 55m. 4s.; Aug. 18th, a.m.

We are sure the spirited donor of the prize, Capt. Cosby Lovett, must have been much gratified at handing it to the owner of the Cambria after such a noble struggle.

ISLE OF MAN REGATTA.

THIS is held annually under the auspices of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club; it was commenced on Tuesday, August 4th, with very unfavourable weather. In the morning there was a stiff breeze, and it was expected there would have been some exciting sailing matches; but towards three o'clock the wind died away, and the sailing matches were consequently a failure. At the same time the breeze, which made the morning so favourable for sailing boats, rendered the sea too rough for rowing matches, and these had to be put off to the afternoon, when the bay was as smooth as a pond.

The first race was for a purse of £30, open to all yachts belonging to a national or royal yacht club. Time race. Five entries, as follows :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1403	Ripple.....	cutter	12	G. Murney, Esq.	Fulton
	Eve	cutter	38	E. Thellusson, Esq.	
846	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher
1304	Phosphorus	cutter	50	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
1932	Xema	cutter	34	Major Barton	Fife

The race was to have started at eleven o'clock, but, in consequence of having got "neaped," in Douglas Harbour, they did not get away until half-past twelve. The race was three times round a course eleven miles in length, making a total of thirty-three miles. About half-past one the wind died away, and the yachts drifted helplessly about for hours. Towards evening, however, a slight breeze sprung up, but as the race had not finished by nine o'clock at night, the committee decided that it should be run over again on Thursday.

Second day.—Wednesday, August 5th.—The weather to-day was all that could be desired, there being a good steady breeze for sailing. A heavy fog obscured the contest early in the day, but at noon it cleared off, and the yacht races could be seen to great advantage from the heights surrounding Douglas Bay—a bay which for picturesque beauty has been compared to the famed Bay of Naples.

The first item on the programme was the race for the Isle of Man challenge cup. This piece of plate is valued at fifty guineas, and is open to all yachts belonging to national or royal clubs. It must be won twice by the same yacht before it becomes its property. In June, 1867, the cup was won by the yacht Glance, and in August 1867, the Ripple of Belfast walked off with it. Neither of these yachts put in an appearance this time for the purpose of making an attempt to complete their title to the prize. The Ripple was entered, and on Saturday left for Douglas, but owing to some unexplained circumstance, she did not arrive in time to take part in the contest. The following were the entries:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1403	Ripple.....	cutter	12	G. Murney, Esq.	Fulton
1025	Mora	cutter	15	W. Blackwood Price, Esq.	Fife
846	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher
1304	Phosphorus	cutter	50	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
1932	Xema	cutter	34	Major Barton	Fife
	Eve	cutter	38	E. Thellusson, Esq.	

The Mora did not come into the bay in time for the start, so that, as the Ripple was away also, only the four yachts, Eve, Xema, Lizzie, and Phosphorus competed. The Eve, which is a newly-built yacht, made but a poor show, being badly trimmed. She retired in about an hour after the start of the race. A splendid contest ensued between the Xema, Phosphorus, and Lizzie; so evenly matched did they appear to be with regard to speed, that the three yachts passed the winning post within a period of two minutes, the Xema being first, Phosphorus second, and Lizzie third. It being a time race, the Lizzie was declared the winner; but it was stated that a protest had been entered against her.

Third day.—Thursday, August 6th.—The race for the purse of £30 not completed as before stated, the committee decided that it should be sailed to-day. In our account of Wednesday's proceedings we mentioned that a dispute had arisen with regard to the challenge cup race, and that a protest had been lodged by the owner of Xema against the owner of the Lizzie, which latter yacht had won. The grounds of the protest are as follows:—About seven o'clock on the Wednesday evening, the owner of the Xema discovered that during the race the Lizzie had carried on the floor of her cabin, &c., several pigs of lead, each weighing 40lbs., which could not be stowed away. The owner of Xema accordingly protested against the prize being awarded to Lizzie on the grounds that the latter carried shifting ballast. The race was run according to the rules of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, and under those rules the protest should have been lodged within an hour after the race. Instead of that it was not lodged until about four hours after. Phosphorus refused to run for the £30 race, and subsequently Xema refused also, consequently the race was abandoned. Of course Lizzie might have gone over the course *solus*, and then have claimed the prize, which she had not won in open contest.

The race for the purse of £7, for open and half-decked boats which could not be finished on Tuesday, for want of wind, was run to-day; and was won by the Snipe, belonging to Mr. R. Wattleworth of Ramsey, Glance of Peel being second.

The following correspondence has appeared in our contemporaries.

SIR.—The report of the Isle of Man Regatta in the *Field* of the 15th of August, respecting the Challenge Cup sailed for on the 5th of August, requires some further explanation, and I have to request that you will publish this statement in your next impression.

I was unfortunately prevented from going to the regatta, and the Xema

went in charge of two of my friends, who have acted in this matter with my entire approval. At the conclusion of a punt race, in which Xema's punt was engaged, and which took place immediately on the return of the yachts from sailing for the Challenge Cup, it was ascertained that the Lizzie had transgressed one of the most important rules of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, under which the yachts sailed, in having a quantity of lead ballast in pigs on her cabin floor during the race, in place of under platforms, as required by the rules. The gentleman in charge of the Xema immediately went on board the committee boat, reported the matter to the committee, and brought them on board the Lizzie, where they found on her cabin floor about one ton of lead ballast in pigs, clearly disqualifying her according to the rules sailed under, which he deemed quite sufficient without any further protest.

The crew of the Lizzie, though they had been previously warned that if they continued carrying the ballast on the cabin floor they would be objected to, persisted in doing so. It was admitted by them that the ballast had been removed from under platforms aft, and placed on the cabin floor, and "the four pieces of lead" amounted to about 50, which, at 40lb. each, as stated, make the ton of lead which the Lizzie carried on her cabin floor. Phosphorus and Xema declined sailing any more against a vessel allowed to transgress one of the most important rules of yacht racing with impunity, considering that rules were perfectly useless unless strictly adhered to.

The Field.

OWNER OF XEMA.

August 25th, 1868.

MR. EDITOR :—May I be permitted to make a few observations on the editorial remarks you have been good enough to insert at the bottom of the letter of the owner of the Xema, which were, no doubt, written with the good intention of assisting those who are "honest inclined" to receive similar treatment at the hands of their adversaries? In your remarks you lay the blame of this shifting ballast affair upon the *crew* of the Lizzie, which, with all due deference, is putting the saddle upon the wrong horse, is to a certain extent bagging the question, and is certainly dealing far too leniently with the real offender by keeping him off the scene. I have not the pleasure of the acquaintance of the owner of the Xema, but I know him, by repute, and am quite sure that his report is thoroughly to be relied upon, so that his letter just published proves the case to be as bad as it seemed to be when it was first reported. But why lay the blame upon the crew? Was there no owner on board? And do not the rules of our different clubs require the signature of the *owner*, and not the crew, to the declaration that no shifting ballast is on board? And do not all the clubs require that a member of a royal yacht club shall be on board every vessel sailing in a match who shall be responsible (Heaven save the mark) for the fair sailing of the vessel? Why, then, mention the crew at all? They have nothing whatever to do with the question; it is the owner of the Lizzie alone that we have to deal

with, and upon him alone rests the onus of this very objectionable affair. The real fact, and the root of the whole evil, is, that the owners of too many of our racing craft are in the hands of their skippers, to whom the sharpest of tricks and underhand dodges are of more importance, as being theme for exultation in their pot-house revelries, than any other feeling, and thus we are fast losing those ideas of fair dealing which once ruled at our regattas. The Lizzie certainly, in a very short career, has gained a fair amount of notoriety at Kingstown by your report and that of Mr Hunt; she seems to have acted in a most extraordinary, to say the least of it, manner to the Kittiwake. At the Isle of Man a worse trick is played, we know not how often before, and at Carnarvon she was protested against, I see, by the Alexandra, with the Scotch verdict of "not proven." Your allusion to an appeal to a Yachting Congress is far short of the mark. An Old Bailey barrister, or Bow-street attorney, on board of each boat, will have to be carried in future, unless our yacht clubs are more particular in their choice of members, and our committees act with a little more firmness while upholding the

LOVE OF FAIR PLAY.

Bell's Life.

MR. EDITOR :—I notice in your last issue a few comments respecting the conduct of the Lizzie's crew, and feel it my duty, with your permission, to pen a few words in answer. It is hardly desirable I should offer a reply to the letter signed by the "Owner of the Xema" pending a reference, save one inquiry, and that is how to stow 50 pigs of lead, or even 15 in one tier across the floor of the main cabin of a deep drafted 20 ton cutter. Respecting the race of the following day, I may mention that the gentleman in charge of the Phosphorus made up his mind not to sail, without reference to any protest; but for the simple reason that the weather was light for her, possibly the same reason may in some measure have influenced the Xema in not starting. With these observations on the letter calling forth your editorial remark, I will briefly add on behalf of my crew that I, with a thorough acquaintance with the rules of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, was the sole author of all that the "Owner of the Xema" complains, that I acted thus with the consent and knowledge of the hon. secretary; certainly without warning to the contrary, and so openly as to admit of observation by all who visited us, including probably nine-tenths of the committee-men and yachtsmen in the bay. Amongst the number the then holders of the cup, one of whom sailed with us during the race of Monday.

Yours, &c.

Bell's Life.

C. H. CODDINGTON.

MR. EDITOR :—I cannot allow your remarks in *Bell's Life*, Sept. 19th. to pass unnoticed, with reference to the conduct of the Lizzie's crew. I have sailed with the yacht all this season, and in every race except two, and

can simply affirm that no ballast was shifted. The Isle of Man protest by the Xema has not yet been inquired into, owing to the absence of the Vice-Commodore, and I will leave the result thereof to speak for itself.

Yours, &c.,

ALFRED C. ANDERSON.

Bell's Life.

September 1st. 1868.

MR. EDITOR :—I am in no way interested in the Lizzie, which has come in for a fair share of abuse in your columns in connection with the Isle of Man affair, but I am aware that at Kigstown Regatta she got a ton and a half of extra lead ballast, and I have no doubt that it was carried *on* her floor, simply because there was not room for it *under*. From the result of the race for the Isle of Man Cup, it appears to me the weather must have been such that shifting ballast would have been of no use, and had there been a fresh breeze no amount of trimming could have brought the Lizzie in within her time of the Xema. Regarding the protest itself, the rules of the R.M.Y.C., which prohibit shifting ballast, or carrying it anywhere except under platforms or in lockers, also enact that a protest must be made in writing within an hour after the coming in of the first yacht, which admittedly was not done in the present case, and therefore I think that the Xema's objection should not have been entertained at all. Whether the committee were justified in allowing the Lizzie, without the consent of the representatives of Phosphorus and Xema, to start, if as Mr. Coddington alleges they were aware that part of her ballast was lying on the cabin floor, is another affair.

Yours, &c.,

BOWLINE.

Bell's Life.

MR. EDITOR :—Mr. Coddington's and Mr. Anderson's letters in your last number require some comment from me. I sailed in Xema at the Isle of Man Regatta, and, in the absence of Major Barton, was responsible for her being sailed according to the rules, which were those of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club: and I naturally expected that our opponents would also respect the rules. The moment I became aware that about 18 or 20 cwt of lead ballast was *on* Lizzie's cabin floor, instead of being *under* it, I called the committee's attention to the fact, and claimed the race for Xema, as I considered such a flagrant breach of one of the most important rules clearly disqualified her from first to last, and therefore she could not have any claim to the cup. A gentleman who went over to sail in a previous winner of the cup informed me that on board Lizzie he told Mr. Coddington that an objection to her ballast would certainly disqualify her. Mr. Coddington does not deny that the ballast was on the floor, contrary to the rule, which rule he says he knew. Why the rule was thus, on his own admission, deliberately broken it is not necessary for me to inquire; but I cannot help

thinking, if the rule is to be broken with impunity, it will be difficult to get gentlemen to enter their yachts against those so breaking it. When the committee wanted to start us the next day, I told them that with this question of ballast unsettled I would not race against Lizzie, and some of them afterwards said they received the same answer from Phosphorus. Mr. Anderson denies that the Lizzie's ballast was shifted during any race that he sailed in her. This has nothing to say to the question, and moreover he was not at the Isle of Man Regatta. When I asked the committee to disqualify her, I did so on the ground of the wrong stowage of the ballast. I did not say that it had been shifted during the race ; that was unnecessary, as the rule was otherwise broken, and besides, if it had been shifted I was not in a position to prove it, and could not expect such information to be volunteered from her. The strange fact, however, remains that the lead was *on* the floor contrary to a very strict rule. No excuse can justify that, and I anticipate that all lovers of fair sailing will agree with me that rules ought to be observed, and that those who deliberately break them ought to suffer.—Yours, &c,

Bell's Life.

W. H. BEWLEY.

GREAT YARMOUTH REGATTA.

THIS came off on August 4th, but somehow the glory of yachting (except among the small craft) appears to have left the Eastern coast. Those were glorious days when the old Mosquito, Cynthia, Audax, Avalon, and other celebrated vessels contested for the various prizes. We cannot see why there should be such a withdrawal from the lists, except it is owing to the want of energy on the part of the inhabitants, in raising the "sinews of war," that would enable the committees to offer tempting prizes to *foreigners*. For it must be recollected that the month of August is always rife with matches at different ports, and in consequence of Harwich, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, and Hull not arranging a system to follow as we have now named them, vessels would be compelled to come round expressly to engage in the matches. Some of our contemporaries complain of a large portion of the amount of the funds collected being devoted to yawl matches—they surely do not know, nor have ever seen, the trials and dangers the crews of those noble craft have often to contend with in the winter, when

"Over the dark and stormy ocean
The wild winds roar and lash the foam ;
Yet mid strife, and dire commotion
The hardy beachmen fearlessly roam."

We who have witnessed their deeds of daring do not begrudge the

sovereigns assigned to them. What we should like to see is a larger amount of cash collected, and the Yarmouthians have plenty of the "needful" for that purpose, which would be returned tenfold by the additional visitors called together.

The first matches for a prize of £15 for first yacht and £5 for second; for vessels of 25 tons and under, belonging to a recognised club ; half-a-minute allowed for the difference of tonnage. The following came to the moorings :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
63	Ariel	schooner	12	T. M. Reed, Esq.	Halliday
1586	Waterwitch	schooner	21	H. Allenby, Esq.	Aldons
1479	Scandal	cutter	15	E. Fitzgerald, Esq.	

The Scout belonging to R. H. Harvey, Esq., M.P., was entered but did not start. The trio got off about noon, and as usual the course was triangular, which kept the vessels in view throughout. We do not know a better sight-seeing course than this and Lowestoft. Waterwitch led for some period, when Ariel challenged her, and gained the pride of place, and each round was finished as follows :—

	FIRST ROUND.	SECOND ROUND.	THIRD ROUND.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Ariel	1 26 0	2 29 25	3 26 12
Waterwitch	1 29 30	2 34 15	3 32 0
Scandal	1 30 15	2 40 40	not timed.

Ariel, being entitled to a time allowance of 4½ minutes, thus won by 10m. 18s.

She second yacht match was for prizes of £20 and £15 respectively, and the competitors were local cutter-rigged river yachts, divided into two classes :—first class under 20 tons, second class under 12 tons ; an allowance of half-a-minute per ton being made for difference of tonnage. The prize for the first-class yachts was divided into two shares of £15 and £5 ; and that for the second class into two shares of £10 and £5. The following competed :—First class—Red Rover, Mr. S. Nightingale, 15 tons ; Water Lily, Mr. Green, 14 tons ; and Siren, Mr. W. Butcher, 14 tons.

Second class :—Belvidere, Mr. H. Teasdel, 9 tons ; Halcyon, Mr. I. Preston, 8 tons ; Gloriana, Mr. Rippingall, 10 tons ; and Enchantress, Mr. H. H. Barber, 10 tons.

Only two rounds were sailed. Red Rover took the lead in the first class, and Belvidere in the second.

Two casualties occurred in the course of the match, Halcyon carrying away her topsail in the second round, which she did not complete in consequence ; while Enchantress carried away her peak halyards in the first round. The other yachts completed the two rounds thus:—

	FIRST ROUND.			SECOND ROUND.		
FIRST CLASS.	h. m. s.			h. m. s.		
Red Rover	2	28	35	3	24	15
Water Lily	2	31	15	3	28	40
Siren	2	40	20	gave up.		
SECOND CLASS.						
Belvidere	2	36	20	3	37	5
Gloriana	2	37	25	3	38	30
Halcyon	2	40	0	3	39	26

The first-class prizes were accordingly taken by Red Rover and Water Lily; and the second-class prizes by Belvidere and Gloriana.

In the principal yawl match the prizes £15, £10, and £5, were won respectively by Electra of Winterton, Glance of Caistor, and Paragon of Winterton. In a second yawl match the prizes, £12, £5, and £3, were won respectively by Violet of Yarmouth, Volunteer of Yarmouth, and Flying Fish of Yarmouth.

LOWESTOFT REGATTA.

SOME few years ago the mere mention of "Lowestoft regatta," would set all the lovers of yachting in high glee, being well assured that good prizes, plenty of company, and a "first-rate spread" at the "Victoria" would finish the sports, where the song and toast did circulate in "wine, mighty wine;" and those congenial souls—Arcedeckne, Goodson, and some scores of real good men and true, gave life and spirit to the pleasures of yachting. But, now, alas ! the scene is changed, and instead of the sea-going clippers flying their fighting flags—the river craft now take their places.

On Monday, Aug. 31st, the regatta for this year was held, Captains Coombe and Blake were umpires, and Mr. C. W. Millard, the secretary of the Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club officiated as referee. For the first prize a piece of plate of the value of £15 was devoted to the first yacht and £5 to the second, for vessels not exceeding 25 tons, belonging to a recognized club. The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders
63	Ariel	cutter	12	T. M. Reed, Esq.	Halliday
1098	Oberon	cutter	19	H. Harrison, Esq.	Th.I.Wk.
1867	Waveney Queen	cutter	15	Major Leathes	Hall
1887	Red Rover	cutter	15	S. Nightingale, Esq.	
	Scout	cutter	24	R. H. Harvey, Esq.	

The course was a double triangle, which admitted of a clear and uninterrupted view from the shore. The above yachts started about 1h. 15m., when the Red Rover took the lead, but a protest was afterwards entered against her on the ground that she fouled the North Newcome buoy. The wind was light and variable, and one of the yachts (the Scout) soon gave up. The time was noted as under at the close of the second round :—Red Rover, 3h. 9m. 17s. ; Waveney Queen, 3h. 12m. 9s. ; Oberon, 3h. 15m. 1s. ; Ariel 3h. 16m. 33s. In the third round Waveney Queen pressed more closely still upon Red Rover, but the others fell a great distance astern. Time of finish :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Red Rover	4	20	34		Waveney Queen	4	21	20		Oberon	4	42	9

The protest entered against the Red Rover was admitted by the umpires, and the prizes were awarded accordingly to Waveney Queen and Oberon.

The next match was for a purse of £15, for yachts under 12 tons belonging to a recognised club; first yacht £10, second £5. The entries were :—Gloriana, Mr. W. Rippingall, 10 tons ; Vampire, Mr. W. Everitt, 10 tons ; Halcyon, Mr. I. Preston, 8 tons ; and Enchantress, Mr. Barber, 10 tons. The start took place at 1h. 26m., and they arrived as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Enchantress	3	46	18		Halcyon	3	50	4		Gloriana	3	50	10

A protest entered against Enchantress for leaving a buoy on the wrong hand was admitted by the umpires, and the first prize was awarded to the Halcyon, the second to Gloriana.

After some delay three of the cutter rigged yachts of the Suffolk Model Yacht Club started for a silver cup of the value of £5, viz. Reindeer, Mr. Reynolds; Volunteer, Mr. Fuller; Pansy of Beccles, Mr. Toll. Reindeer soon retired, leaving Volunteer and Pansy to finish the match, which was won by Volunteer. Pansy grounded in making the last tack, having ventured too near the beach, but she got off without damage. The schooner yacht Clytie, Mr. R. H. Harvey, was moored in the roadstead during the day.

HAVRE REGATTA.

THERE is one thing quite patent to the observer of men and manners, and which should somewhat alleviate the self inflicted torture, with which not a few conservative John Bulls mentally castigate themselves, whilst witnessing our proneness to foreign innovations; it is—that if we

rather servilely ape French habits and customs in our social long shore life, they—the French—are as equally prone to take brusque old John Bull as a model of perfection in life afloat. In nothing is this more obvious than in our great national sport of yachting, and year after year, the interest taken in it, and the hold it is obtaining upon Frenchmen, bids fair to render them as formidable opponents on the sea, as they have already proved themselves, through a somewhat similar initiation, upon the turf.

The regatta at Havre this year is a forcible illustration of this fact, bringing out as it did a stronger fleet of the French Pleasure Navy than ever previously; and exhibiting an increase of the desire to obtain large attendances of English yachts upon this and similar occasions on their coasts, by such tempting programmes, and an even more than usual exercise of that fascinating courtesy and *bonhomie*, with which a Frenchman is so natural, and with us of the “nation of shopkeepers,” deny who can—is so charming. By encouraging masters of the noble science of seamanship and navigation to frequent his shores the Frenchman shows judgment; and when these masters present themselves, not as needy professors mustering to their own physical wants as much as the moral thirst of their *élèves*, but in all the bravery of golden sheen, purple, and fine linen; in gorgeously found “ships of the period” for models for the argosies of the world; with moreover a grave suspicion that some of that peculiar “dust” for which Threadneedle and Lombard Streets are so famous, (and so offensive to poor Father Ignatus,) forms no inconsiderable portion of their cargoes. We say bravo—M.S.S. les Français, you are not only pardonably emulous, but judicious in pursuit of knowledge.

The flower of our English light weight craft accordingly made their numbers in the Bay of St. Adresse on Monday, July 27th, where for a prize of 2,500*fr.* and a gold medal, the following flyers of the Clyde, the Solent, and the Thames, witched the Havreian world afloat, with noble seamanship.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1868.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
512	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
1580	Sphinx	cutter	47	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudslay
1793	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mil. In. Co
352	Dione	cutter	44	Capt. Anderson	Hatcher
1095	Niobe	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
1296	Phantom.....	cutter	27	F. Rosoman, Esq.	Pinny

The course was twice round the Bay, a distance of about 15 nautic miles, and as of necessity for such a short distance, it was crack on everything as long as wire, hemp, flax, and timber could stand. We should strongly advise the French yachtsmen to study our mode of starting matches, as well as that of sailing them; and make note of the same against 1869.

With a splendid sailing breeze at N.W., they were started at 1h. 30m.; the Niobe at once launching to the front with Fiona, Sphinx, and Dione abeam in her wake, and Vindex and Phantom close upon their quarters; the Niobe made such wicked play from the start, exhibiting immense speed upon this occasion, improved her position every knot; there were several French vessels also in the course, and we are much afraid were wished elsewhere in language most forcible and least polite; the Phantom receiving a heavy allowance of time, and with the *prestige* ancient invincibility enshrouding her in a mantle of fame, was of course looked upon as the "coming ship," and when she raced beam and beam with Fiona, she looked as juvenile as a newly blown daisy, and wicked as a frisky shrimp; but Niobe in the flush of her young celebrity saw not the force of the adage about age, either that or observed it too well, by keeping such a respectable lead on Phantom as would not admit the chance of coming between the wind and her venerable timbers, and likewise gave her other formidable opponents such a facility for admiring the fashioning of her counter, and the mode of reeving her main-sheet, that sensible of the favour shown, they too assumed modest positions, and the flag was reached by the Niobe first, and Phantom second, when the francs and the medal were duly disposed of: as to the victorious member of the French fleet, to whom a prize was also adjudicated we must confess our ignorance; the inner economy of French aquatic legislation being at present slightly "hazy" to us; but we shall improve next time as likewise it will—*sans doute*!

The international race from Havre round the west end of Cherbourg Breakwater on Tuesday, August was indeed a notable epoch in French aquatics, and is also a strong indication of the rapidly increasing passion for the sports of the sea, that is now developing itself so powerful in France: it will ever be a memorable event from the fact of a French yacht, the "Croissy" cutter, built by Nourmand of Havre, absolutely triumphing over such English and Scotch craft as Aline and Condor, *mirabile dictu*—but whisper it low.

The following were the starters:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
87	Aline	schooner	216	R. Sutton, Esq.	Camper
180	Cambria	schooner	199	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
253	Condor	cutter	133	Captain W. Ewing	Steele & Co.
758	Julia	yawl	122	G. F. Moss, Esq.	Ratsey
	Croissy	cutter	28	M. Bournet-Auberton	
	Panthere	cutter	11	M. Candal	

At 12h. 30m. they proceeded on their 145 mile voyage. At the commencement there was a nice breeze from W.N.W., and a very beautiful start gratified the crowds that at every available spot ashore or afloat were eager spectators. The Aline led away to sea, but the Condor very shortly asserted her speed by going to the front, for which early in the afternoon the Cambria also exhibited a decided tendency, and some bold sailing ensued, varied with not a few wary manœuvres for the lead, which Cambria achieved for a short period, but the shades of night concealed them from view, the Condor had again won the pride of place; the French schooner *Mystère*, joined them just previously fresh from a cruise in English waters, having been delayed in her passage. As darkness fell so did the wind, and became variable, baffling, and occasionally calm, which accounts for the change of position that brought the vessels round Cherbourg Breakwater on Wednesday morning in the following order and times:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Cambria	5 0 0	Aline	6 35 0	Condor	10 40 0
Julia.....	6 30 0	Croissy	10 0 0		

It was a very ticklish and unpleasant bit of sailing and navigation getting round this same breakwater, owing to the paucity, and baffling nature of the wind, and the powerful tides and currents that set around such obstacles. The Cambria had a narrow escape of the reef in the eastern passage, and Aline and Julia had to let go their "Killocks" to save being set directly upon it; Cambria by this time was becalmed, and the Julia getting a nice puff hove up her anchor in a trice, leaving Aline to enjoy the beatific state of single blessedness, took a sack full of wind in her canvas, and actually passed the Cambria "all up and down like a yard of pump water;" for some time the Julia triumphed in the van, but Cambria suddenly put in an appearance close on her lee quarter staggering along under a slashing breeze that sent her launching through Julia's lee like a greased "balk" of Bay mahogany over the bar of Honduras; another interval of calm found Cambria miles ahead of the fleet, and Julia watching her like an osprey; again it was "let go," with the

"mud hooks" to save retrogression; another rally of wind set Cambria and Julia bowling as before, and with the evident assurance that spite of all the Julia could do, the Cambria was widening and lengthening that white thread stretching from the rudder-feather aft and gradually vanishing. Throughout the night a similar variety of weather puzzled the watchful crews, but day-break on Thursday put all out of pain, by discovering the Cambria with a commanding lead, the Julia still second, but alas, far in the distance; and the flag at Havre was passed thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Cambria	9	3	0	Croissy	10	48	0	Panthere	1	30	0
Julia	9	48	0	Condor	11	58	0				

Mr. Ashbury was presented by M. Winslow, president of the Société des Regates, with a handsome *drapeau de l'honneur*, which was immediately hoisted to the main-topmast-head of Cambria. M. Winslow and the members of the aquatic circle over which he so ably presides, were unremitting in their courtesy to the English yachtsmen. Havre bids fair at some no distant period to rival our first yachting stations at home.

Mr. Ashbury presented a prize of 100 sovs. to the French Yacht Club, to be sailed for at their regatta of 1869.

KINSALE REGATTA.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29TH.—This regatta took place under circumstances most propitious as regarded the weather, the day being fine, with a strong breeze at N.W. Most of the yachts at the Cork Harbour Regatta went round to Dunmore for the meeting there, so that the attendance here was not so numerous as was expected.

The only notorieties present were Secret, Vampire, and Mamai. The latter two being particularly anxious to have another shy at each other.

The trio took up their stations for two prizes, £30 to first boat, £10 to second, time race, half Ackers' scale.

Course, from a flag-boat moored off the Scilly round a boat moored off Blackhead, thence to a boat moored off the eastward of the Sovereigns, back to the boat off Blackhead, in round the flag-ship, going same course again, finishing at flag-ship, about 32 miles.

All had double reefs in mainsails and foresails; the water, however, was not much broken, the wind being off the land. Mamai got the lead at the start, followed by Secret and Vampire, and they held their relative positions in that way round the Blackhead and Sovereign flag-boats; passing out by Bullman buoy Mamai had a lead of a minute of Secret, and Secret a minute of Vampire. After rounding the flag-boat off Blackhead for the second turn, the yachts had to make a couple of boards before getting into the

harbour. Mamai held on her tack into the shore before she went about, rather too far, perhaps. Vampire and Secret just hit it off, and weathered on Mamai returning up Channel, Secret was on Mamai's weather just under the fort, where the water being shoal Mamai hailed her to go about; Secret did so, but Mamai being quicker in stays, shot up on Secret's starboard quarter, "tickling her in the ribs" with her bowsprit just about the gangway, which caused Secret to get into irons and hang on the wind. She was thus detained for some minutes, and Mamai not being able to get clear of her, was hampered also. Meantime Vampire had rounded the flag-vessel in the harbour, and was running out again for the second round at a frightful pace. The times of the yachts rounding the flag-vessel in the harbour were:—Vampire, 2h. 3m. 0s.; Secret, 2h. 38m. 0s.; Mamai, 2h. 38m. 30s. During the remainder of the match Vampire gradually increased her lead. In reaching between the boat off Blackhead and the Sovereigns Mamai was caught in a heavy squall, and having broken her bowsprit iron had to get in jib and trice up the tack of her mainsail. She afterwards set a smaller jib, but was now virtually out of the race, which concluded at the flag-ship as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vampire	4	31	28	Secret	4	44	35	Mamai.....	5	0	50

The Vampire thus regained her laurel lost at Queenstown, and Secret got the £10. The owner of Mamai lodged a protest in the evening against Secret, but it was too late to be received, and was not entertained.

Second Race.—Sailing boats from 10 tons downwards; first boat £5, second £1: Breeze, J. Barrett; Enchantress, D. Abbott; Flirt, R. J. Jagoe; Florida, Dr. Garde; Fairy, R. Gillman. The course was four times round the two gun-boats stationed in harbour, making a distance of about three miles. The five went off together, Florida first, Breeze second, Flirt third, the others in their wake. Luffing immediately after having rounded the second boat, a squall took Florida, and capsized her. Her crew got up on the rigging, and were rescued by the owner of Flirt, Mr. Jagoe, whose promptitude on the occasion deserved the highest praise. His humanity of course destroyed his chance of the race. Fairy afterwards came to grief, and the race remained between Breeze and Enchantress, who came in as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.			h.	m.	s.
Breeze	4	34	20		Enchantress	4	39	30

A canoe race succeeded, but the water was somewhat rough for this species of natation, though the three entries made a gallant spurt, finishing—Mr. F. Birdill, 1st., Mr. H. Nason, 2nd., Mr. E. Crosthwaite 3rd. A naval gig race followed, in which the winner was a dumpy coastguarder, which was allowed to run with the others. The last race was a yacht gig race, which ended—Mr. Barter's gig 1st., Capt. Rye's 2nd., Mr. Comford's third. This concluded the regatta.

DARTMOUTH ROYAL REGATTA.

On Tuesday, August 28th, was the commencement of this regatta.—The day was devoted to sailing barges, boats, and rowing principally, therefore we shall proceed with the second day's amusements as received from a correspondent.

A fine morning and a splendid breeze from the south-west on Wednesday, August 29th, gladdened the hearts of those on board the vessels intending to take part in the sailing matches for which the second day of the Dartmouth Regatta is noted. At ten o'clock the sailing committee, consisting of Captain Bulley, Captain Morant, and Messrs. Turner, Smith, and Crawford, proceeded in the Pilot steamboat, Captain Perram, to some considerable distance outside the harbour, for the purpose of starting the different races. The sight was a splendid one, as each vessel was seen spanking along endeavouring if possible, to outstrip the other. There were only two races on the card, however, one for trawlers, and one for yachts. The offer of fifty guineas to all comers did not draw satisfactorily. However, some splendid sailing was shewn. The course was from the Homestone Buoy, near the Castle, to a mark-boat off Start Bay, thence to one off Mewstone Rock, and back to the starting point, a distance of about 16 miles, twice round.

A silver cup, value £21, with 16 sovs. added, being £10 for the second and £5 for the third yacht, for yachts belonging to the Dart Yacht Club only. Time race, half-a-minute per ton.

	FIRST ROUND.	SECOND ROUND.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Emmet	3 7 30	5 18 42
Luna	3 14 22	5 19 0
Queen	3 16 54	5 32 0

The Una, Mr. E. Kensington; Isabel, Mr. T. Freak; Wild Duck, Mr. H. Studdy; Quiver, Capt. Chamberlayne; and Gondola, Lieut. Studdy, also went the course but did not make their appearance until a great while after the others. The Ringdove did not run. A good start was effected at one o'clock, the Gondola at first going off with the lead. Before proceeding half-a-mile the Luna shewed to the front and Gondola dropped back. Wild Duck was completely in the rear. Just under Stoke the Luna lost her peak halyard, which was, however, speedily repaired, and she did not lose much time by the accident. The Emmet was the first to make the windward mark-boat, closely pressed, however, by the Queen and Luna, the others being some considerable distance in the rear. In the run before the wind, the Luna passed the Queen, having set her topsails smartly, while the Queen still continued without them. Most of the others carried their topsails before the wind. In the second round the Emmet still maintained the lead, and the Luna increased her lead considerably on the Queen. The other boats were left a great distance in the rear and were not timed, as there were only three prizes.

A prize of £35 for trawlers belonging to Brixham and Dartmouth only. Firefly, Lake and Co., 1st.; Falcon, J. Small, 2nd.; Ellen, G. Holland, 3rd., Lance, J. Barter, 4th.; Integrity, H. G. Twyman, 5th.; Marie, Lake and Co.; 6th. The time occupied in going the distance was—Firefly, 4h. 26m.; Falcon, 4h. 39m.; Ellen, 4h. 45m.; and the others about a-minute each between them over the five hours. There were six starters in this race, and the whole of them, after much trouble, were got well off. The Firefly was the first to shew to the front after the sails had been properly set in the whole, and the first to make the windward mark-boat off Start Bay, being some considerable distance in advance of the Marie and Falcon, who were struggling hard for second place. In the second round Firefly increased her distance, and won easily. The Marie gave way to the Lance, and the Ellen overhauling both came up and took third place. The other boats were separated by a considerable distance.

Besides the sailing matches outside there were rowing matches in the harbour in the afternoon, which were watched by a great number of persons. The band of the Newton Rifles, under the leadership of Mr. Swann, again played some lively music. In the evening the New Ground was gaily illuminated, and dancing again kept up until a late hour.

AMERICAN SCHOONER SAPPHO.

As we have received several enquiries respecting the time this vessel was crossing the Atlantic, we subjoin the following which appeared in the *I. W. Herald*.

1868.—July 29th,—at 10 a.m. cast off from the Dock of Messrs. C. & R. Poillon of Brooklyn, having a party of friends on board, proceeded for a sail outside the Hook; returned the same evening and anchored inside for the night and landed our friends.

30th.—At five a.m. got under way with a light breeze from the southward, noon. Distance run 40 miles. Ends at noon to commence sea log.

31st.—Moderate breeze from S.S.W. noon, lat. by D.R. $40^{\circ} 31' N.$ and long. $68^{\circ} 37' W.$ Distance run, 210 miles.

Aug. 1st.—Light southerly breezes, noon, lat. $41^{\circ} 20' N.$, long. $63^{\circ} 17'.$ Distance run, 252 miles.

2nd.—Fresh breeze, S.W. lat. $42^{\circ} 31'.$ long. $57^{\circ} 57'.$ Distance run, 246 miles.

3rd.—Ditto S.S.W. to W.S.W., lat. $43^{\circ} 22'.$ long. $52^{\circ} 07'.$ Distance run, 262 miles.

4th.—Moderate, W. by S. thick weather, lat. $43^{\circ} 56' N.$, long. $48^{\circ} 13' W.$ Distance run, 175 miles.

5th.—Foggy, light breezes, lat. $45^{\circ} 26' N.$, long. $44^{\circ} 16'.$ Distance run, 190 miles.

6th.—Fresh breeze, Northerly, lat. $46^{\circ} 39' N.$, long. $38^{\circ} 16'.$ Distance run, 261 miles.

7th.—Moderate, Northward, lat. $47^{\circ} 47'$ N., long. $32^{\circ} 26'$ Distance run, 232 miles.

8th.—Light breeze, W.N.W., lat. $48^{\circ} 24'$ N., long. $27^{\circ} 49'$. Distance run, 190 miles.

9th.—Light breezes, W.N.W. heavy head sea on, lat. $48^{\circ} 47'$ N., long. $21^{\circ} 57'$. Distance run, 117 miles.

10th.—Calm, latter part light breezes, lat. $49^{\circ} 8'$, long. $21^{\circ} 16'$. Distance run, 148 miles.

11th.—Light breeze, variable from W. to E.N.E., lat. at noon, $49^{\circ} 03'$ N., long. $18^{\circ} 46'$ W. Distance run, 100 miles.

12th.—Cloudy, increasing breeze N.E., lat. $48^{\circ} 53'$, long. $12^{\circ} 16'$ W. Distance run, 252 miles.

13th.—Strong Northerly wind, heavy head sea, lat. $49^{\circ} 31'$, long. $7^{\circ} 22'$. Distance run 196 miles.

14th.—P.M., made the Scilly Islands, bearing E. by N., 20 miles, 8 a.m. took on board Mr. Love, Cowes Pilot, off Bill of Portland, 11 a.m. passed Needles, and at noon anchored in Cowes Roads.

Editor's Locker.

YACHT STORES.

R.Y.S. schooner Nukteris, August 22nd, 1868.

SIR.—Having recently been furnished by the principal officer of customs at Guernsey with a copy of a new regulation as to Yacht Stores, I am induced to send it to you, as insertion in your *Magazine* may enable owners to know the laws thereunto made and provided. A declaration as to these stores must be made by the owner or skipper at the time of shipment.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

RED WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

(Copy.)

"Honourable Board's Order, 7th August, 1868.

"Inform the principal officer that stores shipped on board yachts are subject to the same regulations as stores shipped on board merchant vessels.

"Initialed F. G.

"Extract from General Order of Customs $\frac{108}{1867}$ (8 November).

"For sailing vessels.

"To any port between the Land's End and the North Foreland:

Tobacco (including cigars) ...1lb per man

Tea2lb

Spirits2 galls } for the whole crew

TIME ALLOWANCE.

September 24th, 1868.

SIR.—Whilst the subject of Time Allowance for racing yachts is engrossing so much attention, I should like to bring to notice a most remarkable system of handicapping which has been adopted two or three times this year, and which shews the imperative necessity for some universal system.

As an example I will take the first race in your September number, namely that of the R.L.Y.C. for 50 and 20 guineas. In that race the Phryne allowed Tartar 12m., Phryne allowed Eva 24m., Tartar allowed Eva 8m.

If the Tartar had passed the flag-boat 13m. after Phryne, and Eva 23m. after Phryne, then Eva would have beaten Phryne by 1m., Tartar would have beaten Eva by 2m., and Phryne would have beaten Tartar by 1m. In this case to which yacht would the committee have awarded the prize? Not one of the three would have been entitled to it, and as I have by no means supposed an impossible case further comment on this marvellous system is unnecessary.—Yours, &c.

W. J. G.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

YACHT OWNERS AND ADMIRALTY PRIVILEGES.

THE Lords of the Admiralty have issued the following important directions to yacht owners enjoying their privileges:

“Admiralty, Sept. 8th.

“Sir.—It having come to the knowledge of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that some yacht owners are in the habit of flying the colours of the clubs to which they belong without having obtained the proper warrants from this office, also that in the case of yachts belonging to more than one club it is supposed that the owner need only take out a warrant for one of the clubs to which he belongs, I am commanded by their lordships to acquaint you that they must request that yacht owners will at once apply for warrants to fly the colours of every club to which they belong.

“I am also to request that you will call the attention of the members of the club to the 106th section of the Merchant Shipping Act, which is as follows, viz.: ‘If any colours usually worn by Her Majesty’s ships, or any colours resembling those of Her Majesty, or any distinctive national colours, except the red ensign usually worn by merchant ships, or except the Union Jack with a white border, or if the pendant usually carried by Her Majesty’s ships, or any pendant in any wise resembling such pendant, are or is hoisted on board any ship or boat belonging to any subject of Her Majesty, without warrant for so doing from Her Majesty or from the Admiralty, the master of such ship or boat, or the owner thereof if on board the same, and every other person hoisting or joining or assisting in hoisting the same, shall for every such offence incur a penalty not exceed-

ing £500; and it shall be lawful for any officer on full pay in the military or naval service of Her Majesty, or any British officer of the customs, or any British consular officer, to board any such ship or boat, and to take away any such jack, colours, or pendants, and such jack, colours or pendants shall be forfeited to Her Majesty.

"I am also to request that you will send annually to this office a list of the yachts belonging to the club, that it may be compared with the register of warrants in force.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"HENRY G. LENNOX "

"To the Secretary of the — Yacht Club."

A STEAM YACHT RACE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

A correspondent of the *Levant Herald* gives the following account of an exciting scratch race in the Mediterranean, between the Viceroy's favourite yacht the *Mahrousse* and Prince Napoleon's yacht the *Jerome Napoleon*:—The *Mahrousse* had been lying at Malta some time getting a new piston fitted. A few days before she was ready for sea the French yacht came into Malta for coals or otherwise. The French captain hearing the *Mahrousse*, when ready, was bound for Constantinople, sent a challenge to his Excellency Kassim Pasha to race the yacht *Jerome Napoleon* against the yacht *Mahrousse*. This challenge his Excellency politely refused, not having had steam up since the new piston had been fitted, and being advised by the chief engineer, Jackson Bey, to go slow for a time to see that all was right, and also because he wished to go half boiler power in order to save coal. The French captain is reported to have waited two days until the *Mahrousse* was ready, and must have been on the look-out for her lighting up, for about 6h. 30m., p.m., on the 18th of June both yachts left the grand harbour. The *Mahrousse* was not at half speed, but the French vessel came out at full speed, and, much against fair-play under the circumstances, crossed the bows of *Mahrousse*. The yachts kept company for fourteen hours. Kassim Pasha at last signalled the French captain, challenging him to test fairly the speed of the two yachts, and gave the French captain his own time to prepare. About an hour afterwards up went the signal from the *Jerome Napoleon*, which at that time was 800 yards ahead; off went both vessels like something mad, and in twenty minutes the *Mahrousse* was side by side with her opponent. Now came the struggle for crossing the bows; a few minutes solved the question, the *Mahrousse* crossing the bows of her antagonist three times, and then went ahead for a mile. Kassim Pasha immediately gave orders to Jackson Bey to reduce at once to half boiler power again, as no doubt the French captain was quite satisfied that he had wasted his time very much indeed by waiting two days to get his owner's fast yacht beaten.

ran

generations of ancient and fish-like habits and customs, have never
No. 11,—VOL. XVII.

HECK CHART OF THE TISH ISLES FOR 1867.

Compiled from the Board of Trade Register.

SHOWING ALSO THE PRESENT
LIFE BOAT STATIONS

- Signifies a Casualty
- ☛ Represents a Life Boat



Scale of Nautic Miles
0 10 20

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1868.

PILOT MADISON.

PART I.

THERE is not an island amongst the myriads which stud that broad sheet of maritime discovery, so profoundly studied by mariners of the long voyage under the popular name of Mercator's World, with whose shores are connected wilder legends, stranger stories, nor more startling incidents of sea adventure, than those of the iron bound western coast of Ireland.

Peopled by a primitive, and, in many places, semi-civilized race—two parts fishermen—one part landmen, they are as equally at home when breasting the fierce surges of the Atlantic in pursuit of finny spoil or chase of abandoned wreck, as in trying to win a precarious crust from the patches of land, which they seem at fitful moments to have snatched from grim wastes of rock or dismal regions of brown and sodden bog.

Brave and hardy are these roughly nurtured children of the sea and land, honest and faithful as most men of their calling after their 'own creed, of a lively habit and much humour, shrewd withal, superstitious to a degree, prone to adventure—particularly when spiced with danger born of antagonism with the powers that be, and just *slightly* tinged with a mild devotion to their peerless native "Mountain dew."

Romantic little havens are there along that rugged coast, concealed behind jutting cliffs and frowning precipices, or embosomed in great ravines of rock—cleft in the bases of towering mountains, where whole generations of ancient and fish-like habits and customs, have fretted

their busy hour and passed away, and where their successors in blood and lineal descent may be seen at the present day—unchanged and unchanging as were the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Isolated colonies are these fishing havens of the Atlantic, unpolluted by railways and innocent of telegrams; and but for the periodical journeys of the unkempt and sparsely clad *gorsoon*, who perched in nature's saddle on the back of a furry-coated highland pony, gallops, tumbles, swims, and crawls a perilous mountain path, and is dignified by the title of Her Majesty's Mail, the world landwards is to them what the Sun's movements were to worthy Wouter Van Twiller, the Governor of New Amsterdam, "wonderful doubtless—but hardly worth while wasting time about!"

But the world seawards?—They can read that like a book. Through those rocky portals that arch the paths to their wave-washed homes, goeth and cometh all whom it behoveth them to know; through those portals fathers and sons, uncles and brothers, fosterers and cousins to the remotest degree, have gone forth and do go forth in quest of fortune a'yont the seas, some to pass away—these a'chasing the whale amongst fields of Artic ice, those before the withering breadth of the typhoon, others by the death-dealing broadside, whilst others still—and not a few—the waifs of the ocean—return to the old rock, the rude nest, than which the world either by sea or land presents no sunnier spot—home!

Take a cruise out to the fishing grounds on that romantic coast! You can choose your time and craft good reader! We will say a morning in balmy spring—a glorious sun warming up the heather-scented, briny flavoured, air; a chosen companion or two, a well filled pannier slung on the broad shoulders of a favourite steward; here is a hardy and powerful Hooker, there the smaller but not less swift or able Pookawn, and on that sandy slip of beach at the base of the rock upon which the mackerel are drying, lies a "bundle linen canoe," light as an air bubble—swift as a tern, and seemingly ready to bound into the sparkling little pale green wavelets that fleck your feet with froth sprays. Around you are hardy veterans, stalwart men, and sinewy active youths, *amphibious* every one, but some of the "deep blue." You will have the Hooker?—Well jump on board! The sun-bronzed arms of her slashing crew soon spread her well tanned tawny brown sails; she greets the strong breeze for a moment,—you hold on nervously—"can these uncouth beings manage her?" you mutter mentally: the next she is away through the rugged entrance, leaping from sea to sea like some madcap escaped from bounds, casting up froth jets and

fantastic prisms, that glitter and sparkle and vanish away in tiny rainbows ;—yes, you feel as if you were safe with these men, so you direct your steward to “make the sun-over-the-fore-yard”—to establish in fact an *entente cordiale* ; you and your friend light up a couple of those tidy meerschaum bulbs, which bespeak you old hands at “baccy” afloat, and then you settle down to enjoyment. The lines are all baited and lie artfully coiled in their “troughs,” the glorious day is all a day should be ; great fish and small fish, round fish and flat fish, from the royal sturgeon to the vulgar dab, shoal upon shoal are glittering before your mind’s vision through the spiral wreaths of your “golden leaf,” when lo,—“here’s tow’art’s yer honer’s !” and spasmodic “Ha’s—raale good shtuff that anyway !” recal your wandering thoughts from the piscine heaven, so for further novelty you begin to scan your crew more closely ; simple enough toilers of the sea are they in your eyes ; you wonder had they seen as much of the world as you and your companion, what manner of men they would have been : you know London—*rather* ; you have done Paris together ; Baden-Baden—undoubtedly ; have seen some of the workings of human nature at the Kursaal ; life in Hamburg,—Vienna too,—revelled in the Volksgarten, very good : then you belong to the Alpine club and that sort of thing, have done Mont Blanc and part of the Matterhorn, not that region you know beyond the ridge,—rather too stiff and slippery,—ought to be railed off ;—all right,—and you are a member of the Canoe Club ; you ought to know something of navigation too—have you not sailed an Ocean Match with Charlie Malcolm of the Stock Exchange, in his fifty-ton flyer the “Stiff-Wig” from Gravesend to Ramsgate and back, and your uncle the “Earl” has promised you and friend Pelham Clayton, a cruise up the Mediterranean next winter in his noble schooner the *Geraldine*,—how awfully jolly ! Both of you are fond of studying character, so whilst the good hooker is bounding along towards the fishing grounds, you think it will be good fun to study the idiosyncracies of these poor unlettered, un-travelled, world-ignorant Paddies !—All right again—at it you go, you and Pelham exchange confidential winks, it is rude you know nevertheless, but what do these poor simpletons know of the ways of that great world with which you and Pelham are hand and glove.

“Suppose none of them have ever been away from their native place?”

“Anan yer honer?”

“Never been abroad—never travelled—except to—to fish?”

“What does his honer mane, Murty?”

“Arrah shure is’nt he axin ye wor any uv uz in furrin parts, Teague *alanna* !”

“O-o-oh—ay shure—ay-ay—thsk-thsk-thsk—that’s it is id—oh, aye

yer honer—yis bedad, some uv uz shure enough!—There's Barny Reilly there, that shock headed chap up forrid,—look up here Barny *avick* an' let his honor get a vacancy* at you! Barny was out wid McClintock afthur Sir John, oh, a powerful long way up among the ice, an' shure they thravelled wid sledges farther and longer than mortal min ever thravelled on frozen wather afore or since; an' a nice little man Mithur McClintock is—I mind well whin he was in the Gorgon,—be the same token I hear they have med a barrowknight uv him, an' well he desarved it. Well then there's Sam McQuade, one of the McQuades yer honer, are ye there Sam *mabouchal*? that curous looking customer there for-nins't yer honer—don't blush Sam, ye've dirt enough on yer face; that shkelp off his cheek yer honer's see,—oh, bedad that's a pattharn they kep uv his mazzard at the battle of the Pie-ho!—Oh, yes yer honer—some uv uz have seen quare places acrass the say,—shure an' again there's Paudien Roo—him wid the sou'-westher on—nothin' id do him bud he must needs be off with Mithur Brook, him that wint out among thim pirates—they med him Ray-ja uv Sarry-whack, an' ids a great escape intirely Paudien had that start, they wor near makin' soup uv him; och, shure they bate Irishmin to rags for fightin'—thim Male-ah's whin you'd think they wor lyin' dead, up id jump a thief uv the world, an' shkiver ye wid a little shinin knife crooked as a ram's horn; an' would ye believe id sir,—bud Paudien says they live in bamboo houses stuck up on poles, the naygurs. Well, there's Sim Donovan, I'm spakin' uv you now Sim! Sim was one uv the Shannon Brigade up wid Peel; ah yer honer *he* was a sailor,—none uv yer feather bed fly the decks, bud a raale sayman officer; 'pon my conscience I think he'd rather be ladin' his min, his boys he called thim, up to a batthery uv cannon any day, than to the best uv licker, an' that's Irish potheen; or flurtin' with the purtiest *colleen* that ever shouldered a creel uv turf; shure many a time, rest his sowl he's in glory now, he laughed at Sim, an' the min brakin' ther hearts wid laughin' too, whin he'd set the fiddle a'goin' an' he sitting straddle-legs on a gun, playin' the "Balthehorum Jig," or the "Cannie Soogah," or "Jackson's Mornin' Brush," or maybe the "College Horn-pipe," and the chaps makin' the gun hop along like a foot-ball uv a Sunday evenin'. Yis shure an there's a boy uv the Flanagans, hould up yer head Shamus ye *omadhaun* whin the gentlemin take notice uv ye!—nothin' id shute him bud he must go a sojerin, sorra a lie I tell ye! shure he'll show ye his medals, he was out wid Lord Gough agin' thim murtherin Sykes, a raale Lancer idself, and whin he was tired dhrillin holes wid his marlinspike, nothing id do him bud to volunteer for sarvice undher Sir Colin agin the Saypoys—the cowardly hounds:

* *Vacancy*, opportunity—opportunity to see.

bud shure what uv all that yer honer, we're only poor fishermin afther every thing's said and done!"

"And what may you have done in your time mine ancient timoneer?"

"Nothin' to spake uv yer honer, I was at Navarino wid Sir Edward, and thin to show I had no spite agin the Turk's in particler, I was captain uv a gun at the bombardmint of Saint Jane d'Aker!"

So good reader you look at friend Pelham, he looks at you, and perhaps the thought strikes both, that your study of character this time has resulted unexpectedly; these outcast wayfarers of the ocean have taken part in more stirring scenes, and witnessed more wondrous historical life, than quite consorts with your personal experiences; the veracity of the Spanish proverb strikes home, "you would cry wine, but have only vinegar to sell!" And when the veteran at the tiller remarks, "that what he and his mates have seen must be nothin' to what the likes of their honers id be goin' afther!" you don't half like that cunning twinkle of his keen grey eye; friend Pelham looks over the gunwale, and grinds out something between his teeth, that sounds marvellously like "confoundedly small!"

But I must on with my yarn.

Our little fishing haven is a type of its class, with perhaps some not unimportant advantages over the generality: the adjacent fishing grounds are considered the best on that prolific coast, the water is deep to the rocks, and inside the harbour there is sufficient to float a ship at all times of tide, whilst at its innermost extremity a gently sloping beach of sand and shingle forms a natural slip: a tidy fleet of hookers and canoes float alongside its rocky quays, are left high and dry by the tide, or hauled up on the beach, when not engaged in pursuit of their ordinary avocations; a goodly sized store stands convenient to the harbour, whilst studded about on gentle slopes, in sheltered recesses, or leaning against the massive rocks, are the cleanly cabins of our fishermen.

At the end of the valley on rising ground and overlooking the harbour, stand two cottages at some little distance apart, of more pretentious appearance and surroundings. Ivy, honeysuckle, and creeping rose give them that charming appearance of rustic luxury, which, however it may hint at a limited exchequer, denotes inhabitants of a cultivated taste and acquaintance with the refinements of superior society; neatly trimmed lawns and highly cultured little gardens form a striking contrast with the savage wildness by which they are encompassed, whilst substantial out-offices in the rear of each, betoken a fixity of residence that has failed not to exercise its influence in rendering them comfortable homes.

One of these is the residence of our chief, Major Reginald Thomas Fenton, a widower, who having served in all parts of the world in a marching regiment, has retired with his maiden sister—Dame Patience Fenton, his sole relative beside an only son, to contrive by means of a *princely* half pay, and the last few acres of what had once been a considerable patrimony (but of which our haven and its immediate surroundings form the most important remnant now,) to spend the remainder of a hitherto stormy life at ease, and provide as best he can for the future of his heir; for the Major, although descended from a royal and once wealthy race, has been a soldier of fortune, and like many another gallant follower of that fickle lady, contracted more intimate relations with her eldest daughter than he cares to be needlessly reminded of.

The other ivy clad mansion had been the residence of Captain Jervis Ventry, once the darling of the Grenadier Company of the dashing 8—th, and the companion in arms of the Major: kindred souls they had left their native county together—with visions of Field Marshals' batons looming before them: they had carried the colours shoulder to shoulder through more than one bloody fray, they had fought, and frolic'd, and flirted, and caroused in sworn comradeship through life's young day; but the Marshal's baton grew faint in the twilight; so brothers in spirit they retired from the race for martial fame, when younger men with longer purses leaped over their heads and obscured all hope of further advancement. Amused and occupied in the retreat they had chosen, they gradually infused somewhat of military habits and regularity into the Major's colony, until it flourished a-pace: like Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim they fought their campaigns over again, and never happier veterans rallied on a main body of claret, or effected a breach in a cooper of port, than Tom Fenton and Jerry Ventry. The winter previous to the period of my tale had been one of unwonted severity on our coast; fierce storms swept over our mountains and down through our valleys with a severity akin to Arctic cold; old wounds and an enfeebled constitution opposed a feeble barrier to such rude assaults, and one day Tom Fenton appeared on their favourite little parade ground—alone; the cheery companion, the true friend, and the christian soldier had gone; six feet of earth and a marble tablet marked the last encampment of Jervis Ventry, late Captain of Her Majesty's 8—th Regiment. The Major felt as if his right arm had gone to keep company with the one he had left at the memorable combat of Sobraon.

The return of Bryan Fenton from his apprenticeship to the sea, somewhat assuaged the Major's stern grief; soldiers or sailors are not supposed to have time for such refinement of sensibility; the fishing colony too

was thriving exceedingly, and having experienced to the full the buffetings that a roving life entail upon those without money or interest to back them up, his mind became occupied in maturing a plan for keeping Bryan at home, and between them to build up a competency for the future out of the treasures of the deep.

With the open generous disposition of a true sailor, Bryan united a chivalrous honor, and utter devotion to his father; his slightest wish was law to him, and though the spirited young mariner often sighed when stirring adventures in which he had borne part rose to memory, and recollections of a tender nature not unfrequently recalled sunnier climes, and witching eyes and sweet soft musical voices—yet resolutely he controlled the outbursts of passionate youth, and set himself down to co-operate heart and hand in the Major's all absorbing project.

I must satisfy you, good reader, that our colony has an identity, but I am bound not to reveal its true name, for irrespective of my obligations under that head, for which there are valid reasons, the Major will not suffer poaching on what he considers his preserves; nor would he forgive me did I direct commercial cupidity to attempt opposition on what he looks upon as his own special domain. Neither should I desire to mar the brilliant future that is all before friend Bryan, by attracting attention to the banks from which he laboriously and successfully draws his supplies, the security they afford is ample for his future, but might not be proof against an indiscriminate run.

We are situated on the seaward margin of a pretty extensive peninsula, which forms the protecting barrier of a noble bay that is much frequented by shipping, and in the bight of which stands a moderately important and busy sea-port town; but no commander that ever drops anchor in that bay, or merchant, or other denizen of that town, has the faintest notion that so secure a haven and so flourishing a colony are within a short day's journey.

As for discovering the haven of Tipperkevin from the sea, you might just as well sail in quest of the floating Island that is fabled to rise from the ocean at uncertain periods, within sight of our wild shores; once within its shelter, and the keenest eyed whaler that ever scanned waters from a crow's nest could discover nor mast, nor pennon, nothing save a seemingly unbroken wall of perpendicular rock; and it is probable gentle reader of mine that your ears never tingled with such an outlandish name, were it not for the strange circumstances that furnished me with materials for my tale.

The time is morning, the locality on board a powerful fishing Hooker of the coast, and the period of the year—advanced in spring.

"Oh, wirra-wirra, Masthur Bryan *asthore*, are we ever to have any luck at all, at all! shure now such a gait of goin' as is on the fish this blessed mornin', glory be to goodness for id, an' just see the way id's bankin' up there to the nor'-west; another half hour 'ill see the very shpot we're in all in a fair boil uv foam;—hooray my darlin's here's another thirty poundther if he's an ounce!—whish—aisy—aisy *avick*, fist us the gaff Murt Mahon I say, or this baste 'ill be whippin' the hook out wid his tail,—ugh, conshumin to ye—is id butther ye have on yer fingers this morning?—Now then—one—two—three—in wid him! Yer ayquil aint to be found this day on the banks of Newfoundland Murtagh—my born beauty; ye'd miss a whale uv ye had it alongside, wid yer jerkin yer eye up there to win'ard!"

"Ay, Barny Thornton, so would you too had you fout as many battles for yer life as I have from this same shpot, whin the *writin'* was in the shky as ids over you now; shure Masthur Bryan sees id forninst him wid his own two eyes this blessed minit!"

"Masthur Bryan is just thinking you are a pair of ill-omened croakers!" exclaimed a fine athletic youth from the stern sheets, "but here's a chance Murtagh to redeem your character, you used to be the best sun fish harpooneer we had old man,—look out now mine ancient ally, the pride of the bank will heave in sight directly, we are bound to finish the season well you know!" The muscles of his bare and powerful arms stood out like the strands of a new rope as he hove upon the tautened line, and an enormous cod fish rolled lazily to the surface; Murt Mahon made no mistake this time, and the huge captive soon lay gasping upon a heap of slain, which though large individually, seemed dwarfed by this mighty one of the sea.

"The head fish—the head fish, Masthur Bryan, as I'm a livin' man; oh, murther—an—oun's out lines now lads for your lives, an' we'll load the hooker down ——!"

Barny Thornton did not conclude his sentence; with a vigorous bound Murt Mahon sprang from the thwart at his side on to the hooker's forecastle, where steadying himself by the shrouds he peered eagerly from under his extended palm seaward.

"What now old weather spinner?" ejaculated his master with a hearty laugh, "see'st thou a young typhoon cradling down south, or is it the fairy island that greets your vision, with the morning sun glinting on its emerald mountains?"

"Hist masthur—hist yer honer—look a-yere, there's such a sight as has not gladdened my precious old eyes for many a long day!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE UNION JACK AND THE STARS AND STRIPES.

HAVING given in our September number an account of the match between the most celebrated of our English craft and the American yacht *Sappho*, we think it probable that some description of the latter, and a brief comparison as regards some essential points of build between her and her antagonists may prove interesting to those of our readers who have lately watched the progress of yachting and yacht building in the mother country.

It will be perhaps well, cursorily, to remind our readers of the visit of the first American yacht in these waters, which resulted in the celebrated "*America*" winning the Squadron Cup on the 28th August, 1851, her opponents being literally "nowhere". But though this is perfectly true and was not a little hurtful to our "*amour propre*," we have always been of opinion that it was more a proof of the undoubted slowness on the part of our English schooners, than a proof of any very great speed on the part of the *America*, and that all our builders were not to be condemned because our schooners were so defeated, as our cutters, though small in comparison, teased her very considerably. The fact is, that in constructing the larger class of vessels our builders were sadly behind others in this country who were turning out a smaller class of vessels, at that very time, of wonderful speed and power; one of which to this present day is holding her own against all improvements. The builders of our large craft very erroneously supposed in those days that speed was incompatible with good accommodation and sea going qualities, and consequently built vessels with such heavy displacement low down in the water that speed was out of the question.

The visit of the *America* no doubt helped to dispell this illusion, and was of immense benefit to our builders, who immediately took a lesson from abroad which they might as easily have taken from the Thames; they did however mend their ways, and the result of the second visit of an American yacht to these waters has been that we have turned the tables on our cousin and left *him* "nowhere," though we are bound to admit not under such satisfactory circumstances as we could have wished, as the *Sappho* was not ballasted as she ought to have been for such a trial.

The *Sappho* was off Southampton when we paid her a visit, and on getting to the end of the pier there was no mistaking the long sharp bow and the somewhat heavy counter of the American yacht. The next thing after having ascertained her whereabouts was to procure the means of transit, which was not such an easy matter, and it was only after some difficulty that we procured a boat and a couple of half sea, half shore,

going "Hermaphrodite" to pull her. But even then we had grave doubts as to whether our personal appearance, backed by our best shore-going togs, would ensure our admission on board the yacht when using such means of locomotion. The boat we had hired was utterly devoid of paint and external decoration, and about as dirty and "out-at-elbows" a looking transport as we had ever used,—half full of water, a muddy rope coiled in the centre with a colony of lob worms not far off, her bow adorned with a rusty and rust eaten anchor, and her stern with an old tin kettle with the bottom half out, made her externally and internally a most doubtful looking craft,—and was certainly very much against our admission on board the Sappho. But we had forgotten that she had come from the land where fraternity was something more than a name, so notwithstanding our motley crew and our dingy craft we were received on board with the same civility as if we had come in one of the best appointed yacht's gigs out of Cowes.

The mate was in charge when we stepped on board and he received us with all courtesy, showing us over the Sappho and giving us every information with a frankness and friendliness quite refreshing.

Stepping on deck one is much struck with what appears to be the great breadth of beam of the Sappho in proportion to her length, but this is in reality a delusion, her proportions, as regards beam and length varying but little from our own craft, but she is altogether so large a vessel that one is hardly prepared to see in a yacht such great beam staring one in the face as one steps on board; then one is accustomed also to see vessels of her size so full of lumber on deck that the total absence of any thing of the kind on board the Sappho, together with her small skylights, give her the appearance of even a larger craft than she is.

Aft of the main hatchway there is a large sort of well or cockpit which is a great convenience in many ways, but must be particularly so in a hot climate where with an awning over it and other little arrangements, it would form a species of upper saloon most enjoyable. Her decks though clean and neat are not kept with that scrupulous nicety which is considered essential on board an English yacht.

Her spars are of yellow pine and look enormous, but I should doubt their being so large in proportion as those of the Alarm, excepting the boom, which hangs over the taffrail to an extent that is somewhat startling even to us who are not a little accustomed to such disproportions; and how her crew, which consists only of seven A.B's, besides the usual staff, can handle such a stick is matter of considerable surprise to us, even though the said crew should all be of the same build as our friend the

mate, whose frame seemed cast after the pattern of a pocket Hercules. Her bowsprit is no spar at all, but consists of a part of the vessel herself, being regularly framed and built on to the bow, so that in reefing the staysail the crew do not leave the deck.

The accommodation below is what one would expect of a vessel of her class, but with the exception of two or three cabins she is not fitted up in the way that our vessels are planned. There is one very large saloon decorated with much taste, and all round this saloon are berths far too like those on board some of our steamers to be agreeable. Forward of this saloon on the starboard side is the owner's or captain's cabin, with a fine four-poster in it, of sufficient dimensions for Daniel Lambert, and it is altogether a most comfortable apartment,—a much fitter name for it than any other we can find in our nautical dictionary.

The cooking cabin, steward's pantry, &c., &c., are very well arranged and kept in perfect order, and we had almost forgotten an "ice house," which completed her arrangements for "creature comforts." And now we come to her model which hangs up in the saloon and which enables us with the Sappho herself before us to draw some comparison between her and her antagonists.

There is a good deal of hollow in her midship section, and in this respect she is very unlike the old America, always supposing that the lines given of her in Mr. Marett's book are correct; but the Sappho's midship section must be very like those of the Aline and Cambria, as I find that the former carries 76 tons of ballast, the latter 65, while the Sappho is half way between, the two carrying 70 tons; but inasmuch as this ballast was all of iron, and ten tons of it of scrap iron, she was clearly not in trim to sail in the match of September last.

Her greatest breadth of beam is apparently just below the water line, and from the water line she tumbles in to the deck like the Oimara, giving her a very buoyant and at the same time powerful appearance.

The difference of draught of water between Sappho, Aline, and Cambria is not so very great, as the small table at the end will show, nor is there much difference between the proportion of the three as regards breadth and length, but the principal difference is in the different bows and afterbodies of the three craft. The bow of the American vessel is much longer than those of our English vessels, so long indeed that it is not easy to say where it ends. Such great length of bow naturally affects the after-body in a given length, so that we find the after-body heavier in the Sappho than is generally seen on this side the Atlantic, where the builders contend that the two ends should correspond so far as practicable. It really comes to this, in our opinion, that the difference

between the Sappho, Aline, and Cambria lies in the ballast, bows and after-bodies, besides there is more hollow in the former's midship section; she carries less ballast in proportion, and consequently has less displacement. It is a great pity that the former was not properly ballasted when she came over, that it might have been seen, with regard to the other differences, whether the excessive long bow and short afterbody is to be preferred before our own style and build.—For our part we think not.

Names of Yachts,	Length.		Breadth.		Draught of Water.		Ballast. Tons.
	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	Forward. ft. in.	Aft. ft. in.	
Aline	104	6	21	10	8 0	11 0	76
Cambria	103	0	21	1	8 4	12 6	65
Sappho.....	128	0	26	0	9 0	11 6	70

The Sappho is built of oak throughout, and may possibly find an owner on this side of the Atlantic who will get her in proper trim and enable us to see which are the better lines.

MEMS FROM AMERICA.

THE event of prominence in the aquatic world and incident to the inauguration of a brilliant campaign is an announcement from the New York Yacht Club that amounts to a genuine sensation—a sensation that takes precedence of all the choice programmes in the yachting circles of this season, it being nothing less than the establishment of a new Club-house within the limits of the romantic and picturesque boundaries of Staten Island. It is a movement desired by all who entertain a passion for the noble pastime of yachting—all who love, amid the beautiful and pleasant in nature and the elegant in architecture, to watch the graceful curvetings of the crack pleasure vessels of America. ;

Since the year 1844, when the little Gimcrack had on board the few gentlemen that, advocating the systematic fostering of the noble art of yachting—which is instrumental in the development of great usefulness—organized the New York Yacht Club, its head-quarters have been the little cottage structure upon the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, furnished them by the munificence of Commodore Stevens. It is now to be abandoned ; but around its limited area there have been repeated pleasant aquatic scenes. As years rolled on the club was augmented by the addition of gentlemen prominent in business and social circles, many of whom built and added vessels whose symmetry of proportion and artistic

lines have again and again received the commendation of the yachtsmen of every port where they have flaunted to the breeze the neat emblem of the organization. Although not being able to equal, perhaps their foreign brethren in point of numbers, they have been left far to leeward regarding perfection of model and capacity for speed. From first to last the vessels of the New York Yacht Club have been the superior of all similar specimens of naval architecture, and their achievements of in strange seas, individually and collectively, have proven them justly appreciated.

The development of the club continued in matter of boats and members until forty of the former and four hundred of the latter were upon its records. This disproportion of vessels and gentlemen of the society was in itself of great regret, enhanced by the known fact that many of them seldom visited the chaste cottage environed with the noble oaks about the adjoining grounds. Annual meetings to them were of but little pleasure, and but once a year during the June regattas, where with the fair sex of the city they met on the decks of an accompanying steamboat, was there any semblance of a general reunion. Sipping ices was poor and unsatisfactory diversion to many of these; the frequent social meeting of the members seemed more and more requisite, and thus larger head-quarters, a grander domain, a building of more extreme utility of space, comfort of arrangements, a model of architectural beauty, far out "by the sea,"

"Where surges lash the sounding shore,"

if necessary, was decided to be the desideratum. And thus the energetic, discriminating officers of the club, fully appreciating this need, were instrumental in the appointment of a committee at a general meeting last autumn to inquire into the expediency of removing the club head-quarters to a more fitting place. During the winter favorable progress was reported by the committee, and at the last general meeting, held but a few days since, it was decided by unanimous vote, amid expressions of satisfaction that were of an exceedingly pleasant nature, that the location of the club-house should henceforth be in the village of Clifton, Staten Island, where there is much that is pleasing in art and beautiful in nature.

THE NEW CLUB HOUSE—A "COTTAGE BY THE SEA."

Where the projects of the many undertakings heretofore connected with the existence of the club were marked to an extent by disconnected efforts, in this, the selection of the new club-house—the most important movement since the organization—there has been commendable combination, a unity of purpose, suggestive and suitable to the impulsive,

volatile American character. It was a wondrous step forward and wondrously popular, and now there is possessed by the club the finest aquatic rendezvous in the world. The Royal Yacht Clubs of Great Britain, whose dates of organization are back in the dim distance and whose members count their wealth by millions sterling, have not in extent, in surroundings, in ornamentation, in beauty of location, where nature and art so effectively enrapture the sense of sight, nor within such proximity to the "rolling deep," a house equal to the one just selected.

Its location naturally brings into notice the romantic and pleasant villa of Clifton. The symmetry in which nature has moulded its rustic features and the harmony and proportion with which almost every irregularity or bold feature of the form and tangled landscape is balanced make it peculiarly pleasing to the eye and inviting to the lover of a semi-rustic life. Many of its residences rest half concealed amid the umbrageous groves that adorn the plateaus, in peculiar keeping with the mild beauties of the locality. There is nothing of rigidity in either the laying out of the grounds or the architecture of the buildings; on the contrary, there is a freedom of style and a pleasing *abandon* of the architecture to a consonance with the requirements of the peculiar situation that strikes the observer as naively beautiful.

The approach to the club-house is by the time honored steamboat ride to the "lower landing" of Staten Island, then along a wide gravelled avenue called New York, upon the sides of which many embowered residences are scarcely visible through a vista of trees. A pleasant walk of five minutes and Pennsylvania avenue is reached, running at right angles with it east and west, and turning into its pleasant, breezy limits, marked by artistic adornments, a moment's walk toward the broad bay of New York at its foot, and the late residence of Mr. Nathaniel Wolfe, overshadowing this sweeping body of water, with its snowy sails, its gliding vessels and gallant steamers is found.

Entering the grounds by a curiously contrived, but pretty wooden gate, a broad, sweeping, gravelled carriage road is reached, which afterward inspected extends in a circle about the entire place. Proceeding by many of the winding, smoothly constructed paths through figures of rare plants, the residence is reached; it is of wood, in appearance full of beauty, comfort, fine in proportion, grand in area—a place suggestive of the forgetfulness of life's cares, a place of sweet repose. Its broad western door is shaded by the sweeping branches of a beautiful weeping willow, while from the windows, relieved by trellissed balconies, the unique flower gardens, flower urns, greenhouses and quaint outbuildings,

where the rarest "buds of promise" are born and bloom the year round, are in prominent view. Passing through this door were steps into a broad hall, running north and south, which leads to the second story staircase, to the kitchen below and to enclosed outhouses, the latter surrounded with an elliptical fence of wood. Crossing the hall, the parlor, cosily resting and extending through the centre of the house east and west, is reached, and the eye falls with pleasure upon the articles of *virtu* and ornamentation abounding lavishly. A large sitting room on the south and dining room on the north of the parlor, with a "spare" room, all communicating with it, also extend to the depth of the house, containing specimens of art which cultivation would alone suggest: ascending the broad stairway five large sleeping chambers lead from a wide hall, and above these is an attic, where there is also room and comfort, and from which the view is superbly grand. Beneath the parlor are the kitchen, laundry, tiers of closets and a large furnace that transmits through the house a genial warmth; hot and cold water extend from cellar to attic.

From the eastern or grand piazza, guarded by two noble silver maples, the view of sweeping lawns and magnificent terraces is very grand, and down through a garden of exceeding beauty, and in a high state of cultivation, the ground leaps to the Bay of New York, where against the dividing line its waves break gently with musical rippling. The range of vision here extends along the whole shore of Staten Island, against whose hills the white cottages here and there stand out in relief to the eye. As the glance extends farther beyond Jersey City is seen, and farther still, seemingly, New York, with its steeples, its minarets and castellated towers. Looking across the bay, Brooklyn, in the beauty of its swelling, verdure clad hills, its thick clusters of foliage, neat villas, and again towards the "gate of the sea," the grim hideous battlements of Forts Lafayette and Hamilton loom up suggestively. Still, again, oceanward that sandy beached, deliciously morselled, clam-obtaining island called Coney, shining dazzlingly, gives relief to the unbroken blue expanse of water beyond. By the house, so near that a biscuit could be tossed to their decks, float to and fro, weaving the webs of commerce, dainty sailing vessels, mingling with the inanimate monsters that

"Like leviathans afloat

Lie their bulwarks on the tide."

Beside the beautiful, sprinkled abundantly about the grand expanse of ground, are silver maple, spruce, cherry and other trees, with shrubbery and hedges of arbor vitæ, that give imposing perfectness to the correct taste that suggested and carried into execution their details of

arrangement. Good judgment in the character of rare plants and vines with a profusion of artistic and natural ornamentation, are everywhere seen. In connection with the out-buildings, a commodious stable and coach house must be enumerated, as they will become indispensable. These are efficiently arranged and artfully concealed from view of the cottage by a hedge of thrifty shrubbery. Such is the new club-house of the New York Yacht Club.

GRAND EFFECT OF THIS AQUATIC STRIDE.

It is the generally accepted opinion among owners of yachts and those that love the exhilarating pastime that this jump, this onward, striding step, will favorably revolutionize to a marked degree the workings of the club. It points unerringly to the period when this organization will occupy the proud position of one, if not the most influential aquatic association extant, even as it now possesses the sauciest, swiftest pleasure vessels. This important action will surround all their future movements with greater *eclât*, will draw together at the opening yearly regattas increased throngs of the fair sex, will cause greater competition among the members in the possession of dainty craft—in a word, will give greater *prestige*, greater brilliancy, and more prominent association to every one of the many innumerable occasions with which the name of the club is annually associated. It is understood that to inaugurate the opening with effect, the regatta has been for a time deferred that the club-house at Clifton and its surrounding grounds may be in readiness for the event, and the thousands that witness it with unaffected delight. It will be of such unapproachable brilliancy that the ladies who, but the preceding week in their beautiful toilets, the reflex of all that is lovely and fascinating, and their gallant cavaliers that looked with eager eyes to the performances of the superb horses, at Jerome Park, will wish hour by hour for the rapid strides of time that they may join the festivities. They will be of such a nature as to mark a new era in the club's history, as it is rumoured that elegant and comfortable steamboats will convey the members and their ladies to and around the course of contest, and upon its termination invite them to the inspection of the broad limits of the club-house, throwing open the exquisitely beautiful grounds at the same time, and amid delightful music they will wend their way about its winding paths. The day's festivities will brilliantly and fittingly close with a *bal champetre*. This occasion, carried out in all its contemplated grandeur and happy details, will vie with Jerome Park in marking the two grand days of this year in the world of pleasure of the metropolis.

Another rumour that suggests the increased comfort, the cultivation

of social feelings and naturally a greater interest in all that pertains to renewed zeal in aquatic matters is, that a committee selected from the club, competent to carry out in detail all its arrangements, have provided a restaurant in the club-house, where the "choicest viands and delicacies of the season" may be obtained. Its *cuisinier* will not be excelled in his art, as proficiency will alone be the cause of selection. Here the tired workers of the city, members of the club, after an invigorating sail down the Bay during the sweating, debilitating days of July and August, can resort, and amid the breezy retreats of the club-house, with dinner *à la carte*, find pleasure, contentment and rest. If desirous of protracting their visit through the night the spacious chambers on the second floor, suggestive of refreshing slumbers, present accommodations of a pleasantly superior character. Again, when not inclined to sail and for a moment, weary of cigar or pipe weary of enjoying their *dolce far niente* in watching the graceful curvettings of the yachts as they lie or glide in and out of the broad anchorage, and commenting on their manoeuvres, they may vary the extreme felicity which surrounds the spot by selecting from the stable adjacent, horses as they require, and speeding along the roads of Staten Island, proverbial for their excellence far away and

"Over the hills among the heather."

adding another pleasurable remembrance to their visits that will be refreshing.

Such are the advantages the New York Yacht Club has secured in the selection of this spot of aquatic and rural loveliness for their new club-house, and such will be the enjoyments of its many present and many prospective members that, looking back upon periods dwelt within its domain and anticipating future festal occasions, they will with renewed willingness accept the sentiment embodied in the sweet lines—

"Joyful hail the coming morrow
In the cottage by the sea."

New York Weekly Herald.

THE prizes offered by the Vice-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, J. G. Bennett, Esq., during the late cruise, were sailed for in the Lower Bay. It will be remembered that they were originally to be sailed for at New Bedford, but ultimately the contest was postponed until the return home of the brilliant fleet of vessels comprising the squadron.

The wind was pretty brisk, and the sea was quite lively enough to satisfy the dignity and expectations of the most fastidious amateur salt. It seemed, indeed, as though the elements were in grave earnest that

the close of the season should be attended with all that could make it pleasant and satisfactory. The prizes offered by Mr. Bennett were one for sloops, and one for schooners also, the vessels to be the property of members of the club. The course was from the anchorage off the club-house at Clifton, Staten Island, to the buoy of the South-west Spit, passing it to the west and south; thence to the light-ship, rounding it the northward and eastward, and thence home to the stake-boat moored off the anchorage at Staten Island. There was no allowance of time given for any difference in tonnage or canvas of the boats belonging to either rig. This rule made the contest doubly exciting. In order that the race should be devoid of tedium it was specified that the distance should be performed by one yacht of either class. The judges were Messrs. M. H. Grinnell, Robert S. Hone, and George L. Schuyler. At 9h. 28m. the boat left the pier, bearing as merry a party as ever yet ventured upon the waters of the bay. The sail down was a charming one; nautical converse was of course the order of the day, and amateurs who did not understand anything about the marine profession were by no means the least loquacious. Opposite the grounds of the club-house were the sea-horses waiting for the signal to commence the trial of speed with eager anxiety. They comprised the famous aquatic celebrities :—

Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Addie V.	sloop	44	J. Voorhis, jun., Esq.
White Wing	sloop	63	J. Homan, Esq.
Gracie	sloop	58	W. Voorhis, Esq.
Sadie	sloop	60	J. B. Hershoff, Esq.
Palmer	schooner	194	R. F. Loper, Esq.
Phantom	schooner	123	H. B. Stebbins, Esq.
Sylvie	schooner	106	E. Dodge, Esq.

It may be doubted, with reason, if a prettier little fleet ever rested on the bosom of the sea in either hemisphere. The wind was very light from the south-east. At 10h. 50m. a.m. the starting gun was discharged, and the boats got away magnificently. The sole exception to this was Palmer, whose anchor was found to be dragging, thus leaving her a good way astern of her competitors. No decided advantage was gained by any of the yachts until the Narrows were gained, and the sight was really very charming to the large number of the spectators. Here, however, Sylvie, being well to the windward, took a decided lead, the wind also having freshened slightly. Of the sloops Addie V. began to show to the fore, Sadie and Gracie keeping well together astern. White Wing brought up the line of battle.

Once through the Narrows the sloops increased their lead, and drew away from their more huge companions, who looked like giants pursuing an army of white-winged pigmies. The south-west spit buoy was rounded as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Addie.....	12	59	0	Phantom	1	19	0	Nettie	1	22	30
Sadie	1	0	0	Sylvie	1	20	30	Gracie	1	30	0
White Wing	1	0	45								

Once the spit was rounded, the canvas bellied out to the fast increasing breeze, and each craft showed a clean pair of heels for the light-ship ; while no mishap as yet happened to any of the yachts but the Addie V., which carried away her jib-topsail. Staysails and balloon jibs were now the order of the day, and all the yachts kept in a cluster on their course toward the light-ship, although Phantom was rapidly overhauling her antagonists by a series of judicious tacks. White Wing got ahead of Sadie and Gracie, and was coming up closely behind Addie V., while Palmer, now she had more wind, gained rapidly on Sylvie, despite of ebb tide which was strongly against the whole fleet, when the light-ship was rounded as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Addie V.	2	53	30	Sadie	3	5	50	Sylvie	3	27	40
White Wing	2	54	10	Phantom	3	14	45	Palmer	3	31	10
Gracie	3	0	45								

The race home promised the best sport of the day, for the wind had now increased to an eight-knot breeze, and every sail drew. The Addie V. still retained her lead, but the White Wing and Sadie were closely in pursuit, while the Gracie was evidently bent on holding her own. The wind, however, was a little too strong for the smaller boats, and the schooners consequently began to show in front. A splendid run was made for the Narrows, and shortly after five o'clock the stake-boat Vesta was rounded in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Phantom	5	14	0	Gracie	5	17	30	Sadie	5	23	0
Addie V.	5	17	10	White Wing	5	18	30	Palmer	5	24	5

Phantom and Addie V. were consequently the winners of their respective classes, and were received with loud cheers and a regular *feu de joie* from the surrounding yachts as they brought up at their anchorage. This race was one of the finest yachting contests of the year, and showed to the best the sailing properties of the various craft. The course in a straight line was just 40 miles, but considering the various tacks made towards the light-ship, this distance must have been increased by nearly 20 miles ; and the whole race was completed within

an hour of the time specified. The yachts were handled in a style which evinced them to be manned by thorough sailors, and no exception can be taken to a single manœuvre during the entire race.—*Spirit of the Times.*

THE BOSTON YACHT CLUB.

AS THE pioneer organization in this section of the country this should be first mentioned. The successes and failures of last year have both served to keep alive the spirit of emulation among its members, and the hand of improvement is everywhere visible among the several yachts which comprise the fleet. Five new sailing yachts and a steam yacht have been added, and most of the others have been subjected to more or less amendments and alterations, which have been in some cases quite extensive. During the past winter an act of incorporation has been granted by the legislature, and some steps have been taken looking to the purchase or erection of a building suitable for the club purposes. The probability is, however, that nothing will be done in this direction during the present season, but in due time the club will no doubt possess itself of a structure worthy of the fame of the organization and the financial resources of its members.

An article has been incorporated into the by-laws of the club admitting yachts of all other regular organized clubs to compete for prizes on equal terms, the only condition being that a corresponding privilege shall be granted to yachts of the Boston Club by the clubs of which such competitors are members.

The new yachts of the club are the Curlew, Mr. G. Baird; Madcap Mr. H. B. Jackson; Pilgrim, Mr. A. Lothrop; Elaine, G. B. Durfee; sloop yacht, built by J. B. Herreshoff of Bristol, R. I., for Mr. R. H. I. Goddard; and a steam yacht built by the same firm for Mr. S. Shove. The names of the two last we have not been able to ascertain. Two of these yachts are not positive additions to the club, the Madcap being a successor to the Marie, and the Pilgrim taking the place of the J. Q. Adams.

The Curlew is a centre-board schooner yacht built by C. B. Harrington of Bath, Me., 40 feet long on the water-line, 41 7-10 on deck, 13 feet beam, 5 feet 8 inches depth of hold, 3½ feet draft of water without centre-board, and 8½ feet with centre-board. She carries about 450 yards of canvas, is thoroughly built in every respect, finished in a plain and substantial style, and provided with two state rooms, a water closet, basin, cook room, &c.

The Pilgrim which is the work of the same builder, is in many respects the duplicate of the Curlew, her dimensions being exactly the same, except her beam, which is 14 instead of 18 feet. She is sloop-rigged and carries a few yards more canvas than her mate. She carries a jib-topsail but no flying jib. She is furnished with iron wire shrouds which are made fast at the foot by a new device which involves the application of a packing of india rubber in such manner as to give an elastic rather than a dead strain. This ensures all the advantages of of a hemp shroud and at the same time avoids the liability to stretch, to which hemp shrouds are subject. A device involving a similar principle is also applied to the traveller, which breaks the force of the shock which is often experienced as the boom swings to leeward in coming about. The cabin of the Pilgrim is furnished with two state-rooms and ample sleeping accommodation of the ordinary kind, and is provided with several lockers, a water closet and wash basin. Forward of her trunk deck she is provided with a booby-hatch, which gives comfortable height as well as light and ventilation to her cook room and forecastle. Her interior finish is panelled wood grained. A noticeable feature of her exterior construction is that her wale streaks, which are of oak, extend from end to end without a break. Her bottom planking is of hard pine.

The Madcap presents many peculiarities and improvements in construction, and is likely for these reasons, as well as others, to attract considerable attention among the yachting fraternity. She is a centre-board schooner yacht, built by Mr. C. W. Conners at Sullivan, Me. Her dimensions are as follows: length on water line about 42 feet, length on deck 45 feet, beam 12 feet, depth of hold 6 feet; she draws 5 feet of water without centre-board, and her centre-board, which is of galvanized iron and weighs 1,700 lbs, drops $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet more. She carries about 425 yards of canvas.

Among the novelties which she presents is a device which supersedes the use of hoops upon the mast, and the ordinary lashings by which the sail is attached to the gaff and boom. It consists of a galvanized iron rail or groove along the mast and spars, through which pass metallic slides which are attached to the edges of the sail. The only lashings required are one at each corner of the sail, which, being cut, the sail can be entirely removed at once. This mode of attaching to the mast gives a neater appearance, and it is believed is in every way as safe and convenient as the usual method.

The Madcap carries a flying jib, and a bonnet both in her jib and foresail. Her mainsail is provided with a reefing boom, which avoids

the necessity of going out upon the main boom while reefing. Her main boom extends 12 feet beyond the taffrail, and from her stem to the end of the jib-boom is $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet. She is provided with a yawl boat and dory, the former being constructed with a centre-board, and she has two pairs of davits for swinging them. Her standing rigging is of wire. Leech ropes are dispensed with in her sails, and their place supplied by several thicknesses of canvas sewed through and through. She has an improved anchor of English manufacture, which holds with both flukes. Her figure head is an open-mouthed dragon. She has considerable dead rise and displays her sheer to good advantage. Her cabin accommodations are ample. The cabin is 14 feet in length and 5 feet 10 inches in height, handsomely finished with hard wood mouldings. A water closet, ice chest and wash room are among her accommodations. A skylight, 3 feet by 2 feet, and six composition screw bull's eyes in the trunk, afford abundant light and ventilation. She is provided with a transparent tell-tale compass and steers with a wheel, as also do the Pilgrim and Curlew.

The Elaine is a centre-board sloop yacht, built by the day for Mr. Durfee, who is a member of the Club, in a thorough and elaborate style, without regard to expense. She is about 52 feet length by 18 beam of about 45 tons capacity, old measurement.

The yacht built at Bristol for Mr. Goddard is a centre-board sloop 40 feet long 13 feet beam, and carries 450 yards of canvas in her standing sails. Her cabin has two state rooms and is finished in enamel white and black walnut, with gilt trimmings. She has a forecastle and kitchen forward.

This steam yacht built for Mr. Shove is a propeller, 60 feet long, 12 feet wide with guards: has a thirty horse-power double engine with a boiler of the same power. Her cabin is finished in the same manner as the sloop yacht.

The Juniata, the yacht of Vice-Commodore Manning, has been thoroughly overhauled and renovated during the winter and now comes forth one of the best appointed, and, as heretofore, one of the largest yachts of the fleet. A new deck has been laid and her length over all has been increased about three feet, making her now 89 instead of 86 feet. A new and commodious standing room has been constructed, and in making these changes opportunity has been taken to give her more sheer, thereby improving her outward appearance. She has been supplied with a new suit of sails, by which a considerable increase is made to her total yards of canvas. Her mainsail has been enlarged and she carries both a flying jib and-topsail. Her foresail is of the lug pattern.

She spreads now about 1300 yards of canvas, Her cabin interior has been refitted and improved in several particulars.

The Glimpse, in the hands of Messrs, Brown and Lovell, re-appears quite a different craft in many respects, having experienced as Shakspeare might say, quite

“———Sea change

Into something new and strange.”

She is furnished with a new trunk increased in height but diminished in length from the former, by which her cabin has six feet height in the clear, and a capacious standing room is gained aft. Two commodious state rooms have been constructed, one on each side of the companion way. Another large state room is supplied amidships alongside the cooking room, leaving ample cabin accommodation, with two berths on each side. There are besides four berths in the forecastle—everything being fitted up in thorough and elegant style. In addition to these improvements on her hull, she is provided with a new suit of sails measuring about 700 yards.—*Boston Journal*.

A UNIFORM CODE OF BUOYAGE.

THERE is a question fraught with deep and grave interest to the naval and mercantile marine of this country, and one that had much better be asked promptly, and as equally answered, 'ere some disaster akin in its melancholy importance to the traditional calamity called “Killing a Bishop,” demands the explanation in a manner as peremptory, as it may prove seriously unpleasant.

That question simply is “what are the interests committed to the charge of that eminently dictatorial and apparently irresponsible body, entitled—The corporation of the Trinity House;” and are those interests attended to consonantly with the vast importance they involve?

We have endeavoured vainly to define, or even decently summarize, what the duties are of the thirty-one royal, noble, and distinguished personages, who constitute that mystic fraternity denominated the master, deputy master, and elder brethren of the Trinity Board.

Such popular information as was, or is, available, seems curiously analagous to the nature of that weather, which “Jack” so consumedly hates, viz:—*Hazy*.

Blue books partake so largely in their composition of that intellectual lucidity which modern literalists aptly designate as “Bradshaw,” that their study eventuates in still more bewildering perplexity.

We confess to a “category” as worthy Captain Truck would say,

and neither Grotius nor Vattel, nor yet the astute Puffendorf can avail us in our perplexity; the Trinity Board seems like Artemus Ward's cat, "a curious specimen of an'mated natur."

With a devotion to the development of this mystery of our times, that few might give us credit for, we decided upon a pilgrimage to that maritime Mecca, that Ultima Thule of modern London—Tower Hill,—save the mark! with a not much clearer notion of what awaited our head in that classic locality, than many an one who made a similar journey long, long, ago.

From the external respectability of the building there pointed out, there appeared positive evidence of local habitation, however doubtful the name might savour; and deludedly we anticipated a solution of the distracting doubts that so long have perturbed our nightly rest: on advancing towards the portals of this awe-inspiring edifice, appearances ill-consorted with the hope of meeting with a Cumæan Sibyl in the halls of Trinity-cum-Tower Hill, on that day at least. A glorious standard, a standard we honor and revere, waved its gorgeous folds high above the granite temple; attendants rarely dight in blue and gold and flashing scarlet, rushed frantically to and fro; rare odours of Callipash and Cal-lipée, of roast and boiled, of fried and broiled, floated tantalizingly in the air, and twitched the not unwilling olfactory nerve with such a pungent sharpness, that involuntarily the exclamation broke forth, "let digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!" "Surely here is some mistake!" quoth we, "here be some palatial dwelling devoted to Apician or Lucullian orgies, to the triumphs of a Carême, an Ude, or a Soyer; a college for Aristologists, perhaps the *sanctum* of L'Almanach des Gourmands, or yet another 'House of the Brigata Spendereccia'—*vide*, Dante's Inferno!"

A little shrewd exercise of that editorial and estimable quality—an enquiring mind, speedily dispelled these illusions; it was the Trinity House—but we were unfortunate in three respects, the day—the hour—and being unbidden; the banquet was laid—and the minstrels,—yes,—they did play; and burly old Neptune abdicated his throne for the nonce to the more grateful administration of an accomplished Amphytrion.

We went to shear and we came away—well, not exactly shorn, for we accomplished the fact that if other duties under the circumstances were difficult to eliminate, one at least was tolerably well defined—the elder brethren must dine, in corporate capacity, at least once a year, and that right royally. Well so be it,—it is a goodly honest old John Bull custom, and were they but as observant, judicious, and discriminating in the discharge of other *devoirs* we wot of, let the banquet be

celebrated monthly say we! well would the brethren earn their feast, and never a carking voice would cry 'em "hold enough!"

But though Dukes and such like exalted personages must dine, it is no resultant thereof that "Jemmy Ducks's" must drown; and however irreconcilable elegant episodes of convivial festivities may be with hard, vulgar, every-day common-places, yet like the knights of old seeking slyly for a chink in their adversaries armour, so we with our grey goose quill must e'en seek a chink in the panoply of proof donned by the invincible champions of that mystic hill; and this banquet suggestive of gorgeous light and the expansive frankness congenital with post prandial candour, leads us soberly and discreetly to ask, without blare of trumpet, brattle of Coldstream drum, or herald voice of toast master, do these most puissant noble, and gallant brethren assemble so cheerfully, with such honesty of purpose, and earnestness of deed, around the green cloth of that board room table, to enter calmly and incisively into the wants and necessities of those humbler personages vulgarly called mariners, whom it is part of their duty to watch over and provide with light and beacon and path directing buoy, so that they too may come occasionally to their homes and dine, with as equal facility and safety as the luxurious chariot, bearing joyous banquetters, may be conned through the difficult lagoons that lead into Tower Hill bay?

In our numbers of July and September 1867, and January and March 1868, we took occasion to draw public attention to the extremely unsatisfactory, if not dangerous, state in which the buoyage of many of our most important ports are, under the supervision and management (?) of the Trinity Board: the subject has since grown in magnitude and importance amongst those who go down to the Sea in ships, and whose business is on the great waters, and very grave indeed are the interests involved in this question,—a vast amount of commerce, and as equal a stake of human life. It has repeatedly been urged upon the Trinity Board the necessity of improving and reducing to some regular system the mode of buoying those ports, roadsteads, and bays of our coasts that are under their jurisdiction. It is but natural to suppose that a body composed of such distinguished and accomplished individuals would be the first in precept and example to adopt, and carry out every improvement that science and skill could bring to bear; the more particularly where the doing so would simplify and render vastly more safe the navigation of our shores, and mark the sea-gates of the kingdom like the beaten pathways of the land. Where these suggestions but the mere enthusiastic emanations of theorists and experimenters, the supineness of the Trinity Corporation might deserve the name of prudence; but where

on the contrary convincing proofs of the immense benefits that must accrue to a maritime country like Great Britain, from her coasts being buoyed all round in such a simple and comprehensive manner, and that such a system was actually in use on the coast of Scotland, on the coasts of the United States, of France, and of Holland, it naturally causes the enquiry why this was, or is, not done: that enquiry is however answered by the recent acts of the Trinity Board, who setting at defiance the opinions expressed in memorials from such ports as Bristol, Newcastle, Cardiff, and others, respectfully asking that a Universal System of Buoyage should be adopted, has demonstrated its intention to do as it pleases, anything to the contrary notwithstanding being advanced to secure life and property. It will scarcely be believed that in this nineteenth century age of progress, that a corporate body charged with the administration of interests affecting vitally the prosperity and commerce of a great kingdom, would exhibit ignorance in such matters; but when in addition to this the pig-headed obstinacy of self opinion and red-tape shows above the surface, to the prejudice of what practical experience points out as right, it is time to put an end to such doings by the means these maritime legislators affect to despise.

We confidently assert that the so-called system of buoyage recently, or rather in the year 1860, adopted by the Trinity Board, and exemplified now by a costly expenditure of public funds in two such important localities as the Bristol Channel and the approaches to Portsmouth, is a disgrace to the age; and we cannot but think upon reading over the names composing the board of elder brethren, and where naval talent and seamanlike experience is apparently amply represented, either that their confidence has been most foully abused or misplaced, that the subject has not been properly brought under their consideration, or that some under current of individual interest unknown by them is acting prejudicially to the interests of the maritime public. We cannot understand for our lives what the Lords of the Admiralty and the Board of Trade can be about to suffer such wilful waste of public money, such a gross perversion of power, such an utter disregard of effectiveness, and such a deliberate and wanton contempt for the requests and opinions of so large a body of English merchants and ship-owners as those who signed the memorials we before alluded to.

We would ask the brethren of the Trinity Board has the promiscuous and most dangerous system of buoyage they have recently laid down in the British Channel, at Spithead, the Needles, the Solent, the Owers and Looe Stream, received the approbation of the Board of Trade? we trow not! Has it elicited congratulations from Whitehall, most certainly not. If we err not it is now some six years since the Board

of Trade signified its approval of what the Trinity brethren then had in embryo, a System of Buoyage, and the approval then given if our memory serves us right was, that the Board stipulated, that for simplifying and rendering the coast navigation safer, in any contemplated change of buoyage, there should be *chequered buoys* on the one side, and *whole coloured* on the other, instead of whole coloured on both sides. Well let us see how the magnates of Tower Hill administered this most important revolution, let it be remembered involving not only the interests of our commerce, but likewise the highways to our great naval arsenals. *They did nothing for six years.* In the meantime a simple, safe, and economical system of Universal Buoyage has been proving itself, not only on part of our own shores, but on those of other great commercial nations : were the elder brethren or their executive officers asleep and dreaming during this time ? we fear not, we rather think that appearances indicate a wilful disregard of anything that came between the wind and their nobility, and that for some reason or other, and this reason we want to arrive at, the interests of navigation have been sacrificed to some unknown power, which awakening suddenly in 1867-68 gives us the monstrous jumble of confusion that is now to be seen broadcast over the Solent and Bristol Seas, and which either official audacity or statesmanlike sophistry daringly asserts has the authority and sanction of the Board of Trade.

We have in our previous articles gone so fully into the very beautiful and simple system of Universal Buoyage, perfected by a well known naval officer, whose life time has been one long experience of subjects of this nature, that to recapitulate it would not only be a work of supererogation, but perhaps leave us open to the charge of partizanship : we care not whose system is adopted, so that it be a tried and acknowledged good one ; but we think the fact that Captain Bedford's system having been tried and proved on the shores of Scotland, America, Holland, and France, and fulfilling all and every requirement and contingency demanded, is a very convincing proof that if simplicity and effectiveness constitute excellence, here it is.

We think it imperative on the Admiralty and Board of Trade, to let the public know in how far the system set forth by the Trinity Corporation, has received their approval and sanction. That the matter will be allowed to rest here, we know to the contrary ; we shall return to it again and again ourselves, until such a grave public grievance shall be remedied ; and we venture to think that the wisdom and prudence of those who sway the counsels at Tower Hill, would be favorably exhibited by judicious concession to a necessity that will otherwise most assuredly assert itself.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.

Toronto, Sept. 14th, 1868.

DEAR SIR.—I write a hasty description of the annual race for the Prince of Wales champion cup, which cup was presented to the club by H.R.H., to commemorate his landing at Toronto. To Vanderdecken we mainly owe the annual race, it was at his suggestion, we (as a club) petitioned H.R.H. for a champion cup, and a splendid one he gave us, the winner of the same holds it for one year and gets a suitable medal. We intend placing two silver tablets on the ebony stand on which to engrave the names of winning yachts and owners. For some days prior to the race unusual overhauling and scrubbing of bottoms was to be noticed, considerable interest was felt as to the result of this year's race, as several new yachts made their appearance at the station. The Commodore's new schooner Geraldine ran her maiden race. The yacht Glance has lately changed hands, and has been made a cutter by her present owner, the Captain of the Club.

The Undine and Kestrel schooners and Water Lily were also accessions to the club since last year, the Undine earned the reputation of being a good heavy weather yacht, having come up from Halifax under the charge of — Murphy, Esq., a thorough yachtsman, who brought her safely through a succession of unprecedented gales, so much so that the gallant little vessel was given up for lost ; so many vessels came to grief it was thought impossible for her to have weathered some of the gales she was known to be out in. The day before the race gave poor promise for a comfortable run, the clouds having closed all round for rain which came down and no mistake with ugly east winds, but the morrow, September 7th, came, and as decent a kind of day as could be hoped for, the sun shone out, everything looked gay barring a lack of the propelling power, the scene round the moorings was a pretty busy one, about eight o'clock the sails of the different craft were hoisted for drying, during which operation the Undine parted the luff rope of her mainsail, which tore sufficiently to prevent her running, it looked very like a knife business as only one man was at the throat halyards. The following yachts came to the scratch :

Name.	Rig	Tons	Owners
Geraldine.....	schooner	27	E. M. Hodder, Esq., Commodore.
Glance.....	cutter	12	B. Clarkson, Esq., Captain.
Kestrel.....	schooner	15	J. G. Hagarty, Esq.
Water Lily.....	cutter c b.	6	G. A. Metcalf, Esq.

Through the kindness of Lieut.-Commander Solly, of H.M. gunboat Heron, the preparatory and starting guns were fired from his trim little Beehive, where unanimity is the order of the day. At 9h. 5m. the starting Armstrong was fired, when up went the calico and off went the four above named to try their powers over an honest sixty mile course. The Glance was considerably impeded by being unable to clear the Brunette, whose standing rigging got hold of the Glance's bowsprit who having all sails drawing made it hard work to get clear, the jolly captain amused all hands enormously by doing the goose step with remarkable emphasis on his deck, the graceful and sudden swings of a white cambric giving unmistakeable evidence of the charming and amiable feelings then uppermost in his manly bosom, the Kestrel, Geraldine and Water Lily meantime boating it for the lake; the wind was from N.E. and light, and lasted so until noon when the yachts were treated to a flat calm, the Geraldine was at this time miles ahead, the wind then changed to S.W., making it a dead heat to Port Dalhousie where the rounding buoy was moored. I may mention that Port Dalhousie is at the mouth of the Welland Canal and about thirty miles south of Toronto, the Geraldine rounded above named buoy at 1h. 22m. p.m., Water Lily 1h. 30s. a.m., Sept. 8th, Glance and Kestrel, not timed. The buoy was a boat, flag, Peter Nath and a lantern; I suppose the worthy Peter was sleepy and thought either of the two boats first round would win as the sequel proved, Peter was right.

After rounding the wind shifted to west, which made it fair for a time, another calm at 2h. a.m., about daylight the Geraldine spied the the Water Lily, four miles on his starboard quarter, bringing up a fine breeze from S.E., which ran the yachts home, the Geraldine dropping the little Water Lily when the breeze came up, the Toronto buoy was passed as under, on the morning of September 8th.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Geraldine ..	8	30	0	Kestrel.....	9	18	30
Water Lily ..	8	57	30	Glance.....	9	55	15

The time was one minute per ton. As will be seen the little Water Lily made a good race with her larger rival, every one was pleased at the result of the race. The schooner yacht Ripple has just returned from a cruise in Lake Huron, she is chartered from the Messrs. Blake by Mr. W. Campbell, who is a new member of the club and a keen yachtsman. I much regret that time will not permit me to give you an account (such as it deserves) of an entertainment given on board the Club vessel on the Thursday following the race, by our worthy Commodore. The dinner provided by the club caterer, Mr. Ware, late

H.M.'s 17th regt., was a credit to him and the club; our glorious Queen, the Royal Family, our patron the Prince of Wales and his family were toasted with that loyalty which is uppermost in the breast of every member of the R.C.Y.C., the member who sang the first verse of "God save the Queen" made the second line run "long may she always reign," the mistake was much enjoyed, particularly as the singist is only an Irishman, "God bless the Prince of Wales" was also sung to the piano accompaniment of Bruce Harman, the club pianist, who many a time and oft enlivens our club saloon with cheering strains on the club piano; toasts, songs, and jolly good feeling prevailed until the small hours, when some of us beat home, "happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again." A race is talked of for next Saturday which I hope to send you an account of.

Yours, &c.,

W. ARMSTRONG.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

P.S.—On the night of the Commodore's dinner the cup was presented to him by B. Clarkson, (the captain), who ably filled the vice chair, the medal was presented to the winner by the Secretary on the part of the sailing committee. The Commodore in returning thanks gave great credit to his crew for the excellent handling of his yacht, he was unable (owing to professional duties) to be in the race, much to his regret.

THE WRECK REGISTER AND CHART FOR 1867.

It appears from the *Annual Wreck Register of the British Isles*, just published under the auspices of the Board of Trade, that 2,513 shipwrecks, representing a registered tonnage of 464,000 tons, took place in the seas and on the coasts of Great Britain during the past year, with a loss of 1,333 lives; and that, taking the average of the last nine years, no less than 1,961 shipwrecks have annually occurred on our shores.

Certainly this is a lamentable state of things; yet, as we have previously shown, when it is remembered that nearly 500,000 vessels pass to and from our ports every year, bearing a tonnage probably of 70,000,000, and cargoes to the value of not much short of our National Debt, with crews, including men and boys, of nearly two million souls, the average loss is after all comparatively small indeed.

We do not presume to say that a very large proportion of the shipwrecks and the loss of life that took place on our coast last year might not have been prevented; indeed, that fact is made evident by the *Register*, which clearly shows that 447 vessels were lost entirely by man's carelessness.

As our commerce increases, we must naturally expect a corresponding augmentation of shipwrecks and loss of life; but we contend that both these classes of disasters might be largely diminished if the masters of the vessels only possessed the activity and intelligence which we have a right to demand from all persons who are placed in responsible positions, and under whose charge is confided not only valuable property, but precious lives, and if shipowners took the same precautions to insure the sea-worthiness and safety of their vessels as they in most cases would do if they had to risk their own lives on board them.

The latter part of 1867 was as will be remembered, unusually productive of shipwrecks on our coasts. During the heavy storms of last November and December alone, the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution rescued 259 persons from different shipwrecks; and during the fearful gale which continued from the 1st to the 3rd December—and which was the most serious one of the year—326 vessels were lost or damaged, and the lamentable loss of 319 lives took place; thus making this latter storm nearly equal in intensity to the great gale of the *Royal Charter*, in October 1859, when 343 vessels were lost.

Again, the gales in January, February, March, October, November, and December, in 1866, produced a total number of 793 shipwrecks. Of that number 279 occurred in the month of January of that year, and it will be remembered, that on the 11th—the most disastrous gale of that month—Torbay was visited by a hurricane, in which 61 vessels were totally destroyed, or seriously damaged, accompanied by a loss of 35 lives. There were also numerous minor casualties on different parts of the coast on that disastrous day.

Of the 2,513 wrecks which took place during the past year, 2,113 are known to have been those of ships belonging to Great Britain and its Colonies, with British certificates of registry, and 388 are known to have been those of Foreign ships. Of the remaining 62 wrecked vessels the country and employment are unknown. Of the British ships 1,551 were employed in the British coasting-trade, and 562 in the (over sea) foreign and home trade. Of the Foreign ships, 17 were employed in the British coasting-trade.

We have already stated that the number of ships lost or damaged on our coasts during the past year amounted to the distressing total of 2,513; and, notwithstanding the attention this great and national subject has received in the last eighteen years, we are grieved to add that this number is 224 in excess of that in 1866; and, indeed, the total number (2,513) is larger than any number of shipwrecks on our coasts in one year hitherto published in this country.

It should here be observed that the number of ships (2,513) is greater than the actual number of disasters (2,090) reported, inasmuch as in cases of collisions, when two or more ships come in contact with one another, such disaster is always reckoned in the *Register* as *one* casualty.

Thus from a table in the *Register* which only speaks of 2,090 wrecks, casualties, and collisions, we observe that 414 collisions took place, and 1,676 wrecks and casualties other than collisions. Of these casualties other than collisions, 656 were wrecks resulting in total loss, and 1,020 were casualties resulting in partial damage more or less serious. The whole number of wrecks and casualties other than collisions reported in 1866 was 1,438, and that was more than the number reported in any year since 1858. But 1,676, the number of wrecks and casualties other than collisions in 1867, is unhappily in excess of the wrecks and casualties of all former years.

The annual average for twelve years, including 1867, is, for wrecks resulting in total losses other than collisions 471, and for casualties resulting in partial damage 681. As against this, the numbers for one year 1867 are for total losses 656, and for partial damage 1,020.

It is a noteworthy and lamentable fact that, according to this register, no less than 411 vessels appear to have foundered, or to have been otherwise totally lost on our coasts from absolute unseaworthiness, unsound gear, &c., during the last nine years; and the number of casualties arising from the same causes during the same period, and resulting in partial damage, is 449. Few vessels are more skilfully and deftly handled than our fishing smacks, and yet 188 of these were lost during the fearful storms of the past year, showing clearly how violent these gales were. But apart from these 188 fishing vessels, it will be seen that the number of vessels employed in the regular carrying trade that have suffered from wreck or casualty during the year is 2,325. Again, it is a distressing reflection that, on subdividing that number, about one half is represented by unseaworthy, overladen, or ill-found vessels of the collier class, which are chiefly employed in the coasting trade. For the five years ending 1867 the number is more than half.

This is made apparent by the following table :—

Fishing Smacks	188
Colliers laden	713
Colliers in ballast	242
Vessels with metallic ores	110
Ditto stone ores ".....	150
Ships with other cargoes, and other Ships in ballast	1,110
Total Vessels	2,513

Thus it is seen that in a large number of cases a shipwreck mean not a tempest-torn craft, riven after a noble contention with the elements, but the wretched collapse of a rotten vessel which ought never to have been sent to sea, and the destruction of which hardly causes a pang to its owner.

These are startling facts reflecting no credit on us as a people, and eminently deserving that public attention should prominently and continuously be drawn to them.

But it is not decayed ships alone that thus come to an untimely end, for we find that during the nine years ending 1867, disasters to comparatively new ships bear a very heavy proportion to the whole number. Thus 209 wrecks and casualties have happened during the past nine years to nearly new ships, and 322 accidents have occurred to ships from three to seven years of age. Then there are wrecks and casualties to 500 ships from seven to fourteen years old, and to 747 from fifteen to thirty years old. Then follow 327 old ships from thirty to fifty years old. Having passed the service of half a century, we come to the very old ships, viz., 60 between fifty and sixty years old; 36 from sixty to seventy; 9 from seventy to eighty; 3 from eighty to ninety; 1 from ninety to one hundred; and 1 upwards of one hundred and one years old. The ages of 298 are unknown. The state of rottenness and of want of repair of some of the ships above twenty years old often calls for remark. Even at the age of twenty-five to thirty it sometimes happens that a ship is so rotten as to fall to pieces immediately on touching the ground, without giving the crew the slightest chance of getting out their boats, or to be saved by life-boats or the rocket apparatus.

Of the 2,513 vessels lost or damaged in 1867, 89 were rigged as ships, 141 were steam-ships, 727 schooners, 429 brigs, 277 barques, 287 brigantines, and 241 smacks; the remainder were small vessels rigged in various ways. Of the 2,513 vessels referred to, 1,147 did not exceed 100 tons burden, 961 were from 100 to 300 tons, 286 were from 300 to 600 tons, and 119 only were above 600 tons burden.

The scenes of the distressing disasters are thus given:—East Coast, 1,101; South Coast, 259; West Coast, 411; N.W. Coast of Scotland, 46; Irish Coast, 214; Isle of Man, 22; Lundy Island, 18; and Scilly Isles, 19. It will be observed that, as usual, the greatest number of wrecks occurred on the East Coast.

The directions of the gales of 1867 are thus given according to the months:—

January, from south-east, south-west, south-south-east. and north-east; February, from the west, north-west, south-west, and west;

March, from the east-south-east, south-east, and east; and April, north-west, west, south-west, and west-south-west. During the months of May, June, July, and August, no serious gales occurred. The September gales were from the south-west and west, October, from the south-west, west-south-west, west and north-west; November, from the east-north-east, north-east, south-south-west, and north-west; and in December, from the north, north-north-east, north-east, north-north-west, and north-west. It will be observed that during December, in which month the most terrific gale of the year occurred, the winds were northerly in their character.

Having thus, as briefly as practicable, recapitulated a few facts contained in this interesting document, we must now draw attention to the loss of life from the 2,518 shipwrecks during the past year.

As we said before, 1,333 lives were lost from these vessels. This is in excess of the number lost in any year except 1859 the *Royal Charter* year), when the number reached 1,647.

The loss of life thus recorded took place amongst 279 vessels; of these, 170 were laden ships, 90 were in ballast, and in 19 cases it is not known whether the ships were laden or light. Of these, 217 were entirely lost, and 62 sustained partial damage. Of the 1,333 lives lost, the very great number of 637 were lost in vessels that foundered, 160 on board vessels in collision, and 445 in vessels stranded or cast ashore. Nearly 300 lives were lost in fishing-boats alone.

The work of the National Life-boat Institution here stands prominently forward, for it can show a glorious roll of 1,086 lives saved through its instrumentality during the past year.

Another incident connected with the *Wreck Register* is the startling fact that, while the largest number of shipwrecks have happened on the east coast of England, the largest loss of life in the past nine years has occurred in the Irish Sea, it actually being last year more than double the number lost on any other part of the coasts. This is accounted for in some measure by the fact that the largest ships from Liverpool and other ports pass down the Irish Channel; and when an accident happens to any of them, the loss of life is usually large, especially in the case of emigrant ships, as in the wreck of the American barque *Pomona*, some years since, when no less than 385 persons perished, and in other lamentable instances.

It appears that 729 vessels were wrecked when the wind was at force 6 or under—that is to say, when the force of the wind did not exceed a strong breeze, in which the ship could carry single reefs and top-gallant sails; that 171 happened with the wind at forces 7 and 8, or a

moderate to a fresh gale, when a ship, if properly manned and navigated, can keep the sea with safety ; and that 1,099 happened with the wind at force 9 and upwards—that is to say, from a strong gale to a hurricane.—The accompanying Wreck Chart tells its usual doleful tale.

LOUGH ERNE REGATTAS.

THE morning of Friday, September 11th, hazy and dark, with a “spanking” breeze blowing from the W.S.W., giving every indication of an increase before sunset. At 10h. 30m. a.m., the Rathclare steamer left her wharf for the scene of the sports with a number of excursions on board. On the shores of Rathclare and the Horse Island hundreds of spectators were assembled to witness a race which was looked for with much interest, from the fact that Mr. D’Arcy Irvine’s yacht Wizard won the cup last year, but did not get it, owing to some mistake as to rounding a buoy; and the successful runs made this year by the Breeze, and the hard weather name Lord Erne’s new yacht Zephyr bore, tended also to cause anxiety as to the result of the closest and best-contested match ever sailed on Lough Erne between 15 ton yachts. On the programme there was only one sailing match announced. About 11h. 45m. the haze began gradually to clear away, and 12h. 10m. brought the sun out, when a wind, anything but steady, varying from two to four points, increasing so as to cause the yachts to be close reefed at their sheltered moorings in the Valley Bay, before they attempted to run out to the flag-boat from which they had to start. The Breeze was the favourite up to 12h. 15m., but as soon as the wind showed symptoms of increasing she lost cast, and many of her backers even refused to “go evens” on her with the Zephyr. The match was for a cup presented by the Enniskillen, Bundoran, and Sligo Railway Company, and the course only once round a buoy at the lower end of the lake, winning between flag-boat and Rathclare shore. At 12h. 20m., the honorary secretary of the club, Major D’Arcy, signalled the yachts to their stations, and at 12h. 30m., p.m., they started.

The Breeze was first to “draw,” and stood down, closely followed by the Sybil, Zephyr, and Ripple. The Wizard, as on the first day was last to get away—within a few seconds of ten minutes behind. The weather was badly adapted for safe sailing—owing to the heavy squalls that momentarily swept the lake. The Breeze led down to the Gull Rock when the Zephyr took it, followed closely by the Sibyl and Wizard; this position was held by the four to Innismakill Point, where it blew “a living gale,” in which the Wizard like an arrow shot ahead of her three rivals. On the run down the Ripple was most unfortunate, off the Owl Island buoy, her bowsprit port stay parted, at Innisfree the cliphooks of staysail gave, and the port shrouds carried away; and in this disabled condition she held on to Innismakill Point, where her port backstay parted, within a foot of the jaws of the gaff;

things now began to look serious for Ripple. The wind increasing, with dangerous squalls which at all times accompany a W.S.W. gale in that part of the lake, her bowsprit bent like a reed, and seemed likely to go, its port stay being gone and the vessel on her starboard tack. The master, Mr. Gilmartin, sent his brother out to rig a temporary stay, and while in the act a huge wave washed the decks carrying him with it; but he was fortunately rescued in a few minutes. On the run home, the pin and swivel of the mainboom broke, and the yacht, for a time became unmanageable. Two hands were on board, with Mr. J. A. Pomeroy, at the tiller, whose superior skill and management kept the vessel afloat. The Wizard arrived first at the goal.

We understand that the Earl of Erne, not content with the result of the racing at the regatta, has challenged Mr. D'Arcy Irvine, to run the yacht Wizard against his new yacht, the Zephyr, and that the race is to come off on the 30th.

The Wizard is one of Fyfe's celebrated 15 ton boats, and was purchased from the Earl of Erne by Mr. D'Arcy Irvine, and since she came into his possession has beaten five new yachts, purposely built to contend against her.

The race between the Earl of Erne's yacht Zephyr, and Mr. Mervyn D'Arcy Irvine's yacht Wizard, announced to come off on Sept. 30th, was run over a more extensive course than usually selected for the races on Lake Erne. This race was matter of great excitement, and a large and fashionable assembly were present on the grounds of the Lake Erne Hotel Company to view the race, and followed it in the Company's steam yacht, the Rathclare. Amongst the visitors at the hotel on the occasion were the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough, Lord and Lady Templetown, the Earl of Erne, Viscount Crichton, Hon. C. Crichton, Hon. Col. Clayton, Capt. Janssen, R. Fowler, Esq., the Earl of Carrick, Hon. H. de Moleyn, Hon. H. Maxwell, Edward Sanderson, Esq., M.P., &c. Mr. Ratsey of Cowes, and Mr. White, of Cowes, came over especially to see the race.

The yachts started at eleven o'clock, the Zephyr leading, which lead she held for some time. The Wizard carried away her crosstrees, but having got down her gaff-topsail, and made all snug, with a rising breeze overhauled the Zephyr, and rounded the first buoy four minutes ahead, and the second buoy about the same time. Here the Wizard mistook the course, not finding out the mistake until the Zephyr was seen taking a different line. The Wizard had consequently to bear down to the Zephyr, coming under her lee, and the race began anew. The Wizard gradually crept ahead again, and a most exciting race, run under a full whole-sail breeze, ended by the Wizard coming in first by one minute and a quarter. The Wizard, in the two days' time from the challenge, had procured an entire new suit of canvas; her mainsail by Lapthorne, and her head sails by Ratsey: and Mr. Fyfe's cutter, so found, will find few to beat her. Mr. Mervyn D'Arcy Irvine and his yacht were loudly cheered and congratulated on their success, and by none more than the crew of the Zephyr.

This race closes the racing season on Lake Erne, which was most agreeable and successful, and leaves all engaged anxious to try the merits of their boats when improved next season. The Lake Erne Hotel, built by Mr. D'Arcy Irvine, affords to the members of the Lake Erne Yacht Club a most agreeable place of reunion. From the hotel grounds the entire race can be seen by the public.

GARELOCH REGATTA.

THIS was logged for the 11th July, but owing to the want of wind the sailing portion by yachts, &c., was postponed, however the water being as "*smooth as a mill pond*," several rowing matches and other sports came off on Saturday, July 18th,—the wind this day was neither absent nor indolent. Anxious, perhaps, to make up for previous shortcomings it blew a pretty stiff breeze, and at one time attempted something very nearly approaching a gale, while with it ever came a steady and drizzling rain, that, however piquantly it may have added to a yachtsman's enjoyment, had a very opposite influence upon that of the spectator. "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," &c., may be all very well, especially when well sung, but your landsman looker-on generally prefers to take his pleasure a little drier and smoother, and, above all, when brightened by a touch of sunshine. As these adjuncts to enjoyment did not attend at Helensburgh on Saturday, there were few spectators ashore and fewer still afloat; yet to the sailor and yachtsman the day and its events were thoroughly attractive and enjoyable. As on the previous Saturday, Thomas Steven, Esq., of Ardlui-house, Helensburgh, officiated as Commodore; and David Bryce, jun., Esq., of Lochview, Roseneath, as honorary secretary. The following are the results of the various matches:

A prize of £10 for yachts not exceeding 10 tons,—(Time race), brought the following to the start; viz:—Vision, cutter — tons, M. Carswell, Esq.; Lady Alice, cutter 9 tons, N. Boyd, Esq.; and Ripple, cutter 9 tons, J. M. Forrester, Esq. The course was round the target off Drumfork pier, Helensburgh, thence round the Gantocks, Dunoon, back round the flag-boat, thence round Shoals buoy off Kilcreggan, and home—twice round. The Vision took the lead at starting, about 1h. 18m., which position she kept throughout, and the following will show the result:—

	FIRST ROUND.	FINAL ROUND.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Vision	3 57 57	4 54 30
Ripple	4 4 58	4 59 40
Lady Alice	4 7 2	5 7 40

The Vision was declared the winner.

The next race was for a prize of £8, which was contested by Gitano, cutter 5 tons, J. C. Kempt, Esq., and the Gipsy King, cutter 4 tons, T. Bain, jun., Esq. The course round the target off Drumfork, thence round the Shoals buoy and back to the Commodore's yacht—twice round. A good

start was effected at 1h. 58m., when the Gitano took the lead and kept it during the two rounds, which were finished thus :—Gitano, 4h. 15m. 23s., Gipsy King, 4h. 22m. 55s. The former of course received the prize.

These were followed by a match between five open pleasure boats handled by gentlemen amateurs for a prize of £5. This was won by the White Cloud, beating Norma, Spindrift, Sea Bird, and Alerte.

The match for yachts of 15 tons was abandoned. A lugsail race, and several rowing matches, completed what was termed a very satisfactory regatta.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK YACHT CLUB REGATTAS

THE second regatta of this club came off on Wroxham Broad, July 9th, the wind was light from south-east. A very excellent muster of yachts and small craft gave it a very animated appearance. There were two matches entered for competition; the first between vessels of the first-class belonging to the club for a prize of £15; the following entered:—Ariel, schooner, 12 tons, T. M. Reed, Esq., Red Rover, cutter, 14 tons, S. Nightingale, Esq., and Waterlily, cutter, 14 tons, H. P. Green, Esq. The breeze being light they were covered with canvas, and at the start, 12h. 25m. the Waterlily took the lead which she maintained throughout the first round, but in the second she lost it to the Red Rover by 14 seconds, nothing daunted she dashed to the fore and ended the third round 20 seconds ahead of her wary rival, this position she maintained throughout the other three rounds, in fact the last round was a settler, for she finished 1m. 25s. before the Red Rover. This vessel did not appear to be in her usual jaunty trim, We should have observed that the Ariel did not start.

The second match was for a prize of £10, which brought together the following:—Spray, cutter, 7 tons, F. G. Foster, Esq., Vampire, cutter, 10 tons, W. S. Everitt, Esq., Oberon, cutter, 5 tons, R. K. Morton, Esq., Halcyon, cutter, 8 tons, J. Preston, Esq. The Oberon started off with the lead, followed closely by Spray, which was the only yacht that pressed the leader throughout the race. There were five rounds contested, and well were they done by these two, the race being finished by Oberon beating the Spray, 2m. 20s. The others retired from the contest, the Vampire in the second round carried away her bobstay, and the Halcyon in the fifth round gave up, a small boat having crossed her bows compelled her to bear away inshore to prevent a collision.

The Oberon was hailed the winner, which met with a protest from the owner of Spray, who alleged that one of her crew was not usually employed on board.

The third regatta of this club was held on Oulton Broad, Aug. 6th; there were several of the club yachts present, but only half a dozen participated in the sailing. The first class match was only contested by the two famed rivals, the Red Rover and the Waterlily, these vessels are considered the

"cracks" of the club, and when pitted against each other, create quite a sensation. The prize was £15, for which the course was to be traversed eight rounds, making altogether about sixteen miles. The wind at starting was blowing stiffly from south, and the Red Rover bounded off with the lead which she retained, although the Waterhily stuck pluckily to her, and at the finish she was only beaten by 2m. 8s.

The next match was for a prize of £10. The course the same as before, but only six rounds. The entries for which were Halcyon, Belvidere, Enchantress, and Fleur-de-Lys. The first named took the lead to the finish, beating Enchantress 1m. 15s., (including allowance,) and Fleur-de-Lys 2m. 25s. The Belvidere retired after the third round.

GREAT GRIMSBY REGATTA.

THIS regatta took place on Monday, July 19th, and, so far as its yacht matches were concerned, was an utter failure, for the simple reason that there was only one yacht present to contend, excepting those under 30 tons, which belong to Hull. That one was the well-known Vindex, 45 tons, Mr. A. Duncan, and she made her voyage here in vain. The prize offered was sufficiently valuable; the course is a good one; and generally a breeze can be depended upon. The question then arises why more yachts do not come round, especially as the regatta of the Royal Yorkshire Club took place on the following days. No doubt the answer would include a variety of causes.

The match for yachts under 30 tons was for a piece of plate, value 20 guineas, for first vessel, and 5 guineas for second vessel. The following entered and started:—Mabella, cutter 28 tons, E. Davis, Esq.; Snowdrop, cutter 10 tons, E. Davis, Esq.; Sapphire, cutter 28 tons, Major Bannister; Ivy, cutter 18 tons, Capt. Cator, R.N.; Gertrude, cutter 10 tons, P. K. Seddon, Esq.; Nettie, cutter, 12 tons, J. G. Kirsten Esq. Time allowance half-a-minute per ton; course, from the moorings off Grimsby Docks to the southward of the New Sand light-ship, thence round the north-east of the No. 1 (Outer Bink) buoy, thence to the southward and eastward of the Sand Hole buoy, thence again to the southward and eastward of the South Sand light-ship, back to the flag-ship; about 35 miles. At the time of starting, 10h. 40m. a fresh breeze blew from S.W., with three-quarter ebb, so they went away with flowing sheet for the New Sand light. The Ivy was the first to feel the weight of her canvas, and, lower sails being trimmed, sent aloft a jib-headed topsail; but the sheet took a turn round the gaff end, and the sail was for a time sent on deck again. In the meanwhile the Sapphire had sent up a square-headed topsail and had run through the lee of the Ivy; the Mabella was half a cable's length astern of the latter, also showing a smartness in getting up her jib-header. The other little craft were smartly under way, but there was too much wind and too much sea for them to hope saving their allowance; by the time the others were off the Bull light they were quite a mile astern, led by the Nettie, the others

apparently having some fun in endeavouring to get the weather berth. At the Bull the Ivy had her topsail set and standing, and then soon ran abeam to leeward of the Sapphire, the Mabella a cable's length astern. The little Ivy was going remarkably well, drawing the water in on her lee quarter as she forged through the seas, and defying her larger rival to again get away from her. Approaching the South Sand light sheets were carefully gathered in, and an easy gybe made round the ship for the reach on the port tack to the Outer Bink buoy. They gybed round the light as follows:—Ivy, 11h. 25m. 0s., Sapphire, 11h. 26m. 3s., Mabella, 11h. 29m. 0s., Nettie, 11h. 37m. 0s., Gertrude, 11h. 41m. 50s., Snowdrop, 11h. 42m. 0s.

After gybing round the light vessel the Ivy went away from the Sapphire, wind rapidly westerning and increasing in force. As they hauled their wind round the Outer Bink she was nearly a cable's length ahead of the Sapphire, and double that distance from the Mabella. But the honour of leading the fleet was soon to be wrested from her. They no sooner came on the wind, now W. by N., than the superior size and draught of water of the Mabella began to tell, and she weathered on the other two in such a style as to leave no doubt which would fetch the buoy first. She nearly looked her course, and with one short board she was round and eased away for the South Sand light again. The others had dropped away to leeward at least half-a-mile, and tacking short, had to stay three times before they weathered the buoy thus:—Mabella, 12h. 20m. 0s., Ivy, 12h. 24m. 0s., Sapphire, 12h. 25m. 0s.

It was now ease away for the South Sand light; wind W.N.W. The Ivy, in the run-up to the light, overhauled the Mabella about a-minute, but they were no sooner round than they had to face a dead noser to fetch back to the committee boat with weather tide. The wind increased too, and the Mabella sent down her topsail and housed topmast, Sapphire shifting for a jib-header. The Ivy kept hers standing, but it was evidently more than she could bear, and she was carrying a good weight of water on deck. Off the Bull light the wind came out very squally, and the little Ivy turned up her garboard streak for the inspection of spectators on her weather. Her topsail was now got down, and none too soon, as just afterwards a heavy squall from the N.W. overtook her. In the meantime the Mabella, going very comfortably, had taken a long lead, but the Ivy had beaten the Sapphire considerably in turning from the light-ship. However, in the squalls her greater tonnage told, and she was now close under the lee of the Ivy. The little ones were far astern, led by the Nettie, and pluckily hammering against the wind and heavy sea. No mishap occurred during the race, and they arrived off Grimsby and finished the match thus:—Mabella, 2h. 24m. 0s., Ivy, 2h. 43m. 0s., Sapphire 2h. 44m. 0s., Nettie, 3h. 4m. 0s.

The other two got in shortly afterwards. Mabella and Ivy were the winners.

NOTICE —We have to express our sincere thanks to the members of the Royal Sydney Yacht Club, and the Boston Yacht Club, U.S., for their liberal patronage of the Yachting Magazine and Universal Yacht List.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1st, 1868.

SUMMARY OF THE YACHTING SEASON OF 1868.

THIS has now become a "thing of the past," and it is necessary to complete its departure by giving as nearly as possible a brief summary of the winnings of the various craft engaged in upholding that which is the pride and boast of every British heart,—the supremacy of the seas. Yachting will eventually be the *principal* national sport, as in the pursuit of this everything tends to promote health, peace of mind, and real enjoyment, without the distressing, and self-destroying concomitants which attend the turf. In yacht racing there are not those incitements to extravagance and gambling to be met with, as in other sporting pastimes,—a mere fiver, or, a simple dozen of champagne, is about the extent of the venture of a true lover of yachting.

About thirty new yachts have been launched this season, three or four of which as racing vessels have gained some note, as winners, in their various classes. The *Cambria* on her first appearance in the Thames, was considered a most beautiful model, but owing no doubt to her want of proper trimming, was judged to be "no flyer." She has since reaped a world-wide fame, beating all the "cracks," and gaining the championship of the seas.

In the following tables we have endeavoured to adhere to the reports of the different matches, including therein the *starting yachts*; and taking the separate classes we find the *Cambria* leading the schooners, and *Oimara* the cutters.

Vessels names printed in *italics* came in before those logged as receiving the prize.

Results and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Ton	Owners.	Value. £
AL THAMES	May 18	Fiona	cut	76	E. Boucher, Esq.	g100
		Luna	cut	25	R. A. Daniell, Esq. ...	30
	June 3	Gloriana	sch	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq. ...	100
		Egeria	sch	152	J. Mulholland, Esq. ...	50
	17	Fiona	cut	76	E. Boucher, Esq.	g100
To Dover		Egeria	sch	152	J. Mulholland, Esq. ...	g50
	June 30	Condor	cut	129	Capt. W. Ewing,	
Hampden		Gloriana	sch	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq. ...	
	July 3	Gloriana	sch	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq. ...	
		Cambria	sch	193	J. Ashbury, Esq.	25
		Julia	yl	113	G. F. Moss, Esq.	10
AL LONDON	May 30					
	June 1	Sphinx	cut	47	J. S. Earle, Esq.	
		Phryne	cut	55	T. Groves, Esq.	
	30	Phryne	cut	55	T. Groves, Esq.	
AL HARWICH		Tartar	cut	60	A. Peglar, Esq.	
	June 24	Niobe	cut	39	W. Gordon, Esq.	
		Sphinx	cut	48	J. S. Earle, Esq.	
		Anita	sch	43	E. Packard, Esq.	
AL MERSEY		Ariel	sch	12	T. M. Reed, Esq.	
	June 30	Fiona	cut	79	E. Boucher, Esq.	
		Kilmeny	cut	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq. ...	
		Vampire	cut	30	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	
July 1		Torch	cut	16	G. Thompson, Esq. ...	
		Xema	cut	35	Major H. L. Barton ...	
		Torch	cut	16	G. Thompson, Esq. ...	

Regatta and Match	Date.	Winning Yacht.	Big Ton.	Owners.	Value.	Starting Yachts.
ROYAL NORTHERN.	July	Oimara	cut	165 C. J. Tennant, Esq. ...	100	Fiona, Aglaia, Leah
		Kilmenny	cut	30 D. W. Finlay, Esq. ...	30	Xema, Maria, Denburn
		Vampire	cut	20 T. Cuthbert, Esq.	15	Lizzie, Satanella, Rival, Adeline, Fairlie, Glide,
		Ripple	cut	9 J. M. Forrester, Esq. ...	10	Torch, Ellen, Carina
		Fiona	cut	78 E. Boucher, Esq.	50	Vision, Lady Alice
ROYAL WESTERN ... (ESSEX.)	July	Aglaia	sch	45 F. Powell, Esq.	50	Oimara, time race
		Maria	cut	35 N. B. Stewart, Esq. ...	50	Reverie
		Lizzie	cut	20 C. H. Coddington, Esq. ...	30	Xema, Kilmenny, Denburn
					15	Vampire, Adeline, Rival, Satanella, Torch,
						Carina, Glide, Fairlie
R. St. GEORGE'S.....	July	Menai	cut	60 W. Stutfield, Esq. ...	80	Sphinx, Niobe, Vindex, Rosebud
		Luna	cut	25 R. A. Daniell, Esq. ...	30	Ringdove, Gipsy, Wave Crest
		Armada	cut	8 R. A. Daniell, Esq. ...	10	Glance, Vespa, Heron, Gipsy Queen
		Glance	cut	8 R. W. Morris, Esq. ...	5	Second prize
		Gloriana	sch	133 A. O. Wilkinson, Esq. ...	100	Albertine, Anita (P. Wales Cup.)
R. St. GEORGE'S.....	July	Niobe	cut	40 W. Gordon, Esq.	60	Sphinx
		Kilmenny	cut	41 D. W. Finlay, Esq. ...	50	Xema, Amber Witch, Secret, (all entered as
						41 tons
		Oimara	cut	163 C. J. Tennant, Esq. ...	100	Condor, Leah, Menal, Fiona
R. St. GEORGE'S.....	July	Egeria	sch	162 J. Mulholland, Esq. ...	100	Astarte
		Kilmenny	cut	30 D. W. Finlay, Esq. ...		
		Vampire	cut	20 T. Cuthbert, Esq.		er Witch 3, Torpid 4, Secret 5,
		Oimara	cut	163 C. J. Tennant, Esq. ...		Ripple, Kittiwake, Torch, Mora
		Astarte	yl	75 W. Batterby, Esq. ...		
R. St. GEORGE'S.....	July	Xema	cut	34 Major H. L. Barton ...		17, Lizzie, Torpid, Vampire
		Torch	cut	15 G. Thompson, Esq. ...		and 8 others
						ria, Condor, Leah
		Oimara	cut	163 C. J. Tennant, Esq. ...	1	

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Ton	Owners.	Value. £	Starting Yachts.
ROYAL THAMES	May 18	Fiona	cut	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	g100	Vindex, Sphinx
		Luna	cut	25	R. A. Daniell, Esq. ...	30	No competitor
	June 2	Gloriana	sch	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.		ur-de-Lys
	17	Egeria	sch	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.		ndex, Gloriana, , Astarte
To Dover	June 30	Condor	cut	78	E. Boucher, Esq.		e, Julia, Dione, obe
		Egeria	sch	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.		tomina, Condor
	July 3	Gloriana	sch	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.		
		Gloriana	sch	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.		
CHERSONNE	July 3	Cambria	sch	193	J. Ashbury, Esq.		
		Julia	yl	113	G. F. Moss, Esq.		
	May 30	Sphinx	cut	47	J. S. Earle, Esq.		
	June 1	Phryne	cut	55	T. Groves, Esq.		
ROYAL LONDON	30	Phryne	cut	55	T. Groves, Esq.		
		Tartar	cut	60	A. Peglar, Esq.		
	June 24	Niobe	cut	39	W. Gordon, Esq.		
		Sphinx	cut	48	J. S. Earle, Esq.		
ROYAL HARWICH		Anita	sch	43	R. Packard, Esq.		
		Ariel	sch	12	T. M. Reed, Esq.		
	June 30	Fiona	cut	79	E. Boucher, Esq.		
		Kilmeny	cut	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq. ...		
ROYAL MERSEY		Vampire	cut	30	T. Cuthbert, Esq.		
	July 1	Torch	cut	16	G. Thompson, Esq. ...		
		Xema	cut	35	Major H. L. Barton ...		
		Torch	cut	16	G. Thompson, Esq. ...		

nipe, Phasma
Annie, (Miller,)

ire, Phasma

June 1st.

Regattas and Matches	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Ton	Owners.	Valu. £	Starting Yachts.
ROYAL NORTHERN..	July 7	Oimara	cut	165	C. J. Tennant, Esq.	100	Kiona, Aglaia, Leah
		Kilmeny	cut	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	30	Xema, Maria, Denburn
		Vampire.....	cut	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	15	Lizzie, Satanella, Rival, Adeline, Fairlie, Glide, Torch, Ellen, Carina
	8	Ripple.....	cut	9	J. M. Forrester, Esq.	10	Vision, Lady Alice
		Fiona	cut	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	50	Oimara, time race
		Aglaia	sch	45	F. Powell, Esq.	50	Reverie
		Maria	cut	35	N. B. Stewart, Esq.	30	Xema, Kilmeny, Denburn
		Lizzie	cut	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	15	Vampire, Adeline, Rival, Satanella, Torch, Carina, Glide, Fairlie
ROYAL WESTERN ... (ENGLAND.)	July 7	Menai.....	cut	80	W. Stutfield, Esq.	80	Sphinx, Niobe, Vindex, Rosebud
		Luna	cut	25	R. A. Daniell, Esq.	30	Ringdove, Gipsy, Wave Crest
		Armada	cut	8	R. A. Daniell, Esq.	10	Glance, Vespa, Heron, Gipsy Queen
	8	Glance	cut	8	R. W. Morris, Esq.	5	Second prize
		Gloriana.....	sch	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	100	Albertine, Anita (P. Wales Cup,)
		Niobe	cut	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	80	Sphinx
	July 13	Kilmeny	cut	41	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	50	Xema, Amber Witch, Secret, (all entered as 41 tons
		Oimara	cut	165	C. J. Tennant, Esq.	100	Condor, Leah, Menal, Fiona
		Egeria.....	sch	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	100	Astarte
	16	Kilmeny	cut	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	35	Xema 1, Amber Witch 3, Torpid 4, Secret 5,
R. St. GEORGE'S.....	17	Vampire.....	cut	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	20	Lizzie, Glide, Ripple, Kittiwake, Torch, Mora
		Oimara	cut	165	C. J. Tennant, Esq.	80	Condor, Fiona
		Astarte	yl	75	W. Battersby, Esq.	50	Amber Witch
		Xema	cut	34	Major H. L. Barton ...	30	Secret, Kilmeny, Lizzie, Torpid, Vampire
		Torch	cut	15	G. Thompson, Esq.	15	Rival, Ripple, and 8 others
		Oimara	cut	165	C. J. Tennant, Esq.	100	(Ch. Cp,) Egeria, Condor, Leah
	18						

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Ton	Owners.	Valu. £	Starting Yachts.
ROYAL YORKSHIRE...	July 22	Nettle	cut	12	J. G. Kiraten, Esq.	g50	Vindex 1, Mabella 2, Ivy 3, Sapphire 4, Nettle 5, Gertrude, Snowdrop, Ruby, Surprise
		Ivy	cut	18	Capt. Cator, R.N.	g20	Second prize
		23 Sapphire	cut	28	A. Bannister, Esq.	g30	Ivy, Gertrude, Nettle
ROYAL CORK	July 23	Torpid	cut	28	Major Longfield	20	Xema, Secret
		Xema	cut	35	Major Barton	10	Second prize
		24 Avalanche	cut	50	J. Wheeler, Esq.	50	Heroine, Xema, Torpid, Kilmeny
		Heroine	cut	50	J. C. Atkins, Esq.	10	Second prize
		Mamie	cut	22	Capt. O'Brien	20	Lizzie, Vampire
ROYAL SOUTHERN...	July 25	Niobe	cut	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	40	Phantom, Rosebud, Heron, Tartar,
		Phantom	cut	27	F. Rosamon, Esq.	10	Second prize
		Flying Fish	sch	42	G. Jessop, Esq.	35	Odallique
	July 25	Avalanche	cut	50	J. Wheeler, Esq.	50	Amber Witch, Astarte
		Vampire	cut	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	20	Lizzie, Bek
ROYAL WESTERN ... (IRELAND)		Lizzie	cut	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	5	Second prize
	Aug. 5	Dione	cut	44	J. Anderson, Esq.	75	Oimara, Mena, Christabel, Niobe, Vindex, Condor, Fiona, Arrow, Phryne, Sphinx
		Christabel	cut	58	Earl Annesley	25	Second prize
		6 Cambria	sch	193	J. Ashbury, Esq.	100	Egeria, Lufra, Oimara, Condor, Fiona, Vin- dex, Phryne, Dione, Sphinx, Niobe
		7 Alline	sch	215	R. Sutton, Esq.	75	Cambria, Egeria, Lufra, Pantomime, Nyanza, Gelart
ROYAL WELSH		Cambria	sch	193	J. Ashbury, Esq.	25	Second prize
		8 Lufra	yl	195	Earl of Strafford	100	(H.M. Cup.) Alline, Egeria, Christabel, Panto- mime, Arrow
						50	Phosphorus, Secret, Alexandra
						33	Anemone, Spray
						1	

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Ton	Owners.	Value. £	Starting Yachts.
PRINCE ALFRED. ...	June 1	Xema	cut	34	Major H. L. Barton ...	30	Amberwitch 2, Kilmeny 3, Echo 4, Vampire 5, Wave Crest
CORINTHIAN	July 4	Kilmeny	cut	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq. ...	5	Second prize
		Vampire.....	cut	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	25	Kilmeny, Amber Witch, Xema, Wave Crest
		Flirt	cut	7	J. F. Meldon, Esq.	7	Torment, Myrrha, Fairy
		Torment	cut	5	J. Todhunter, Esq. ...	2	Second prize
		Amber Witch ...	yl	38	J. McCurdy, Esq.	40	Persis 1, Hadassah 2
		Xema	cut	34	Major H. L. Barton ...	35	Secret, Kilmeny
		Glide	cut	15	D. Fulton, Esq.....		Fairlie
		Lady Alice... ..	cut	9	Nelson Boyd, Esq. ...		Cruiser
		Vampire ..	cut	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	25	Siren, Lizzie, Torch, Wave Crest
		Siren	cut	19	D. Corbett, Esq.	5	Second prize
NORFOLK-SUFFOLK	June 11	Waterlily	cut	14	H. P. Green, Esq.	10	Red Rover—protest
CANTLEY	July 9	Halcyon	cut	8	J. Preston, Esq.	10	Fleur-de-lys, Vampire, Lethe, Warrior, Spray
WROXHAM		Waterlily	cut	14	H. P. Green, Esq.	15	Red Rover
OULTON		Oberon	cut	5	R. K. Morton, Esq.	10	Spray, Vampire, Halcyon
		Red Rover	cut	14	S. Nightingale, Esq. ...	15	Waterlily
Aug. 6	Halcyon	cut	8	J. Preston, Esq.	10	Enchantress, Fleur-de-lys, Belvidere	
TEMPLE	June 15	Seamew	cut	5	— Thompson, Esq. ...		Gnat, Clara, Wanderer, Ripple
BANELAGH	June 16	Queen	cut	15	Capt. Whitbread	25	Dudu, Aerolite, Ocean Pearl
		Dudu	cut	15	Capt. Hammond	6	Second prize
		Novice	cut	6	J. Gardner, Esq.	10	Ellen, Rifleman, Clara
		Ellen	cut	4	J. Gardner, Esq.	6	Second prize
NEW BRIGHTON.....	June 19	Vision	cut	8	A. Richardson, Esq. ...	12	Florida, Annie, and 10 others

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Ton	Owners.	Valn. £
SOUTH HAMPTON.....	July 13	Queen	cut	15	Capt. Whitbread	151
		Firefly	cut	13	J. Bowyer, Esq.	51
		Don Juan	cut	10	W. Cooper, Esq.	101
	Aug. 31	Niobe	cut	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	g100
GARELOCH...	July 18	Vision	cut	10	M. Carswell, Esq.	101
		Gitano	cut	5	J. C. Kempt, Esq.	81
Gr. GRIMSBY.....	July 19	Ma bella	cut	28	E. Davis, Esq.	g201
		Ivy	cut	18	Capt. Cator, R.N.	g58
July 29		Vampire.....	cut	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	308
		Secret	cut	30	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	108
		Breeze.....	cut		J. Barrett, Esq.	51
July 22		Marla	cut	35	N. B. Stewart, Esq. ...	302
		Kilmeny	cut	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq. ...	18
		Vampire.....	cut	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	201
		Lizzie	cut	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	21
		Vision	cut	9	M. Carswell, Esq.	101
		Gipsy King	cut	4	T. Bain, Esq.	51
		Falcon.....	cut	9	C. Connell, Esq.	101
Aug. 22		Satanella	cut	15	C. C. Wyllie, Esq.	151
July 27		Niobe	cut	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	11
		Phantom.....	cut	27	Z. Rosoman, Esq.	8
Aug.		Cambria	sch.	199	J. Ashbury, Esq.	g

gull, cruise, cutter, schooner

Regatta and Matches.	Date	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Ton	Owners.	Value. £	Starting Yachts.
ISLE OF MAN.....	Aug. 6	Xena	cut	34	Major H. L. Barton ...	50	(Ch. Cp.) Phosphorus, Lizzie
		Ariel	sch	12	T. M. Beed, Esq.	15	Water Witch, Scandal
		Waterwitch	sch	21	H. Allenby, Esq.	3	Second prize
		Red Rover	cut	15	S. Nightingale, Esq. ...	15	Waterlily, Siren
		Waterlily	cut	14	H. P. Green, Esq.	5	Second prize
		Belvidere	cut	9	H. Teasdale, Esq.	10	Gloriana, Halcyon, Enchantress
		Cambria	sch	188	J. Ashbury, Esq.	100	Aline, Oimara, Condor, Sappho
		Emmet	cut	28	T. Levitt-Prinsep, Esq.	21	Luna, Queen, Una, Isabel, Wilc
		Luna	cut	25	R. A. Danell, Esq.	10	Second prize
		Queen	cut	15	Capt. Whitbread	5	Third prize
		Wizard	cut	16	M. D. Irvine, Esq.	chop	Zephyr, Sibyl, Ripple
		Wizard	cut	16	M. D. Irvine, Esq.		Zephyr, (Earl of Erne)
		Torch	cut	14	G. B. Thompson, Esq.		Satanella
		Torch	cut	14	G. B. Thompson, Esq.		Kittiwake
		Siren					Surprise
		Queen	cut	15	Capt. Whitbread	18	Flying Fish
		Pixie	cut	9	E. Le Breton, Esq.	5	Armada, Heron
		Queen	cut	15	Capt. Whitbread	15	Quiver, Flying Fish
		Quiver	cut	12	Capt. Chamberlayne, ..	5	second prize
		Heron	cut	8	B. J. Donne, Esq.	gas	Pixie
		Pixie	cut	9	E. Le Breton, Esq.	gas	second prize

PILOT MADISON.

PART II.

ALL hands sprang up at the old man's warning cry, and every eye was concentrated in the direction indicated ; the spring sun was just warming up the morning into genial day, and although the sky to windward gave ominous sign, it looked all a chance that fair weather would yet prevail against foul : where the sunlight brightened a patch of sea into a spot like molten gold, a great creature had risen from the depths with a lazy undulating roll, revelling in the warmth of the young day ; like a huge black cylinder it rose buoyantly to the long heave of the Atlantic, whilst ever and anon the water would surge over in snowy wreaths as if breaking upon a half tide rock ; but the mysterious visitant could not be mistaken, an enormous horn-shaped fin stood up like a warning finger, akin in form to that terrible fin, which in other latitudes, strikes terror into many a stout seaman's heart.

On the present occasion however it exercised a contrary effect ; in a moment all was bustle and hearty excitement, the deep sea lines were coiled up and stowed away like lightning. Bryan Fenton sprang to the tiller of the *Black Hawk* as yielding to the light air she sped away swiftly before the wind, waving his hand in triumph towards the fleet of canoes which had accompanied him to the fishing ground, and whose crews were watching the movements of their young master with no little astonishment. In the mean time Barney Thornton and the grey-haired Murtagh, with the remainder of the crew, were busily occupied launching a frail looking whaling skiff, and preparing her equipment for the approaching struggle with the bastard sun fish, or as it is styled in the vernacular of the coast, the basking shark ; spear and lance were placed ready to hand, lines coiled down carefully in their tubs, and oars slung handy with grummets over the pins ; for the sea trappers of Tipperkevin never struck furrow in the ocean without being armed at all points to circumvent whatever fortune or the elements cast in their way, be it fin, fur, or blubber ; cask, raft, or gaping hull.

"Who say's we're not in luck this morning, was it you Barney, ye *bosthoon* ?" exclaimed Murt Mahon, his grey eyes lighting up with the enthusiasm of a veteran sea hunter, as he rubbed his horny hands together in eager anticipation of the coming fray, "it's a good sign

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Barney, a good sign, I never heard of a basking shark in these waters so early in the year without a good harvest ashore, and scale and fin in plenty afloat is sure to follow ; rare hot weather and light winds too you may depend, and that you see Barney will not keep a fresh-fish market full, and when people are starved a bit from the fresh, then comes a rare market for our trade !”

“ I don't know Murt *avick*—what way its goin' to be, but it seems over my sperits as if somethin' bad was abroad on the say this mornin'; if that thunderin' squall up there only gives uz time——.”

Fenton just caught the word “squall,” and casting a hasty glance at the swift scud that was careering up from the north-west, he exclaimed “sink or swim mates, let it blow us out the water or under, that shark we'll have if we fought him 'till the blue brine was fathoms over our heads !”

The stalwart frame of Thornton visibly shuddered, as if the presentiment he had whispered to his veteran mate received confirmation from the fierce exclamation uttered by his young master, but they were now within the distance it was prudent to sail, without alarming their unsuspecting game, and the answer on his lips died away.

“ Fair and softly Masthur Bryan, jewel !” exclaimed Murtagh Mahon as he laid hold of the steering oar, whilst Fenton taking his station in the bows of the whaling skiff, carefully adjusted the worsted loop that kept the moveable barb of the spear parallel with the shank. “ Fair and softly sir—let him stiffen a bit in the sun, give him time for forty winks and you may put a feather edge to your iron on his back : I know the cray'thurs well, they are the laziest lubbers undther the shky onst they get fairly a'wash !”

“ Harkye Robby !—keep working to windward so that you can run down to us when we secure our prize.”

“ Ay-ay-sir !” shouted the elf-like looking urchin that was left in charge of the hooker, as he sprang from thwart to thwart to the tiller, his eyes dancing with boyish glee, as well at the importance of the trust reposed in his skill as the prospect of witnessing the approaching combat with the wild denizen of the deep.

“ Robby is a keen lad, and rare smart in a craft for his age,” muttered Thornton as they pushed off from the hooker's side, “ but is id just safe Masthur Bryan to lave him all alone in her wid such weather-warnin abroad,—one uv us had better stop aboard ?”

“ What—croaking still Barney ?” retorted the young sailor with scornful impetuosity, “ why instead of the dare-devil top-man I hav seen taking the weather earing from a score of smart seamen in a snow

flurry off the Horn, you are becoming skeary as old Murtagh there, who is as wary and wilful as a bull seal of a dozen winters ; give way my lads—give way with a will,—hooray for fluke's aloft and a rattling death flurry ; he's a regular oil butt to tap—a sixty golden pounder if he's worth a copper cent !”

There was a simultaneous ripping sound, and with an even, swinging, powerful stroke, the four athletic fishermen bent to their oars with a practised skill that sent the swift whale skiff launching across the sea with lightning speed, the blades entering and leaving the water with that clean—sharp noiseless caution, which imparted an almost life-like motion to the glancing boat ; onwards up that watery mountain, the breath-like heave of the ever restless Atlantic, adown the steep incline speeding like the feathered messenger from a stout yew bow, direct towards the victim, who, luxuriating in the sun-ráys, little recked his danger, or that stalwart upright form in her bows, which seemed gliding like a spirit across the ocean, poising aloft the fatal shaft that bore his death warrant upon its blade : with easy play of his powerful wrist and the fearless confidence of an accomplished boat steerer, Murt Mahon took the frail craft stem on to the broad-side of the shark, as if he meant to cleave the monster through with the impetus imparted by his sinewy crew ; but just at the moment when a collision seemed inevitable, and even Fenton gave a hasty glance aft, the old man raised his finger in silent warning, every oar was still on the instant, every eye was directed forward, and the boat noiselessly forged up within harpooning distance.

It was Bryan Fenton's maiden essay as a harpooneer, and he was burning to distinguish himself in the eyes of his crew, more especially in those of Murt Mahon, who bore the palm on all that coast with spear and lance, and many a fisherlike wile beside, and before whose unerring aim and iron arm many a giant of the whaling grounds on both sides of the line had fallen in mortal strife, when he was the pride of the South Sea “ Boston Belle,” or the stout Arctic whaler, the “ Admiral Benbow” of bonny Dundee.

“ A noble fish—a noble fish !” muttered the old man, his eyes sparkling, and his form cowering like a grizzly lion on the spring, “ as much oil in his liver as the blubber of a ‘ sparm,’ bless the lad, bless him—he's the model of a harpooneer, eye, hand, and foot are like one,—he'd make a ‘ sulphur bottom’* spout red this minit,—eye and arm steady Masthur Bryan—*Bannaght Dhea agus Murra ghuid* !† By the shoulder sir for your life—just by the ripple—now yer honor let him have it—home !”

* A whale very difficult to kill. † The blessing of God and the Virgin on you!

Like a young Hercules stood Bryan, fairly balanced on his right leg, the left planted firmly on the gunwale; true to his monitor's caution eye and arm played in unison, whilst the tough iron and its stout shaft was as steady as if held by a chiselled statue: as the word "home" reached his ear, his broad chest expanded for a moment, the shark appeared suddenly to arouse from his lethargy, his flukes waved with a convulsive start, as if the extent of his danger burst suddenly upon him,—too late,—there was a hissing rush, as though a ball had rent the air in its flight, then a ripping thud, and a huge dusky column up-reared itself with a mighty effort, amidst a cloud of foam and blood.

"Starn all!" shouted Murt with startling vehemence, as the massive shark seemed about to crush them, and the sudden dash of the oars forced the boat astern at racing speed in the midst of a breaker of raging water; in an instant nought was visible save a whirlpool of boiling sea, and just ahead of them the slender whale line disappearing with a spitting hiss in a maelstrom of froth, as if 'twas a flexible bar of red hot iron plunging into the depths below.

Anxiously did the crew of the whale boat regard the motions of that little line—the tell tale of their prize's whereabouts; in a short time it ceased flying through the score, but was taken out now and again in fitful jerks.

"'Twas well and bravely done!" soliloquized old Murtagh "with a man's arm and a hawk's eye,—'tis pity such a lad is not down amongst them 'sparms,'—ay—ay—" he continued as the line was again taken out with a rush, "there he rolls—there he rolls—but not all the banks from this to Nantucket shoals will draw that iron from its hold."

Suddenly the cheerful sunlight disappeared, and a gloomy twilight fell upon the ocean; a dull moaning sound, that at first might be mistaken for the play of the sea in the caverns of the shore, now burst forth into a hoarse roar; so enwrapt were the crew of the whale boat in their pursuit of the shark, that even this warning passed unheeded, and it was only when the caps of the waves were swept past them in flying spin-drift, that they were startled into consciousness of the approaching danger: the sea to windward was a mass of feather white surge, beaten down by the fierce wind, and hurled along the surface like a snowy avalanche; in the distance the fleet of canoes might be seen speeding with paddle and sail, like a flock of frightened gulls, in for the entrance of Tipperkevin: the Black Hawk was hove-to within a quarter a mile dead to windward, but the boy Robby was too busy watching his shipmates, either to tend the hooker's movements, or perceive the hurricane squall that was hurtling down with resistless fury right upon him.

A single glance and Bryan Fenton embraced the extent of their peril, the axe was aloft to sever from the shark, when Murtagh's voice rose like a trumpet blast "Hold on Masthur Bryan—cut nothing for your life,—capsize the coil overboard and clinch it to these buoys,—that there 'shark' aint done wid we yet!" The three blown skins were speedily hove overboard, and the whaling skiff—whirled round by Murtagh's nervous arm, seemed fairly lifted from the water as she dashed away to the rescue of the hooker.

"Let him lay sir—let him lay for the love of heaven!" shouted Mahon as Bryan was about to signal to the heedless boy to bear down upon them, "if he gets her undher way and this squall strikes her the Lord have mercy on the poor *gorsoon's* sowl!"

But the warning of the veteran was of no avail, for Robby seeing the sudden abandonment of the prize, sprang up to remedy his carelessness, and eased away his main-sheet while the hooker began to pay off; then and then only did the urchin perceive the cause of the skiff's approach, but right manfully did he struggle to handle his charge; the main-sheet had not run a fathom through the block when a kink in the rope brought it up all standing, and the hooker hove up in the wind; seizing the opportunity the brave boy sprang forward to get his jib-sheet trimmed, and the next moment the stout craft was left to her own devices.

"By the livin' light he's overboard!" shouted Murt Mahon.

"Never mind men—give way for your lives!" exclaimed Bryan, "we'll save the poor lad or perish with him!"

A hoarse determined cry responded to this appeal—and the skiff sped through the foam and wind, as if urged by arms of iron.

As they drew closer the erratic movements of the hooker fairly puzzled Bryan and Mahon, now she would dash away with every sail filled, and anon come up with her canvas shivering in the wind, but nowhere could they see a vestige of the hapless Robby; at length some object dragged furiously on the surface of the water as the vessel made one of these unaccountable rushes caught their eyes, and the mystery was explained; the resolute boy had caught the jib-sheet as he fell, and was making gallant but fruitless efforts to regain his charge, his weight on the sheet when her sails filled causing her to gather way in the furious squalls.*

A few more dashing strokes, and with a desperate leap Bryan gained the hooker's forecastle, and the brave Robby was rescued just as he put forth the last remnant of his little strength; tenderly but quickly was he cared for, and then the crew, led by their dauntless master, prepared to do battle for their lives, with all the smartness and coolness

* This incident occurred within the writer's knowledge.

of men inured to face danger in its fiercest aspects: the canvas was reduced to storm proportions, the skiff hauled on board, and the Black Hawk ready to meet the weight of the gale that was almost upon her: on it came in resistless fury, the howling of the wind and the raging of the sea making a very hell of sound; for an instant the stout craft reeled to the scathing blast, did a block or a rope prove false to their trust, that good little ship's last brief fight was fought, and another band of gallant mariners had passed away with the tempest singing their requiem; but hemp and canvas, wood and iron, were stern and unyielding as the bold hearts they carried; with an almost life-like effort she cleft through the wall of surge that threatened to overwhelm her, and poising for a brief second upon its crest shook her canvas wings defiantly, and rode triumphant over the massive seas that showed the Atlantic was rising in its wrath.

With that long breath of relief that men are wont to indulge in after a struggle in which all their powers are sorely taxed, the crew of the Black Hawk regarded each other to enquire were any of their number missing,—no they were all there—Bryan at the tiller, Murt Mahon and Thornton by the halliards, the other two men by the sheets, and little Robby peeping with awe struck countenance from beneath the forecastle; then as if to relieve their pent up feelings a joyous cheer broke forth, and Fenton giving her the full weight of the canvas she bounded away amidst a cloud of foam and mist, to seek the haven of Tipperkevin.

Was it an echo—or a voice from the sea that answered that cheer,—was it mortal sound? Again clear and more distinct it rang above the gale, piercing the very heavens;—no echo of joyous sound was that—nor yet the strange weird call that sailors oft hear in the watches of the night; the crew of the Black Hawk were on their feet in an instant.

“Betune uz an’ harm!” exclaimed Thornton devoutly crossing himself; “what is that?”

“Hark—mates!” shouted Mahon, “’tis the cry of a man, and a drowning one too!”

“Where away—Murtagh—where away old man—ha—listen!”

Again that wailing cry rose fitfully, this time so close that it seemed alongside of them.

“’Tis to windward, yer honor—to windward, sir!”

Round went the Black Hawk, plunging amongst the surging sea like a mad thing, every man's eager gaze endeavouring to pierce the clouds of mist and spray by which they were surrounded.

“Here she is sir—right ahead—Masthur Bryan—hard up sir—ha.

up or you will be over her !" screamed Thornton, throwing his weight against the tiller, which Bryan notwithstanding the power of his strong arms found sorely tried him to escape the object that loomed through the flying drift ; not a moment too soon was Thornton's aid, the Black Hawk almost grazed the stern of a hooker similar to herself ; in the momentary glance obtained flying past she appeared unmanageable, three men were vainly endeavouring to free her of water, whilst kneeling in the stern sheets was a youthful maiden engaged in prayer ; as the Black Hawk dashed like a phantom ship from the gloom, the beautiful girl raised her hands in gratitude as if her prayer had been heard, and the strong shout of encouragement that answered was the first intimation to her fear-stricken crew that help was at hand.

But a fresh element of horror was added to the scene, the sea which the first fury of the gale had beaten down, was now assuming true Atlantic proportions, huge rolling mountains.

"Hold on men for dear life !" shouted Bryan hoarsely, as a wall of water came thundering down.

"Now may heaven have mercy on them and upon us !" ejaculated Murtagh Mahon in smothered accents "it will be as much as we can do to weather this—they never can !"

There was a mighty roar, a very infernal of din, as if ocean and cloud had met in wild career ; high in air, and gleaming through the storm drift like a ghastly wreath, a snowy mass of boiling comb marked the summit of the destroying wave ; fearlessly did the brave young seaman note its approach, and desperate was the will with which he drove the hardy hooker through the water, it was his only chance to climb that terrible steep, he felt he could dare anything to save that fair girl from the grasp of the ruthless sea ; boldly the hooker rose until she reached the broken ridge of foaming breaker, for a moment it appeared as if she must be overwhelmed and borne under by the roaring surge, but like a skilful hunter that knew the moment to give fresh life to his gallant steed, Fenton entered her bows fairly to the blinding mass, there was a confused struggle, the grasp of despairing men, a shock and rush of gurgling water, a smothering sensation, a darkness like the night, then with a plunge that made her quiver to the keel she had leaped the barrier of death and was free.

A hurried gasp for breath, and then eagerly they sought around for those they came to succour, but the Black Hawk was alone upon the angry ocean.

Those who have shared in the exciting endeavour to rescue drowning fellow creatures, can realize the revulsion of feeling that follows upon

failure ; Bryan Fenton and his crew experienced it to the full, their own danger was forgotten, and for the moment a gloomy despondency almost paralysed them; the two succeeding seas however roughly aroused them again to action, a hasty council was held, and in the 'smooth' that ensued the Hooker was put before the wind, following down those fatal ridges with the forlorn hope of picking up some of the helpless crew of the stranger ; Bryan and Thornton high in the rigging scanned eagerly on every side, but their keen scrutiny seemed fated to disappointment ; in the act of descending the voice of Mahon arrested the movement.

"Yon is the shark !" cried the old man, "but where-away be the buoys ?"

"Broad on your lee bow Murt !" answered Thornton, "broad away bo' !"

"Keep her away Mahon—keep her away still—steady !" shouted Fenton in excited tones "there is something moving amongst those buoys !"

There sure enough was the great carcase of the stricken sun-fish rolling helplessly before the leaping surges, whilst streaming away to leeward were three inflated skins, in the midst of which a struggle for life was apparent : as they drew swiftly nigh the form of a human being was discovered grappling desperately with the frail supports ; the Black Hawk was instantly hove in the wind, as she rose to the sea they could discern that the man resolutely clasped the apparently lifeless form of the young girl between him and the buoys, whilst her arms were folded about his neck with the wild despair of a last embrace ; the hooker was struck by a solid wave on the bow, that dashed her within dangerous proximity, not a moment was to be lost, their skiff would not live, another such wave and the stout vessel would crush them beneath her keel ; rapidly circling an end of rope round his body, Bryan plunged overboard and seized the struggling victims ; as rapidly was that rope seized—a giant strength seemed those united arms to wield, a powerful heave—and the ocean this time was baffled in its rage,—two were taken, and two were left !

PART III.

Summer waned and autumn leaves were falling ; still Jared Madis and his fair daughter Rachel were occupants of Cozy Nook, as pe Jervis Ventry was wont to call his snug little cottage, and appearance bade fair for a longer sojourn.

Jared Madison was an American, a genuine Yankee and a roving trader ; one who loved to explore unfrequented places, to "trade up" what other people were too chary to embark in, or too lazy to look for. Jared found himself in Ireland, and as a natural consequence in out-of-the-way parts of it shortly after. Now Jared, the daring speculator, had heard much of the mines of wealth that lay broadcast in our benighted island, awaiting but the enterprize and energy of men, one of whom he felt himself to be ; his attention had been directed to the western coast, for if Jared had a weakness in his proclivities, and he confessed to a few, it was for "striking" a coast "mine"; fish, flesh, fowl,—good red herring, or bad salt horse, mineral, vegetable, or variegated with notions, 'twas all the same to him, so that the path which led thereto traversed the sea's highway, and the chink of a dollar was likely to be heard at the end of it. It was not an improbable event that when he found himself in that "citie of the tribes"—Galway, he should like to prospect a little further to the northward, and being rather independent in his notions of locomotion, chartered one of those famous hookers and sailed in quest of commercial adventure. During the voyage that ensued occurred the terrible disaster which resulted in the loss of the vessel and her ill-starred crew of two men, and the rescue of himself and his daughter by Bryan Fenton and the crew of the Black Hawk.

Thus ran Jared Madison's tale, related in his blunt, naked truth style to the Major : Jared always expressed a strong reverence for the "naked truth," just as he said "in such quantities as rendered it palatable, and the nearest possible approach to fact !"

Apart from the hospitality due to a east-away stranger, there were two other circumstances that opened the Major's heart to him ; Jared too was widowed and leant fondly upon his child, and when thoroughly recovered from the shock sustained during that fearful day's struggle, had sought out and made such worthy compensation as only a thoroughly good heart would prompt, to the widows and children of the hapless men that had perished in his service.

"He's a fine fellow !" said the Major, "and shall dwell in Cory Nook !"

"She's an Angel !" thought Bryan, "and I trust long she may !"

"She'd make a nice wife for the dear boy !" muttered aunt Patience, "but then who are they—what is he ?"

And this was exactly the point at which Jared Madison considered that naked truth might with native modesty be clothed.

At all events Rachel Madison was just the being to make sun-

shine wherever she was ; the flowers seemed to bloom brighter when she smiled upon them—the air purer where she stood ; even the venerable Major partook of the mystic influence, walked more erect, took greater trouble with his personal appearance, and seemed never happier than when paying courtly compliments to the fair daughter of Columbia, until Bryan began almost to dread a rival, and Dame Fenton trembled for the stability of her household throne.

In truth our colony of Tipperkevin underwent a wonderful change just then, a social revolution, although it would be difficult to describe its origin or progress ; we all seemed gradually to emerge from a dull monotony into positive gaiety and irrepressible animal spirits.

Jared was never tired going about with the Major and Bryan, giving useful hints here, suggesting alterations there, toning the military system down to more congenial proportions, and rubbing off those angular points against which the salt-encrusted fishermen would knock their brain pan's ; but everything was done in such an easy, unassuming, friendly and acceptable way, that the Major declared he had found a treasure of wisdom in his new friend Jared Madison. As to Bryan, whatever Jared said—next to the Major, it was also law.

Rachel too flitted about like a ministering spirit, the aged and infirm longed for the hour when her silvery laugh would cheer them, her gentle voice help them on their way ; the fishermen's wives and children adored her, and woe to him or her who ventured even upon a thought that she was otherwise rescued from the sea, than as their especial good angel ; humble comforts that had hitherto been unknown in Tipperkevin made their appearance in profusion, and seemed to do so so naturally, that the Major on more than one occasion dilated upon the rapidly improving habits and condition of his colony.

Jared Madison was a man that knew human nature to the letter, and he used that knowledge so well, that short as had been his sojourn at Tipperkevin, every man, woman, and child, from the Major down to wee Robby, insensibly began to look up to the eccentric but good hearted Yankee ; and the amenities that were continually passing between Cozy Nook and Sobraon Lodge, gradually brought their inmates to that state of friendship which begets a happy and innocent confidence.

Matters were thus progressing when one fine morning Her Majes's mail, in the shape of wee Robby, mounted on the Major's favorite pony, Sir Hugh, galloped down the hill at a speed that threatened to bring Robby to a court martial.—“An shure yer honer—have'nt I there as big as portmantias for Misthur Madison, an isn't the postmaster at B——, afthur axin me had we a gintleman from Ameril y

stayin wid uz !” The Major’s Judge Advocate frown melted down his face into a pleasant smile.

“ And what did you say Robby ?” “ As yer honer often towld me never to satisfy impartinint curiosity,” replied the urchin with a sly grin, “ I axed him did he know why the world was med so round?—no says he, then says I, it was to keep curous people like the likes of uz from peepin’ into the corners uv id ! Begone then say’s he this minit for corners or no corners, thim letthers is dispatches !”

“ And begone this minute with them to Mr. Madison you young scoundrel !” roared the Major at the astounded Robby, “ why did you not say what they were before ?”——

The word “dispatch” sounded in the Major’s ears with awful significance ; was he about to lose Jared, and—and—pretty Rachel, and he confidentially informed aunt Patience that he would not be at all surprised if the American people had offered the Presidency to Jared Madison.—“ He’s just the man sir for it d—e !”

So the Major fussed about all that day, and Bryan looked gloomy as if some evil tidings were at hand, and aunt Patty tried to cheer him but in vain, he sorrowed and would not be comforted.

Whatever those dispatches contained they kept Jared and Rachel occupied until evening within doors, a circumstance unknown since their landing on the shores of Tipperkevin.

That evening however they met as usual, Jared with unruffled brow and Rachel with her ever sweet smile ; so the silver lining came out of the cloud. The Major was too much of the old school to even hint at a knowledge of Jared’s having received a letter, much less a dispatch from America, and the latter volunteered no confidence ; but if the “naked truth” must be told the Major, though he spoke not, thought a deal.

The Major enjoying his meerschaum, and Jared his everlasting cigar, and Bryan skirmishing between them and the open window where *somebody* else was sitting, occupied the rustic summer house which formed a kind of observatory, whence every movement in the harbour below, and for many a league of sea beyond, could be plainly distinguished.

“ Wal—now Major, it’s no small part of the circumstance, I’m a man you see from a country given to action, I like the naked truth, and Jared Madison is a man for motion of the body ; I’ve been down to here you see—a matter of six months, and all that time the world’s been standing still !”

“ Zounds Jared man you are not going to leave after such a hurried

fashion ?" exclaimed the Major, fearing he had wurnised the truth about the dispatches.

"There aint no particular pattern of a hurry abroad as I notice," continued Jared, "but fact is Major I want to be a'doin, a man who has spent his life among the great cities and the 'peraries', a'tween the sea line and the hives back-ards—aint a specimen like to moulder, or spend his time hangin' cobwebs upon daylight; fact is you see I came out to your coast here to strike trade, and near came to strike shoted hammocks, strike it must have been too but for you lad of thine, and which Jared Madison aint like to wipe from the book of dates. Wal—Major—naked truth is—I'm on to strike trade again, not to oil the engine'—no I've pretty comfortable for that matter 'tween Rachel and me, but trade is on me, thanks to you I see a somethin' can be done on your coast after the fashion I notice with you, and dried fish will pay as well and better than many a merchandize I've trifled with 'fore now."

"Why not strike trade, as you call it, with us here then !" cried the Major with a hearty laugh, "Bryan boy ?—Madison's a'thirst for trade, cannot we take him as a partner ?"

"Some of Mr. Madison's keen trade experience would do us good no doubt, for we are sadly behind in that commodity father !"

A curious twinkle was in the American's eye as he listened.

"Wal—now you've both kinder axed handled the subject," returned Madison, "naked truth is—the location is good—I like it,—I like you both—your people,—Rachel likes it too—that aint no small circumstance with her lawful progenitor. One word Major—I'll trade, but no partnership—no offence—but naked truth ;—Jared Madison always sails his own ship, for he has a way of reeving his running gear, that might not suit most captains !"

And so a bargain was struck between Major Reginald Thomas Fenton, of Tipperkevin in the county of ———, in that part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, called Ireland, of the one part ; and Jared Madison of Green Port in the county of Suffolk and state of New York—Republic of America, on the other part ; by which indenture was set forth that the aforesaid Major R. T. F., did thereby covenant and agree——. "What stuff !" I fancy I hear the reader exclaim, "don't bother us with that hideous law twaddle !"—So be it—irritable *non libet*, but I must just say, that Jared Madison agreed purchase from the Major all the dried fish he could supply him with and in consideration, &c.—he was to have accommodation to build su store-houses and other buildings as from time to time he might require with free pilotage, egress, and ingress, at all times and seasons to t

haven of Tipperkevin, without let, hindrance, or questions asked, for such ships and vessels as he might consider necessary to carry on his business.

It was now the height of the fishing season, the Major and Bryan worked double tides themselves, and all hands were not slow to emulate so good an example, so that the spoils of the ocean did increase in a wonderful degree.

Jared Madison was not a whit behind hand ; he commenced building stores and work-shops, and importing materials, after a fashion that set old folk a prophesying that Tipperkevin was destined at no distant day to become a Yarmouth, or a Dundee, or may be a Liverpool—"and why not sure?"

But Bryan's practised eye caught sight of materials that to his mind were anything but consonant with the lawful trade of a merchant in dried fish ; he cudgelled his brain as to what department coals, or leg-shackles, or hand-cuffs—could be used in : however he thought of Rachel Madison, and of the agreement that no questions were to be asked ; moreover he reflected that Yankees dealt in very incongruous articles when they were on a trade, and as he knew not where Jared Madison intended to send his cargoes, or what manner of vessels he purposed sending them by, for anything that had arrived in Tipperkevin hitherto were small coasters from remote ports, and they only bringing the various stores which Jared was laying in, furthermore as every ton of fish he sent into Madison's stores was paid for in hard cash, Bryan, wise in his generation—resolved the wisdom of the maxim, "hear, see, and say nothing," and applied it; although he was determined like a prudent sailor when he sees stray sound flitting suspiciously about, to keep "his weather eye lifting!"

There was a trouble however weighing upon his mind like a terrible night-mare : ever since the Major had informed him about those dispatches, and the agreement with Jared Madison had been duly executed, a change—gradual and slight it was true—but still a change had been observable in Rachel ; she was no longer the same open-hearted, merry, laughing girl, ever foremost in organizing innocent amusements, that she had been towards him ; a certain cold reserve became apparent, her visits were not so frequent to Sobraon Lodge when his presence there might be anticipated, and if by chance he did return upon such occasions, she kept closely by aunt Patty's apron skirt, or became absorbed in chess or backgammon with the Major ; whilst Jared always contrived to bewilder him in a maze of suggestions for the present, and discussions about the future. Now that future had thrust itself very forcibly upon

Bryan's meditations; although no words more serious than the *bandi-nage* that is usual between a handsome youth, and a beautiful maiden of the same degree, had ever passed between him and the bewitching Rachel, he felt in his heart that he was not regarded with indifference, and as to his own feelings, he worshipped the very sod upon which her tiny feet scarce left their impress.

One morning as Bryan was landing his scaly cargoes, and the quay of Tipperkevin presented a scene of more than ordinary bustle and excitement, owing to a great success achieved upon that tide, his mind was wandering still again over his secret troubles, when a hand laid upon his shoulder abruptly aroused him from deep thought; it was Jared Madison perusing a letter.

" 'Tis awkward rather this Bryan!" he ejaculated in a vexed tone, whilst at the same time his keen gaze was furtively scanning every feature of the young seaman's face, "very awkward indeed!"

"What may it be you consider so Mr. Madison?" enquired Fenton with no little confusion of manner at being disturbed in the very act of reckoning up Jared's participation in his daughter's unaccountable coldness.

"Wal'—you see friend Bryan—I have not half a cargo made up yet for a Spanish market, and here is an advice to say one of my steamers is on her passage: it will be a loss—a dead loss—of let me see,—wal'—she's a small thing to be sure, yet still a'tween wages, and I must debit demurrage, and provisions, for these Kennebuck and Boston boys are whales at the harness casks, it will create a clean slide of dead a thousand dollars!"

Bryan exhibited considerable surprise, "a steamer Mr. Madison—a steamer—had you told me you were going to put steam on, I should have been prepared for you, we shall have to double our fleet to keep such trade as that going;—we can do so against spring though: meantime to guard against such a loss as a thousand dollars, we can fill up Mr. Madison—you may depend upon that; let me see?—there's Murt Mahon and the Black Hawk, Bernard Thornton—he can take the Colleen Dhas, yes—yes—these men I can trust to fetch me in from the coast fish as good as need be, well cured and fit for any market, be it Spain or canny Glasgow!"

"I'd have thought old Enoch Saybrook had grown all his hair this time!" continued Madison as if communing with himself upon the contents of the letter, and forgetful of Bryan's presence, "but I see it all—it's that darned young Rube Rodman,—Reuben is Saybrook's nev'y to be sure, but a thousand dollars is too much to lose by a monkey chief ma

"True girl—most true,—but the time is at hand, the glorious time, when I can thank him as a free American and a brother sailor ought; but remember child our sacred cause ——!"

"Thy child remembers but thy will oh father!" murmured Rachel gently, as she raised her expressive eyes to the stern face that earnestly regarded her, whilst dewy drops trembled on her eyelids.

With a deep groan, as though the form of a lost and loved one had risen before him, Jared Madison, bent over the trembling maiden to conceal the emotion which convulsed him.

"May He watch over and guard thee child, when I too perhaps may be but a vision to thy young heart!"

Sorrowfully did that strong resolute man regard her retiring form; earnestly did he listen to those 'fairy footfalls as they died away in the distant chamber; his thoughts were not then careering in wild ambition where a young republic lay writhing in the throes of its birth,—no,—they were far away in that spirit land—where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary sink to rest.

(To be continued.)

THE PAST YACHTING SEASON.

"Interit annus,
Et subit alter,
Quem novus urget,
Et novus alter,
Intereuntem
Interiturus."

BOURNE ET LEWIS, if same are conveyant.

AND worthy Vincentius Bourne, *Collegii Trinitatis apud Cantabrigienses, &c.*, never culled a truer flower of rhetoric when selecting *peritissimè* Master Lewis's chaste contribution from the banks of the Cam. Even so is it now as it was then, the years seem to roll on with a delightful regularity, and as we are some of the very minute atoms involved in that rolling motion, in the fulfilment of our mission we present our readers with the annual *résumé* of things clear, complete, comprehensive, extensive and in order, that have occurred during the year, we suppose we may say,—now last past *scilicet* 1868; and which affect more particularly that portion of Her Majesty's liege subjects, whom, to use an archaism, are devoted to the pastimes of "The gallants of Fey."

Incipere. We shall succinctly examine a few of the *sensational* events that periodically have aroused us to a limited or unlimited degree

of enthusiasm; and having presently more leisure on hand, or in an easy chair, may therefore be disposed to a sanitary coolness of disquisition, which the perfervid heat of the past summer rendered all but impossible.

Imprimus. It is an opinion we have at different periods heard advanced by more than one esteemed and respected member of the yachting brotherhood, that if all the Yacht clubs were united in one great club, having its branches at the present popular yachting stations, that then, and only then, would or will the grand pastime be placed on such a footing as to ensure the adoption of an Universal Code of Laws and Regulations, consequent on which must follow the resolution of all those perplexities that now doth much vex aquatic political economists. That such is a desideratum must be apparent to any impartial observer; but the thousand and one obstacles, petty but formidable in their social bearings, that present themselves at every phase of the subject, seems utterly to preclude even an attempt to accomplish it. That this should be so, we must leave to others possessed of more leisure and astuteness than we are just now capable of, to resolve the why and the wherefore; sufficient for the moment to say that the majority in the Commons House of Yachtsmen prefer an independent existence, even though fraught with imperfections; and consider the excitement of a wholesome rivalry to constitute the salt of that agreeable life which hovers between a pleasant dalliance with the sea, and the *insouciant* struggle with such physical inconveniences as occasionally invest the land with more luxurious attributes.

The advent of a new club is therefore looked upon with a jealous eye by maritime conservatism; whilst the pseudo perfectionists hail it with all the avidity with which a prurient grammarist pounces upon a doubtful paradigm, and the craving appetite that is reputed to pervade the traditional magpie as he peeps into the tempting recesses of the obdurate marrow-bone.

The one recognizes an evil abhorrent to its principles, and denounces accordingly; the other a subject of congratulation, not at the prospective benefit, but the present enjoyment, of the novelty; which, like *sauce-piquant*, imparts a *goût* to that intellectual interchange of sentiment, which no *argumentum ad verecundiam* illustrates so happily as that seventh heaven of feline felicity—the successful pirate of the larder mouthing her plunder.

The news therefore that the "New Thames Yacht Club" was an accomplished fact, furnished ample food for the speculative theorists of both classes; the Leonoclasts worked with due zeal and demolished the

Royal Thames to their entire satisfaction (i.e. the Ic's). The party of re-action pronounced the thing a pleasant firework foible, or the resultant of stars attempting the same orbit ; there would be a blaze, an explosion, and—puff. But “inertia” and “impetus” being two of the ruling powers in natural phenomena, condescended to play their parts independent of all others ; so the great old club, the Royal Thames, stands as complacently as ever on its hearth in Albemarle Street, thrusts its hands into its pockets with an air and smile that denotes taxes paid and a pleasant balance present and more coming ; whilst the New Thames, like the progeny of such a parent, stalks boldly out upon the waters, makes its bow with a modest confidence, does its preliminary *devoir* featly and well, presents its hand dutifully to the author of its organization, and seeming to say “aint I a credit to such a mother?” Lo—the thing is accomplished !—and after a terrific hurricane in the veriest of Dresden Lilliputs, the fact comes out that London can afford two great Yacht Clubs instead of one. *Ex fumo dare lucem !*

The next matter worthy of notice is one of more general interest to yachtsmen, and which we look upon as one of the most important events that has yet occurred in the progress of this national sport. For many years past it has been felt that a universal code of sailing regulations for the systematic guidance of racing yachtsmen was becoming every day more of a necessity ; this has been frequently urged by many talented writers and practical yachtsmen, and none have felt more pleasure in “tailing on to the rope” than ourselves. Persistency has had its reward, and on Monday—“the glorious 1st of June,” the movement assumed form and substance ; a meeting of no less than twenty-three of the leading representatives of fourteen royal and other clubs was held at Willis's Rooms. We here again give the names of the clubs and their representatives, as a record of those who rendered yeoman service stout and bold in the interests and for the success of yachting.

Royal Victoria—Commodore, Charles Thellusson, Esq ; Vice-commodore, The Marquis of Exeter ; Secretary, Captain Mackinnon.

Royal Yorkshire—Vice-commodore, Major A. Bannister ; Rear-commodore, Sir Hickman Bacon.

Royal Welsh—Vice-commodore, Llewellyn Turner, Esq.

Royal Thames—Commodore, Lord Alfred Paget ; Vice-commodore, Lord de Ros ; Secretary, Captain P. C. Stuart Grant ; Member, Captain H. E. Bayly.

Royal Northern—Commodore, The Hon. G. F. Boyle ; Vice-commodore, Sir Michael Shaw Stewart.

Royal Cork—Admiral, Captain Smith-Barry.

Royal St. George—Commodore, The Marquis of Drogheda.

Royal London—Commodore, Andrew Arcedeckne, Esq. ; Rear-commodore, G. W. Charlwood, Esq.

Royal Harwich—Commodore, James Goodson, Esq. ; Vice-commodore, Captain Bennett.

Royal Albert—Vice-commodore, Captain Conway Gordon ; Member, Thomas Broadwood, Esq.

Royal Western of Ireland—Member, Valentine Wing, Esq.

Prince of Wales's—Commodore, Cecil Long, Esq.

Clyde—Commodore, The Hon. G. F. Boyle.

Ranelagh—Rear-commodore, F. H. Lemann, Esq.

Apologies were received from the Royal Yacht Squadron, Commodore, the Earl of Wilton, and the Royal Western of England, Commodore, Earl Vane, but giving their adhesion to the proceedings of the meeting.

For us to say one word relative to the distinguished individuals that assembled would be supererogatory ; are not their names household words " among we of the briny blue ? "

We have given in our July number such a detailed account of the proceedings as to render their re-production unnecessary ; those present, *save one*, seemed unanimous on all points submitted to their consideration ; that one was Lord Alfred Paget, a by no means unimportant member of the yachting conclave, commanding as he does one of the most distinguished and thorough yachting clubs in existence ; his lordship started by ignoring the possibility of framing a time allowance between vessels of different tonnages to meet all cases ; his next argument, if such it could be designated, was rather astounding ; on the general subject he did not think anything good would come of the meeting, the rules of the Royal Thames Yacht Club he considered were as near perfection as could be, and as he liked to be fair and above board, he gave them his candid opinion that their deliberations could come to nothing ; the rules of his club were adapted to the Thames and the club, and could river rules be adapted to the sea ? We have a great respect for Lord Alfred Paget, and to show it, we must agree to differ with him. We are afraid his lordship is not a close reasoner, or perhaps the dullness of our comprehension cannot master his logic ; we cannot resolve whether his method is analytical or synthetical, and as he advances no argument whatever to justify his scepticism, how could we ? we are consequently fain to conjecture a weakness that occasionally besets those of a superior mind ; we cannot congratulate his lordship on the fallacious notion that two-and-twenty noblemen and gentlemen of education and sound sense would meet without having previously well considered the

subject upon which they were called upon to assemble; and a rather doubtful compliment may be consequently inferred upon their coming there at all: his lordship's particular idea assumed a *specialité* under the head of "allowance of time" but as the meeting was convened as a preliminary movement, the advancement of a matter of detail more properly the province of whatever executive committee might be appointed by that meeting, was mere grappling with a shadow. The statement of his belief in the perfection of the rules of his club was also curiously anomalous; the very fact of such an assemblage of yachtsmen should have dissipated such a belief—ay—suppressed its utterance; but his lordship likes to be candid, and we presume he claims no monopoly of that quality: his observation that his club's rules were adapted to the Thames and would not suit the sea, seems strangely at variance with the previous assertion of their being perfect, and if they are thus imperfect how does his lordship dispense even handed justice in the Royal Thames Yacht Club *Ocean Matches*, or is the noun adjective a misnomer; apparently there is some confusion of ideas between the superior officers of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, as that veteran yachtsman, Lord de Ros, who so ably opened the proceedings, quoted the very first rule of that club, which according to our humble comprehension lays down axioms that are still more strangely inconsistent with his lordship's expressed opinions; and which accepted in all faith by Lord de Ros in quoting as a precedent, is we opine slightly suggestive that the noble commodore might be wrong, where he intended to be right, and right where his ingenuous statement would prove he was wrong. May we ask his lordship in conclusion to reconcile the two following sentences; if he can, then perforce we must agree with him that the yachting congress could not be of the remotest utility; but if he cannot, we are fond of being candid, and we candidly tell him we have a much higher opinion, than he expressed, of his two-and-twenty able co-legislators. The sentences are these,—“the rules of the club were adapted to the Thames and to the club, and could river rules be adopted to the open sea?” In the first rule of the R.T.Y.C., as quoted by Lord de Ros, occurs this “should be prevented and checked by restrictions *based on the ordinary customs of the Sea!*” However—*Quot homines, tot sententiæ.*

This meeting had just such a result as might be anticipated from those composing it; “straight to work” was the motto acted upon, and the consequence was the appointment of an executive committee composed of the following officers and members of Royal Yacht Clubs.

Royal Victoria—Commodore, Charles Thellusson, Esq.; Vice-commodore, The Marquis of Exeter,

Royal St. George—Commodore, The Marquis of Drogheda.

Royal Thames—Vice-commodore, Lord de Ros.

Royal Yorkshire—Commodore, The Earl of Londesborough.

Royal London—Rear-commodore, G. W. Charlwood, Esq.

Royal Yacht Squadron—Captain Legard.

Hon. Secretary to the Committee—Captain Mackinnon, R.V.Y.C.

We greatly regret that Lord Alfred Paget declined acting on this committee, and we sincerely hope he may be induced to reconsider his refusal ; his lordship's name has been so long in the van of all thorough yachting movements, that without him, it almost appears like a gallant ship crippled in her stun'-sail booms.

Honor to whom honor is due ! We consider it but the merest justice to place upon record, that the Royal Victoria Yacht Club took the initiative and responsible position in this important movement, which was most courteously and gracefully acknowledged by those present, in Lord de Ros moving Commodore Thellusson to the chair. A further graceful acknowledgment was made of activity, energy, and sound administrative ability, in the appointment of Captain Mackinnon as hon. secretary to the executive committee ; *the right man in the right place* is an excellent truism of this nineteenth century, and this gallant officer exhibited such tact and cleverness in compiling a synoptical pamphlet of the existing rules of all yacht clubs, as largely entitles him to the thanks of all yachtsmen, for the invaluable aid thus afforded towards simplifying the question, and which as assuredly entitles him to a service of plate when he shall have brought his arduous labours to a conclusion ; a satisfactory one we fully anticipate from such an executive.

The most eventful and eventless occurrences afloat were the arrival and discomfiture of the American Yacht *Sappho* ; upon which interesting and instructive events we have already expressed ourselves very fully in our September number, page 426 ; the sentiments therein contained we adhere to, everything or anything to the contrary notwithstanding ; we have also given the log of her passage, and the description of her person, and we wish her and her owner well, but we have the canny northern opinion strong upon us " that she's just a wee thing too slow for a racer ! "

But—Eureka !—our man and our ship have come at last, and our faith in British yachtsmen is proved and rewarded ; at long last our vision assumes probability, and America is challenged, and worthily challenged ; not by any pretender this time, but by a man and a ship whom have turned a name out of the sea furrows in a very brief period, that many have toiled and spent a lifetime for in vain. We shall say

nothing at present of the terms of Mr. Ashbury's right gallant challenge but when the answer has arrived we shall recur to the subject again. We can only say that if an honest, sterling wish, can help him to the great triumph, he has ours heartily ; and what is more we will cross the Atlantic with the hope of seeing him accomplish it, and promise him an "*Io Pæon*" worthy of such a glorious event. Let Mr. Ashbury remember it is not a mere yacht match he has undertaken, but let the thought animate him that the achievement of restoring the *prestige* of the British Union Jack, will be a deed which shall make the world ring, and enrol his name amongst the long list of nautic heroes that Britain is so justly proud of ; though but a peaceful rivalry, deep national feelings are involved, that will not fail to accord a befitting acknowledgment to the hardy son who vindicates them.

And now to our briny reminiscences ! Premising that if we hit hard sometimes, 'tis in kindness not malice—to warn not to wound ! We have the good cause at heart too sincerely for that.

The first class cutter match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club on Monday, the 18th of May, brought but a limited entry to the starting buoys, namely the *Fiona*, *Vindex*, and *Sphinx* : with a north-easterly wind rendering it a dead heat to the *Nore*, the *Vindex* went away first at 11h. 26m. 34s., the *Fiona* all alive and awake to the fact, that she was about to tackle one of the most formidable light weights afloat, whose crew knew their business to a letter, and steered by a man that understood her motions, with every intricacy of the watery highway he was traversing, as familiarly as the fat porter at Northumberland House knows the sign of the Golden Cross ; the *Sphinx's* pilot seemed to have some confused ideas that getting well to windward at the start, no matter how his antagonists bore, was the winning trick ; so he made what he considered a judicious board across the bay of Erith, letting *Vindex* and *Fiona* slip away into the *Rands* merrily as crickets, without perchance bestowing a thought on the inevitable stern chase thereby secured for his ship ; the little *Vindex* was got together in a trice by her well trained crew, and looked like a pretty model carved by a cunning hand ; such quiet and order reigned on her decks, so soundly were her sails sleeping, and when hove in stays for either tack, it was accomplished most skilfully and swiftly : it seemed as if the men rose momentarily like phantom mariners, there was a convulsive shiver of her canvas, her hull rose upright for a second, like an athlete taking a mighty breath, then the sails flattened to the wind without crease or wrinkle, the watchful guardians of sheets and halyards disappeared beneath the bulwarks, the fresh breeze hummed shrilly

through her gear and rigging, and the spiteful featherspit from her razor stem gave a significant hint that she meant travelling ; what a picture is a well handled racing barkie ! The Fiona's crew were quite leisurely in their movements, confident apparently in the powers of their ship, as they had good reason to be ; and with a lazy *insouciance* engendered by continued success, seemed to fancy unseemly haste a libel on their reputation ; nevertheless gradually and quietly the Clyde beauty completed her toilette, and when at length *en grande tenue* she too began to travel, for it was now evident unless the Vindex could be brought sharply to book, she was just at that period of the struggle when joking becomes stern earnest ; another few tacks and no water lost—might place her beyond the control even of the invincible Fiona ; indeed to those who did not know the powers of the latter on a wind, the moment seemed critical, the light weight having everything in her favor from the narrowness of the water, and the shortness of the tacks ; but the Fiona quickly gave a display of her powers that astonished even those who knew her ; walking out to windward of Vindex, she began to dispose of the time allowance to the latter in a very liberal manner, but the veteran little racer followed the Fiona into Sea Reach at a pace that showed she would do gallant battle to the last ; here she was in trouble with her topsail, but the training of a racing crew showed itself, for the square-headed topsail disappeared on the instant, whilst a neat jib-headed sail appeared as if by magic in its place ; the Nore was rounded by the Fiona at 3h. 11m., by the Vindex at 3h 24m., with but 3 minutes time to battle home with her giant foe ; the Sphinx was disposed of, for besides missing the strong breeze she is so fond of, she carried away the head-earring of her mainsail, an accident on a wind likely to prove fatal even to a brilliant position, much less to the victim of a stern chase. The running down-wind home from the Nore, afforded the usual opportunity for airing the flying kites of the canvas-backs, and many a merchant skipper and "dicky" stared at the mountains of muslin that flitted past them, upreared upon a tiny speck whose relative size to its cargo aloft, gave rather confused notions of yachtsmen's ideas of proportion ; again the Vindex had a difficulty, this time it was the balloon topsail yard, and it was her crisis, for up to this victory trembled in the balance, so resolutely had she tackled her great opponent ; a cleverly applied jury spar enabled a make-shift balloon sail to be set, whilst in the interim the Fiona was doing all she knew to gain a clear wake, for young flood was flying up with the wind, and although crippled for the nonce, good seamanship will make any cripple go with a fair wind ; she displayed her skipper's judgment too, for on arriving at the flag-ship at

Gravesend, the goal of the day, which she did at 5h. 25m. 45s., the Vindex had run her within three minutes of her allowance of time: nothing but the wonderful speed of the Fiona could have enabled her to win this race when the confined nature of the water is taken into consideration; for on beating down, a large cutter like her is held at vast disadvantage by a smart clipper of the Vindex's tonnage manned by a clever crew; the large vessel can scarcely get into sailing form before she is forced to tack again, whilst the light barkie is always travelling, and what she loses in speed during the boards, she more than recovers by her quickness and handling in stays.

MEMS FROM AMERICA.

SOUTH BOSTON YACHT CLUB.

THIS is a new organization which has been successfully and auspiciously inaugurated under the leadership of Capt. John Greer, who has been elected Commodore. It comprises some twenty-four yachts, and a little over one hundred members, and was organized February 15th, of the present year. Full details of its affairs are not yet ready for publication. It may be stated, however, that a comfortable and spacious, though not expensive, club-house has been erected on a pleasant and sightly location at the foot of K street. The lower story commands an extensive view of the southerly bay and the landscape beyond, as far as the summits of the Blue Hills, and from the upper window a full view of the harbour to the lower light is obtained. Two flag staffs have been placed on the building, and probably an observatory or cupola will be added at no distant day. The club signal adopted is of a swallow tail pattern and displays a red ball upon a white ground. The yacht ensign encloses a foul anchor within the circle of stars in the blue field.

We can enumerate sixteen new yachts introduced to the waters of our bay, and the acquaintanceship of our nautical public. Five have been built at South Boston, all of which will probably be entered upon the roll of the South Boston Club. Three have been built at East Boston and two at Lynn. Allusion has already been made to three produced in the State of Maine, two in Rhode Island, and one at New Bedford in this State. The South Boston yachts are as follows:—I. L. Stinson, has built for J. M. Ward a schooner keel yacht of 31½-ft. length over all, 11½-ft. beam, 5-ft. depth of hold and 5-ft. draft of water. She will carry about 285 yards of canvas. Her cabin is 11½-ft. in length,

and she has a cook room forward. She is oak framed and planked with hard pine. She is not yet named.

Pierce and Brother have also fitted a handsome schooner keel yacht measuring 30½-ft. over all, 10-ft. beam, 4-ft. depth of hold, 3½ draft. She will carry about 200 yards of canvas. Her cabin is 12-ft. in length and finished with black walnut, chestnut and mahogany. Attached to her keel is an iron shoe weighing 1,200 pounds. Not yet named.

Elijah Harris has built and sold to Willard Hawes a very neat looking schooner yacht of 25-ft. length over all, 9-ft. beam, 3½-ft. depth, and 3½-ft. draft of water. She has a cabin of 16½-ft. length, plain finished grained. Her planking is soft pine, and her canvas measures about 100 yards. She has been named the Phantom.

Wright and Jones have built a substantial looking sloop yacht for their own use, of 38-ft. length over all, 11-ft. beam, 5-ft. depth of hold, 4½-ft. draught of water. She is provided with a cabin 12-ft. in length, a cook room and forecastle. Most of the work on her has been done during the evenings of the past winter. Her bottom planking is hard pine, and her upper works of soft pine. In model she somewhat resembles the famous Una. She is designed to carry 280 yards of canvas. Her cabins are finished in white, relieved with black walnut trimmings. She is named Starlight.

Owen Kelly has about completed a centre board sloop yacht of a rather peculiar model. She measures 31-ft. over all, 11½-ft. beam, 3½-ft. depth of hold, 21-in. draft of water, without centre-board when upright, and 11-in. when heeled. She will carry 275 yards of cloth. She is planked with soft pine above water and hard pine below, except her garboard, which is of oak. Her cabin finishes 12ft. in length and 5ft. in height. It will be seen that the design of her builder is to have her slip over rather than to plough through the water. This theory he carried out in a very successful manner in the construction of the "Clitheroe."

At East Boston, Cleaves and Marquand have built a centre-board sloop yacht 34½ft. over all, 12½-ft. beam. 5-ft. depth of hold, 3½ draft. Cabin is 15-ft. in length and finished with chestnut. She will carry 278 yards of canvas.

William B. Alexander and Son have launched a substantial looking centre-board sloop yacht, 38-ft. length over all, 14-ft. beam, 5-ft. depth of hold, 3-ft. draft. Her cabin finishes 16-ft. length with six berths, and she has a cook room and water closet forward. She spreads 255 yards of cloth. Bottom planking of white pine, wale streaks of oak.

Howes and Pierce have a centre-board sloop 24-ft. length, 9-ft. beam, 3½-ft. depth, drawing 18-in. of water. Cabin 9-ft. in length.

At Lynn a very substantial heavy framed yacht is being built by Snow and Chapman, for D. W. Butler of that city. She is a centre-board sloop, 40-ft. length over all, 14-ft. beam, 4-ft. depth and draws 3½-ft. Her wale streaks are of oak and her bottom of Norway pine. Her cabin is 15-ft. length, finished with white enamel paint and gilt mouldings. She is provided with two berths on a side, a water closet, cook room, patent ventilators, etc. She will carry about 300 yards of canvas and is named the Nina.

Allen Hay of Lynn, has also built a fine looking sloop centre-board yacht, 29-ft. over all, 10-ft. beam, 3½-ft. depth and 2-ft. 8-in. draft. Her cabin is 10-ft. in length and she has a cook room forward. She has wire standing rigging and carries 150 yards of canvas. Not named.

The two steam yachts which were a familiar sight in our harbour last season, the Grace Irving and the Mida, have been considerably altered and improved. The former, which is owned by Daniel Robbins, has been supplied with a new upright boiler, by which 25 pounds steam power to the square inch is gained and the available space of the engine room much increased. The water closet is removed to the deck and in its place a convenient clothes room is constructed. The pilot house has been enlarged, so that it will now comfortably contain seven persons. Other points wherein deficiencies existed, have been amended, and she re-appears a compact little "palace upon the waters."

The Mida, owned by E. G. Allen, has had her cabin, which formerly occupied the entire width of the deck, reduced so that a promenade is gained outside. A new deck and bulwarks have been constructed and a new boiler and water tank have been introduced. She now carries 1,100 gallons of fresh water. Speed, comfort and security have thus been gained, and her owner now congratulates himself upon having a model craft, not excelled in these respects by anything of similar dimensions afloat.

Among the surprises that are promised is a yacht building in Quebec from a model furnished by D. J. Lawlor of this city. She measures 36-ft. over all, 13½-ft. beam, 4-ft. depth, and draws 3-ft. She is to be sloop-rigged, each sail measuring 30-ft. on the mast, the jib measuring 28½-ft. on the foot and the mainsail 38-ft. She also carries a square gaff topsail which, though not rectangular would, if squared, measure 13½-ft. each way. It is expected that she will beat the "Black Hawk" of New York, which had the good fortune to outsail all Quebec last season.

A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA.

WE have received for publication the following challenge to our "*Cousins*" on the other side of the Atlantic, which we insert without comment, altho' we must confess we do not exactly like the terms, but of that more *anon* :—

Schooner Yacht Cambria, off South Coast of Spain, Oct. 3, 1868.

SIR.—As the owner of the English schooner yacht Cambria, which some time ago won the race round the Isle of Wight against the American schooner Sappho, and three crack English vessels, I cannot but regret the accident to your representative vessel; and also my inability to have remained in England to again race her round the Wight or across to the Coast of France. I am now on a cruise along the coasts of Portugal and Spain, &c., a journey which I postponed at great inconvenience, in order to give me the pleasure of being courteous to the extent of allowing me to enter against so splendid a vessel as the Sappho, the property of American gentlemen; and I am in hopes this communication will show the owners of the Sappho that they may probably have an opportunity of again testing her qualities against the Cambria, and in American waters.

All Englishmen believe that, taken as a whole, the art of yacht building received a great stimulus by the acknowledged victories of the America in 1851, and now equally hope and believe that the leading English yachts can hold their own against the world; but, America excepted, there are no yachts which we think stand any reasonable degree of success against our vessels of the last few years; all yachtsmen, as well as others, duly appreciate the compliments your New York Club have paid us by, from time to time, sending vessels over to this country, and it is a source of much regret on this side of the water that those compliments have not been reciprocated by any leading yacht club deputing one, or more of their crack vessels, to go to New York waters for racing purposes.

So much do I feel on this subject, that I proposed to one of the leading clubs last winter to send to New York an invitation for two or three vessels to come over in time for the races at Cowes and Ryde this year, and then for several of our leading yachts to sail them back to New York; and, in order to tempt our friends over here, I proposed that special subscriptions should be solicited from each member of a yacht club, wherewith to form a large fund for giving splendid prizes, irrespective of what the clubs might give. At the meeting in question, I offered to subscribe any sum up to £500. and to enter the Cambria for the return race to New York; I mention this in no egotistical spirit, but simply to show that I desire to fairly test the merits of my vessel against those of America in rough as well as smooth waters. Unfortunately this arrangement could not be carried out, as most of the owners generally leave off yachting after the Wight races, for grouse and partridge shooting, or to go abroad.

Before my yachting time your schooner *America* had the honour of winning the cup presented by Her Majesty to the Royal Yacht Squadron, and I am led to believe that the New York Yacht Club have, in the most friendly and courteous manner, offered the cup in question to be sailed for in New York waters to any English yacht which will compete for it. It is an esteemed honour for any Englishman to win at any time ~~the~~ Queen's prize, but I venture to think none would be so much valued as the one so triumphantly taken away in '51 by the *America*, and subject to conditions which I hope will be deemed equitable and reasonable to all concerned. I now have the pleasure to ask you to kindly state to your committee that I am disposed to challenge all *America* for the possession of the cup in question:—

Firstly.—I propose that during or before the season of 1869 the N.Y.Y.C. select their champion schooner of a tonnage not to exceed 10 per cent. of the Thames measurement (188 tons) of the *Cambria*.

Secondly.—The vessel referred to I would desire to see arrive in England in ample time to take part in the matches of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, and the Royal Victoria Yacht Club at Ryde, for which races she will doubtless be permitted to enter, on time allowance and measurement as per rules of those clubs. These races take place early in August, six to eight or nine in number, round the island (60 miles), the Victoria and Queen's courses (also about 60), and probably a run to Cherbourg and back. The prizes would be the annual Queen's Cup, presented to the Royal Yacht Squadron, two cups of £100 each from the towns of Cowes and Ryde, and several £100 and £50 cups. And I may add that if the yacht could arrive about a month earlier, she would be in time for some of the best ocean races of the R.T.Y.C.

At these races your representative vessel would meet all the best and fastest English and Scotch yachts, among others—Schooners:—*Guinivere*, *Alarm*, *Cambria*, *Aline*, *Egeria*, *Gloriana*, *Albertine*, *Blue Bell*, *Pantomime*, *Gelert*, &c.; Yawls—*Infra* and *Julia*; Cutters—*Oimara*, *Condor*, *Fiona*, *Arrow*, &c., and would have a fair opportunity of testing her qualities during the height of the Isle of Wight yachting season, and with the temptation of many prizes highly valued, and much sought after but not for their mere intrinsic value.

Thirdly.—On or about the 1st. Sept., I would race your vessel from the Isle of Wight to New York for a cup or service of silver valued £250; no time allowance, and no restrictions as to canvas or number of hands.

Fourthly.—I would then, at an early date, race the said vessel round Long Island, on the R.T.Y.C. measurement, and their time allowance; two races out of three over this course to decide as to the championship, and the final possession of the *America's* Queen's Cup of 1851. If I lost, I would present the N.Y.Y.C., or the owner of the successful vessel, with a cup valued 100 guineas, or I would race any other schooner of about my tonnage over the same course on the said conditions, the competing vessel to have been previously pronounced by the N.Y.Y.C. as the fastest vessel in America

of her size and class, and providing the said vessel had not been built since the date of this communication, and was in all respects a sea-going vessel, and not a mere shell or racing machine.

At your earliest convenience I shall be glad to hear from you or the club secretary on the subject. Meanwhile, believe me, yours truly,

JAMES ASHBURY.

To the President of the New York Yacht Club.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A meeting of this Institution was held on the 5th November, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. There were also present Sir Edward Perrott, Bart., W. H. Harton, Esq., Rear-Admiral Sir W. H. Hall, K.C.B., George Lyall, Esq., Admiral Gordon, John Griffith, Esq., Colonel Palmer, Captain Ward, R.N., and Richard Lewis, Esq.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, the silver medal of the Institution and 1*l.* each were voted to Mr. Matthew Nicholas, coxswain of the Sennen Cove (Land's-End) life-boat, and to Mr. S. Morrison, officer of coastguard at that station, and a reward of 12*l.* to the crew of the life-boat, for going off on the 23rd ult., during a gale and in a heavy sea, and saving, in conjunction with the rocket apparatus, which was fired from the life-boat by Mr. Morrison, one out of 17 persons from the Government lighter Devon, which was wrecked on the Brissons Rocks. The rescued man was seen on the rocks at the dawn of the day, and the service performed in his rescue was a most gallant one. It is remarkable that he bears the same name—George Davis—as the late husband of the donor of the life-boat to the Institution.

Rewards amounting to 253*l.* were voted to the crews of life-boats of the Institution for various services during the heavy storms of the past month. The Blackpool life-boat saved twelve men from the schooner Theodorus from Liverpool. The life-boat at Broughty Ferry rescued nine men from the barque Betty and Louise, of Hamburg. The Great Yarmouth life-boat, brought ashore the crew of the Francis of Shields. The Silloth life-boat saved one man from the smack Rover of Annan.

The Lytham life-boat brought ashore three men from the schooner Theodorus, and subsequently assisted in bringing the vessel safely into harbour. The life-boats of the Institution at Stromness, Anstruther, Padstow, and Porthdinllaen assisted in bringing the following distressed vessels and their crews into port :—Schooner Victor, of Grimsby, 5 ; fishing-boat Active, of Cellardyke, 4 ; steamer Augusta, of Bristol, 13 ; and the flat William of Carnarvon 2.

The life-boats of the Institution at Ilfracombe, Kingstown, Rye, Winchelsea, Chapman's Pool, Port Logan, Peterhead, Dungeness, Tynemouth, Whitehaven, Hasborough, St. Andrews, Porthcawl, and Girvan also ren-

dered various services during the storms of the past month. Altogether the Institution had contributed this year to the saving of 639 lives and 16 vessels.

The silver medal of the Institution was voted to Viscount Bury, P.C., and to Charles Pride, a coastguardman, and 1*l*. in addition to the latter, in acknowledgment of their gallant services in putting off in a small boat, and saving after much difficulty one of the crew of the fishing-boat *Alarm*, which had capsized on Christchurch Bar on the 6th October. The silver medal of the Institution was also granted to Edmund Gray, Esq., son of Sir John Gray, M.P., and 2*l*. to John Freeny, for swimming out in a heavy sea, and bringing a line on shore and otherwise assisting to save the crew of five men of the schooner *Blue Vein*, of Portmadoc, which during a strong gale stranded opposite Ballybrack railway station on the 25th September.

Various other rewards were also granted to the crews of different shore boats for saving life from shipwrecks on our coasts. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales had, through General Sir W. Knollys, K.C.B., most kindly consented to become the patrons of a grand bazaar that is to be given at Exeter during Easter next, in aid of the support of the life-boats of the Institution on the coasts of Devon and Cornwall.

Admiral the Earl of Carysfort had sent the Institution a second donation of 100*l*., and the workpeople in the employ of Messrs. R. Aaron, of Birmingham, had forwarded an additional contribution of five guineas to the Institution.

The late Mr. C. W. Jones, farmer, of Norwich, had left the Institution a legacy of 200*l*.. Payments amounting to upwards of 2,100*l*., were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments. Thomas Gray, Esq., the assistant-marine secretary of the Board of Trade, had presented to the Institution a beautiful song, set to music, entitled the "Life-boat's Crew," which was to be published in the next number of the "Quarterly Journal" of the Institution.

It was decided to send another life-boat to Fraserburgh, in the place of a boat at present on that station which had become unfit for service. The thanks of the Institution inscribed on vellum were ordered to be given to Mr. G. C. Begbie, the public accountant, in acknowledgment of his long and valuable services as auditor of the Institution during the past sixteen years. A life-boat was ordered to be stationed at Kimmeridge, on the coast of Dorset. Reports were read from the Inspector and the Assistant Inspector of life-boats to the Institution on their recent visits to various life-boat stations on the coast. The proceedings then terminated.

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

New Thames Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of this club was held on Monday evening, Nov. 2nd, at Freemasons' Hall, and presided over by Mr. R. S. Wilkinson, the treasurer.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, and some new members elected, including Mr. Mather, of the *Gipsy*, schooner, 215 tons; and Mr. Mansell, of the *Aline*, yawl, 32 tons, the chairman addressing the meeting, said he was happy to find so many assembled together again after the recess, to look to the interests of the society. He then called their attention to the necessity of their procuring suitable apartments in an eligible situation for the convenience and accommodation of the club, expressing his firm conviction that when suited in that respect their numbers would be doubled. In order to acquaint them with the resources they had at their disposal, as a guide of their outlay, he went into a detail of the receipts and disbursements of the club, and congratulated them upon the fact, that although it had only been in existence ten months, they were now in possession, after giving liberal prizes, and paying for first-class steamers to accompany their races, of a balance of £580. The resolutions of the committee which embodied these opinions were then read, and in accordance with their views powers were given to the House Committee to carry out, as promptly as possible the wishes of the body, and to report thereon at the earliest convenience.

The chairman adverted to the directions recently issued by the Lords of the Admiralty respecting yacht owners possessing themselves of the required warrant for each club to which they belonged, and he was happy to say that although yachtsmen were widely dispersed at the time, the greatest attention had been paid to the instructions. Auditors were elected for the year, and Mr. F. White was announced duly appointed secretary. The chairman having adverted to the inconvenience felt by many of the members in attending club meetings on the first Monday in the month, gave notice that he should bring the question of what day would be most convenient before the club for discussion at the next club meeting, which will be held at Freemasons' Hall.

Royal London Yacht Club.—The usual monthly meeting of this club was held at the new club-house, Westminster Palace Hotel, on Monday, Nov. 16th. The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. Mr. Edward Addis was duly elected a member of the club. The Commodore proposed Mr. Thomas Broadwood, of the *Goshawk* schooner, for election as Vice-Commodore of the club. A letter from Mr. G. W. Charlwood, the Rear-Commodore, was read, expressing his regret that he was unable to attend the meeting, but desiring to second the nomination. The nomination was supported by the treasurer, and carried by acclamation. The usual house dinner was held previously to the meeting, at which between 20 and 30 of the members and their friends were present. The treasurer stated that the club had been enabled this year, by care and economy to increase the reserve fund from £800 to £1,000, which was invested in Consols.

The first meeting and dinner of this club after the recess were held at the new Club-house, the Westminster Palace Hotel, Commodore Andrew Arcedeckne, Esq., in the chair, faced by S. F. Oriel, and Alexander Crosley, Esqs. No less than 64 gentlemen sat down to the banquet, a most unpre-

cedented number, we should think, at an ordinary dinner of any yacht club. and it is only fair to suppose that the very excellent arrangements made by Mr. Jefferis, the manager, for the comfort and convenience of the members, both at the dinner and as regards the general accommodation afforded at the new quarters, had something to do with the importance of the gathering. As a general rule these monthly dinners are only small affairs, calculated to promote a social feeling, prior to the more important business of the evening, but on this occasion the dinner partook of the character of an annual one, the toasts of "Her Majesty and the Royal Family," "Success to the Club," the Commodore, and Rear-commodore, (G. W. Charlwood, Esq.,) Treasurer (G. C. Eagle, Esq.,) Cup Bearer and Chairman of Committees, (A. Crossley, Esq.,) &c., being given and duly responded to. In the course of these toasts especial reference was made to the very desirable change that had been effected, while the benefit that would accrue to the club funds in many ways was fully dilated upon, and due praise accorded to Mr. Crossley for his labours on behalf of the club generally, and with regard to the new house in particular. A personal inspection of the new rooms assures us that the club have done well by the change.

During the evening the following gentlemen were elected members of the club—Capt. W. H. Baillie, and Messrs. C. Wilkinson, J. H. Hiley, M. S. Pilcher, A.M., L. Fort, R. Wake, J. Circuit, and Cook, junr. The Annual Dinner, was also appointed, and the following gentlemen stewards to carry out the necessary arrangements:—C. E. Borras, E. S. Bulmer, E. Crosby, J. S. Earle, T. Field, M. Hall, E. A. Hughes, C. B. King, S. F. Oriel, O. D. Oshorne, C. Pawley, W. H. Ridgway, J. A. Silk, W. H. Trego, and C. Well-bourge.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—The members of this club and their friends celebrated the closing of the season a short time since, when despite the very unfavourable character of the weather no less than three yachts assembled at the rendezvous off the Brunswick Pier, Blackwall. These were Eva, Mr. W. Lowe, Vice Commodore; Ærolite, Messrs. Dowdall and Cooper; and Watersprite; the latter being kindly placed at the club's disposal by Mr. C. Borras, of the Royal London.

The party, though not numerous, were as jolly as circumstances would permit, but on the whole were glad to see Erith Pier, and still more the interior of the Pier Hotel, where smoking viands and a cheerful fire revived the spirits of the most depressed, and some thirty gentlemen were soon seated round the board, presided over (in the absence of the Commodore, Cecil Long, Esq.,) by W. Lowe, Esq. the Vice, who was faced by Richard Sadler, Esq. the Rear, and supported by Messrs. Perceval and Alfred Turner, W. Massingham, E. G. Knibbs, Jas. Burton, W. Webster, Poppleton, and of our old friends.

After full justice had been done to the repast the usual toasts were given and responded to with the greatest gusto, prominent among which of course was "Prosperity to the Prince of Wales Yacht Club," which received its usual happy treatment at the hands of Mr. Perceval Turner, now genera /

recognised as the father of the club, a title he has fairly earned, as he has been its treasurer, and a most devoted one, too, ever since its establishment in 1851.

Mr. Poppleton took charge of the toast of "the flag-officers," who were deservedly eulogised for the very arduous services they have rendered, and they, together with the other officers, were warmly commended for the manner in which they had piloted the club through a very trying time. These two toasts were responded to by Mr. Lowe for himself and the Commodore, Mr. Sadlier, as Rear-Commodore, and Mr. P. Turner for himself, the Secretary, Auditors, &c., Mr. Lowe taking occasion to give the members a very severe rebuke for their general want of interest in the club of late, as without strong efforts on the part of the officers the old club would have ceased to exist. We think every one will agree with us that such an end to so excellent an institution, to die for simple want of internal life, would be most undesirable. The P.W.Y.C. came forward in the interests of yachting at a time when small craft were quite uncared for, and gave so great an impetus to sport that many similar bodies followed their example all over the country, and, dead or alive, the yachting world will ever owe them a deep debt of gratitude as a club, while individually there is not a body of men in the country—and we make the assertion fearlessly—who have been more ready to put their hands in their pockets and aid the institution to which they belonged, and through the club the art of yachting, when it was unable to help itself. We repeat, therefore, that we should much regret to see the P.W.Y.C. "lose the number of its mess," and hope that some conversation, engendered by Mr. Lowe's remarks as to time allowance, measurement, and other little things may bear good fruit when the club next meet to revise their laws. We have only to add that the evening was spent in the most agreeable manner, and that a select few started in the morning for a closing cruise, previous to going into winter quarters.

The Annual Dinner of this flourishing club was held on Wednesday 11th, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. There was a very large attendance of members and friends, the chair being taken by Mr. Cecil Long, the Commodore, faced by Mr. R. Sadlier, the Rear-Commodore, and Mr. Alfred Turner. Among the company were Messrs. F. Barton, H. Dodd, Down, C. Wood, Burney, P. Turner, and Capt. J. Ellis, *a.m.*, and after the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, Mr. P. Turner proposed in an appropriate speech, "Success to the Prince of Wales Yacht Club," which was received with loud cheers. Mr. Down proposed "The health of the Chairman," and in the course of his remarks made especial reference to the assistance he had rendered the Sailing Barge Match committee, as well as the P.W.Y.C., and Mr. Long, in returning thanks, expressed his intention and desire to assist them always. In the course of the evening, among other toasts, the health of Mr. Dodd, the originator of the Sailing Barge Match, was drunk, and in replying Mr. Dodd assured them that as long as he lived it should not fall to the ground, nor after he was

gone. It was announced during the evening that Mr. Dodd intended to give a cup to the P.W.Y.C., to be sailed for by their yachts.

Royal Mersey Yacht Club.—The usual monthly meeting of this club took place at Liverpool on Wednesday. After the election of several members and the transaction of routine business, the dangerous nature of the gun and carbine practice carried on from Gallows Point, near Beaumaris, formed the subject of considerable discussion, and the following notice of motion was placed on the paper for consideration at the next meeting, viz :—"That the Royal Mersey Yacht Club do memorialize Her Majesty's Secretary of State for War, praying for inquiry into the circumstances under which persons on board the yacht Myth, belonging to the club, were placed in serious danger on the evening of Monday, September 21st, 1868 ; also into the circumstances under which round shot were fired in an unjustifiable manner across the Channel on July 1st, 1867 ; also into the general character of the firing carried on from Gallows Point, and to suggest the entire closing of the range, which (amongst other disadvantages) has also the further disadvantage of being too near the high road between Beaumaris and Menai Bridge."

Prince Alfred Yacht Club.—The closing meeting of this club for the season of 1868 took place at Gilbert's Hotel, Westland-row, Dublin, on the 9th of November last, when, notwithstanding the extra business and excitement attendant on the coming elections, a large number of members attended. The Commodore, Mr. Fielding Scovell, took the chair, and after a ballot--by which seven gentlemen were added to the rapidly increasing list of members, making forty-one who have joined the club since November, 1867—he called on the honorary treasurer to read the accounts, from which it appeared that, in addition to the balance found in his hands last November (£19. 18s. 9d), he had received 148 subscriptions and 23 entrance fees, making £174. 6s. ; this with the entry fees for matches, the contribution of the Ulster Yacht Club to the schooner match, and other receipts, made a total of £231. 17s. 7d. received ; against which were to be set expenses of management, hire of rooms, printing, &c., £15. 18s. 5d. ; expenses of matches £6. 7s. 2d. ; prizes, £165. 11s. : £2. 2s. annual subscription to the life-boat, £9. 16s. for burgees, ensigns, and other minor expenses, leaving a balance of £32. 3s. in his hands after paying every demand, which was ordered to be deposited in the bank until next year. The number of members now on the list is 156, and it is proposed to limit the number to 200 exclusive of the honorary members, as being as large a club as can be conveniently managed on its principles, and affording a sufficient income for prizes each season. The number of yachts belonging to the club is now seventy-six, and the aggregate tonnage of 2,561 tons, a number which compared with that of the members, will bear comparison with any yacht club in existence.

On the motion of the honorary secretary a committee was appointed to revise the rules, sailing regulations, courses, &c., with a view to the carrying out the proposed limitation of the numbers ; while it is also proposed to charge entrance to all new members, whether residing within twenty miles

of head-quarters or not, and to abolish all entry fees for matches, which it is expected will produce a larger number of competitors and more sport. A new buoy has been lately laid down in Dublin Bay, which will be included in the new courses, and tend to prevent the possibility of so much running and reaching throughout the race, as happened last year. A further allowance of time to schooners when sailing with cutters was also talked of, and will be fully considered on the return of the report of the committee, which is to be presented at the annual dinner early in February; when it is also expected that a cup for the Corinthian match on the Queen's birthday will be announced. The matches for next year were also discussed, and Whit Monday and Tuesday, May 17th, and 18th, is spoken of as suitable, being holidays in both the Law and Equity Courts.

Two new 40-tonners, are building for members of the club; one by Dan Hatcher, and the other by Fife of Fairlie, and their meeting will excite great interest, while the old Vampire is having a set of new decks and spars and a full refit, to meet all comers when returning spring again sets the yachting interest on the *qui vive*.

The meeting then separated, with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

Editor's Locker.

PROPOSED NEW YACHT SAILING REGULATIONS.

Cannes, Alpes Maritimes, France,

November 18th, 1868.

SIR.—I beg to thank you for your kindness in having inserted my article on the proposed New Yacht Sailing Regulations, and trust it may have the effect of inducing more able writers than I am to ventilate thoroughly the subject in the course of this winter, and by that means somewhat lighten perhaps the heavy task the Committee of the Racing Congress has taken upon itself. I trust in the interest of yacht racing that a code will be agreed upon before the commencement of the next season, and will be such that all yacht clubs will give in their adhesion to it and be guided for the future by its rules.

I have the honor to be, Mr. Editor,

Yours, &c.,

A YACHT OWNER.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

A melancholy accident, by which three men lost their lives, occurred late on Tuesday night Nov. 17th, on the Dart, at Longstream, four miles up the river from Dartmouth. The deceased men were all in the employ Mr. H

Studdy, of Waddeton-court. Off the boathouse on this estate has been moored for some time the yacht, Wild Duck, Lieutenant Studdy, commander of the gun-boat Dapper, laid up for the winter. The captain of the yacht, named Jackman, lived in the boathouse, and had charge of the vessel and her stores. On Tuesday the yacht was hauled alongside and her ballast taken out and placed in the boathouse with her other stores. She was again moored, with the assistance of Jackman, Mr. Studdy's assistant gardener, named Tulley, and his gamekeeper, Holman. The three unfortunate men had occasion to go to Dittisham, on the opposite side of the river, about half-a-mile distant, for some necessaries which they required on shore. They accomplished the journey over and back again in safety, landing their stores. They again proceeded to board the yacht in a small punt to see that all was safe before leaving for the night, and on returning it is supposed the little boat they were in capsized, and the whole were precipitated into the water. The cries of the drowning men were heard in the midst of the darkness, but no one was near enough to render assistance, and they all perished.

NEW STEAM LAUNCH.—The new steam launch lately constructed for the Sultan by Messrs. Yarrow and Hedley, the well-known engineers of Poplar, made her trial trip in a run from Temple Pier to Twickenham, a distance of $17\frac{1}{4}$ miles, which she accomplished in the wonderfully quick time of 1h. 34min. a two miles an hour tide being in her favour all the way. The launch, which is built of teak, is 25-ft. long by 6-ft. 6-in. beam, and has accommodation for from 14 to 18 passengers forward, all the machinery being placed aft. She is fitted with a vertical tubular boiler, a three-bladed screw propeller, and a pair of $4\frac{1}{2}$ -in. cylinders, indicating 10-horse power. The launch will be employed for the purpose of conveying mails, &c., from the posts to the shipping in the Bosphorus.

THE YACHTING CONGRESS.—A notice from Capt. Mackinnon, Hon. Sec. has been issued for the acting committee to meet in London, on Tuesday the 16th December, to proceed with the business for which the Congress was formed.

THE SCHOONER CAMBRIA.—Ratsey has received this vessel on the slip at Cowes, that she may undergo a complete overhaul during the winter.

SAPPHO SCHOONER.—We understand this vessel has returned to America, but with a determination of entering into contest with any English yachts which may cross the Atlantic for racing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS:—Biographies and performances of Arrow and Alarm received.

Glover's improved patent anchor falls in our next.

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